[illegible] ASIATIC IN ENGLAND

SKETCHES OF SIXTEEN YEARS' WORK AMONG ORIENTALS

BY

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WITH A PREFACE BY THE LATE

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AND

AN INTRODUCTION AND CONCLUSION BY

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TO

HIS HIGHNESS

THE MAHARAJAH DULEEP SING,

KNIGHT GRAND COMMANDER OF THE STAR OF INDIA,

THROUGH WHOSE EARNEST DESIRE TO AMELIORATE

, CONDITION OF THE HELPLESS LASCAR IN GREAT BRITAIN,

AND PRINCELY LIBERALITY,

THE ASIATIC STRANGERS' HOME WAS COMMENCED,

AND HAS SINCE BEEN CARRIED ON,

HESE SKETCHES OF MISSIONARY LABOUR

ARE MOST RESPECTFULLY AND GRATEFULLY

Dedicated.

PREFACE.

A HOME for receiving and lodging Asiatic, African, or other foreign sailors visiting the Port of London, is one of those institutions which so exactly meets a pressing want, that when it is once established, we are apt to wonder that it had not been long since provided The habits of strangers are so different from those of our own countrymen, that those excellent institutions which bear the name of "Sailors' Homes" are unsuitable for them. The plan of a Strangers' Home was for many years discussed by benevolent persons, especially by those interested in Missions to the heathen, and was at last carried into effect by a series of providential circumstances. At length, at a monthly conference held by the secretaries of the various Missionary Societies in London, it was a matter of discussion whether, while we are sending missionaries at a great cost into foreign lands, something ought not to be done by Christians for the inhabi-

tants of those lands when they occasionally visit our country. The question was once put by a prophet of the Lord to King Hezekiah, after heathen ambassadors had visited Jerusalem: "What have these men seen in Thy house?" The sight of Lascars, Chinamen, Negroes, and other heathens in the streets of London, suggested this question to the consciences of more than one member of that community, and it was determined to ascertain, by inquiry, what the effect of a visit to this Christian country had upon these heathen visitors. With this end in view, a few were spoken to in the streets, and the answers were most appalling—for the treatment they had received had evidently produced upon their minds the very reverse of a favourable impression of the Christian religion The great majority of these strangers, emerging from the Docks, under the guidance of headmen, who contracted for their maintenance while on shore, were herded like cattle—six or eight in a single room or cellar without bedding, or chairs, or tables, and were found, when visited, sitting on the floor with their backs against the bare walls, some sleeping, some smoking, and others taking their food. Those who fell ill among them, and became incapacitated for the labour on shipboard, were left

to hospitals or to workhouses, where they were found to have been lying for weeks in a most desolate condition, without being able to communicate their wants to any around them. Some upon escaping from ships became street sweepers, and were generally found in a more independent condition, but associating only with those of their own religion and caste, and never coming in contact with Christians. A few isolated cases were found of a very different kind, but still more affecting, as showing the great need of some measures for their relief; for instance, a Chinaman, who could not be admitted into the Sailors' Home, was lodged, for a time, at the house of one of its benevolent managers, who put into his hands a copy of the Chinese Scriptures, which so interested the Chinaman that he began to make a copy of them, spending in this act every waking hour; but until thus discovered he had had no opportunity of seeing any one who could speak with him in his own language. Another instance was that of a native Christian, who had been bandmaster of a regiment, and conceived the wish of visiting Christian England, and came unhappily without introductions. After having secured a lodging in Ratcliff Highway, on the first day of his attempt to explore the [illegible]

that metropolis, he was so beset by vicious persons of both sexes, that he fled back to his lodgings for safety, and never left them again, till he returned to the ship which took him back to India. A third instance found in a New Zealander lying in a hospital without the ability of communicating with those around him, whom a missionary from New Zealand afterwards visited, and found him a sincere Christian connected with a Mission station in New Zealand

The inquiries which were thus instituted, and which led to the discovery of these cases to which we have alluded, both in the sad majority and the few affecting exceptions, showed at once the paramount necessity of a STRANGERS' HOME, specially adapted for the reception of strangers, to the amount at least of 150, with accommodation for sick wards, to which institution might be attached a Scripture Reader acquainted with Oriental languages, and in communication with the several Missionary Societies; also a supply of Bibles in different languages—upon the principle, however, that there should be nothing like forced proselytism—but that every inmate should know that provision was at hand for their instruction in the Christian religion, if they would willingly receive it.

The erection of such a Strangers' Home in the neighbourhood of the Docks became from this time an object of earnest desire to the Secretaries of various Missionary Societies. Yet they were not the parties best fitted to bring before the public a new scheme demanding large subscriptions—as each Society was sufficiently in want of funds for its own special purposes. In God's good providence, the young Maharajah Duleep Sing, who had been the acknowledged sovereign of the Punjaub, arrived in England. He had already embraced Christianity, and was under the guardianship of Sir John Login, from whom one of the Secretaries of the Church Missionary Society received an invitation to visit the Maharajah, and consult with him upon some plan for the benefit of his own countrymen in England, for which object the Maharajah was willing to make a liberal donation. The project of a Strangers' Home upon being explained was cordially adopted by his Highness and Sir John Login, and a donation of £500 was at once promised as the commencement of a public subscription, and this act of Royalty decided the parties interested in the scheme upon at once bringing it before the public. The same good providence of God raised up zealous friends to canvass the mercantile houses in London, and to form a pub-

mittee, which happily accomplished, to the full extent, the original scheme of a Strangers' Home. This great object has not, however, been accomplished without many anxieties, frequent disappointments, patient perseverance, and much faith in the guidance and blessing of God. In all these vicissitudes the same good providence supplied the Institution with an honorary secretary, Lieutenant-Colonel Hughes, who has borne the chief burden of all the anxious and successful labours connected with the undertaking.

HENRY VENN.

East Sheen, November 26th, 1872.

Since the above was written, the aged and honoured Servant of God, who penned it has been removed from this world to his heavenly inheritance, after having rendered for many years most invaluable service to the Missionary cause, and these words of his derive additional interest and weight from their being probably the last he ever penned for the press.

R. M. H.

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INTRODUCTION

"I GLORY in looking to the Word of God," said an honoured servant of Christ,* when addressing the first Annual Meeting of the friends of the Strangers' Home for Asiatics, "and I find six questions which I think ought to be your motto—'*How hast thou helped him that is without power?*'† Look at the poor Asiatic sailor '*How savest thou the arm that hath no strength?*'†—the Asiatic sailor in London. '*How hast thou counselled him that hath no wisdom?*'† the Asiatic sailor in London '*How hast thou plentifully declared the thing as it is?*'†—the Gospel '*To whom hast thou uttered words? and whose spirit came from thee?*'† My dear friends, these six questions have been put from the Judgment-seat of Christ, and I want to know how every one who calls himself a Christian in this city will be able to answer them, when we have so shamefully, so disgracefully, neglected these poor people Perhaps I may be allowed to refer to another text, because my soul is very full when I think of sailors. '*Rob not the poor because he is poor. neither oppress the afflicted in the gate: for the Lord will plead their cause, and spoil*

* Capt. Alfred Chapman.

† Job xxvi 2, 3, 4

the soul of those that spoil them '* These are most solemn things for us to consider "

Nor were these portions of the Word of God set before the Meeting in vain, they have been the motto of the Institution from its establishment, and the perusal of the following *Sketches of Sixteen Years' Work among Orientals in England* will doubtless convince the reader that loving efforts have been made to assist, to protect, and counsel, as well as to enlighten the helpless Oriental with the saving truths of the Gospel, and the gracious dealings of Divine Providence in prospering these efforts, have remarkably shown that the Spirit of our Master has been vouchsafed to the instruments He has been pleased to make use of

The leadings of Divine Providence in the establishment of a Home to shelter the homeless and despised Asiatic and African, and to offer to them Christian sympathy, advice, and instruction, were as remarkable as the manner in which the Lord raised up instruments, and provided means to commence and carry on the work. In the midst of difficulties, which to the most sanguine appeared insuperable, the Home was built,—its establishment organized, and the Mission commenced, perseverance and encouragement were graciously given to "go forward," earnest prayer was called forth for guidance, with faith that it would be heard and answered in the Lord's good time, and everything needful provided, truly can it be said, never have men or means been wanting, though often withheld

* Proverbs xxii. 22, 23

till the last moment, when the prospect of attaining the desired object had to all appearance vanished

The need of such an Institution had for many years been felt, the subject had occupied the attention of Christian Philanthropists, as well as of the Secretaries of the various Missionary Societies engaged in sending the Gospel to foreign lands, whose views and feelings may be gleaned from the following papers and letters on the "*State of the Lascars in London*" in 1842, giving an account of their condition—"*Twenty years previously*,"—and, lastly, their state in 1854

The first is an extract of a letter from the Rev Dr Ferguson, to the late Rev George Smith, Trinity Chapel, Poplar, which appeared in the *Evangelical Magazine*, November, 1842 —

20th Oct, 1842

MY DEAR SIR,—By a happy coincidence, of which we were both ignorant, on the very day on which your important communication on the state of the Lascars was given to the public through one periodical, there appeared on the same subject the following appeal, in the *Sailors' Magazine*, conducted under the auspices of the British and Foreign Sailors' Society —

"It is supposed that not fewer than three thousand of these men annually visit the Port of London They are employed on board ship to work the vessels home, and though by certain state enactments the owners are under the obligation to provide for them while on shore, it is for a lamentation and a reproach, that in this professedly Christian country, they are left in a state of the utmost temporal and moral destitution Last winter, their circumstances were truly deplorable, hundreds of them were allowed the most scanty and miserable provision from their respective ships; were left to sleep in the open air or beneath some defenceless covering, with scarcely an article of clothing, while in every part of the city they might be seen engaged in sweeping the crossings of the streets for a few chance pence What is more affecting still they were in our streets, and in our midst as heathens, and yet nothing was done to instruct them in the saving

truths of Christianity They were allowed to leave our shores and return home as heathens, perhaps more corrupt and depraved than when they left their native land What a burning shame to England, to London we are spending thousands and tens of thousands of property every year (and most righteously) to send the Gospel to countries yet in pagan idolatry, and yet when thousands of these idolaters come to our shores and sojourn for months among us, we leave them unnoticed and unheeded Is this right? is it just? is it Christian?

"More than once have the Committee of the British and Foreign Sailors Society turned their attention to this painful subject Again it is before them, there are not a few warm and benevolent hearts prepared to act in any design that may be conceived and carried forward for the relief and improvement of these unhappy creatures"

This appeal, with various proposals for ameliorating the evil complained of, was sent by the Rev John Charlesworth to that great and honoured philanthropist, Thomas Clarkson, and called forth the following interesting letter, describing the "*State of the Lascar*" twenty years previously to 1842

Playford, Nov 1, 1842

MY DEAR FRIEND,—I have been permitted to live so long in the world as to have had the mortification, among many blessings, of *outliving* all *my old* friends I do not know, personally, any friend in London, or in the country, who will interest himself in removing the evil which the *Evangelical Magazine* complains of, except my dear friend Mr Allen, one of the Society of Friends, whose age and infirmities disable him from taking any part in ever so good a cause Indeed it was feared only last week that he would leave this world for a better When I was in London, about twenty years ago, and at Mr Allen's house, he and I heard of the cruel treatment of the poor Lascars, when we determined that we would, both of us, visit their quarters and judge for ourselves, accordingly we found the place somewhere near Wapping, and found two or three hundred of them, some walking about in a large yard, and others in the interior of the buildings All I can now recollect of our visit is, that we were told by a Lascar in the yard just mentioned, who could speak English, that these poor people were ill fed and badly treated by a person (a superior Lascar) who had the command over them, both as to food, clothes, and

settling disputes among them He frequently whipped them We desired to see this man (this superior Lascar) who could speak English also, and at length he was found We told him of the reports we had heard, but he denied them We found that in talking to him about his severities he became frightened This gave us courage, and we then demanded to go inside the buildings, in a *peremptory* tone The buildings which we entered were like warehouses, very dirty, and I think without any pavement—the floor consisting of earth There were two or three large cupboards of the height of sentry boxes, but not open, but having a door to them, and with locks on them We asked what they contained, the Lascar (superior Lascar) would not tell us We demanded that they should be opened, when out came a living Lascar, a second was opened, when another Lascar came out, there was no person in the third We then asked the head Lascar, who attended us, why they had been put there He said they were put into confinement for quarrelling and bad behaviour We told him of the bad consequences which might follow such cruel treatment, and he promised to conduct himself better in future At length we left the place, and glad we were when we were out of it, for if the head man, irritated by our conduct, and fearing the future, had but said a word to the Lascars in the yard, we might have been soon put out of the way I have not sufficient memory to say more, as I was going out of town next morning I have some notion that we wrote a letter jointly to the then Secretary of State, informing him of what we had seen This letter was signed by Mr Allen and myself

Your sincere friend, THOMAS CLARKSON

To the Rev J Charlesworth, Bramford

Yet nothing was done at this time (1842) to counteract the evil effectually, or to prevent a recurrence of the distressing and painful scenes daily witnessed in the streets of the metropolis

It was not till the year 1854, when the Lord's good time at length arrived,—that the reproach, that no one in the British Isles cared for the temporal, much less the spiritual welfare of the helpless Lascar, was to be removed,—instruments one after another were then raised up, and means provided to carry out the work,

and the leadings of Divine Providence in every step taken from this period are most remarkable

At a large and influential meeting held at the London Tavern on the 28th March, 1855, the Rev. Henry Venn, Honorary Secretary of the Church Missionary Society, addressed those present as follows —

"As my name has been appended to the invitation for this meeting, it may be well to state the part which I have had in the preliminary arrangements, and what measures have been already adopted in order to bring the subject before the present meeting I presume that there is not one individual in this room who has not felt that there is a sadly neglected class of our fellow-men in this metropolis,—namely, the Lascars, and various other Asiatics and Africans, who are exposed to peculiar miseries from the climate and the habits of our country, and who during their residence amongst us have had no hand held out to them, except the casual hand of charity, and no tongue to tell them, in soothing words, how they might improve their condition, or acquire that knowledge which will benefit them in the next world as well as this It seemed incumbent on those especially who take part in sending missionaries to all the world, to take measures for evangelizing those who, in the providence of God, are brought home to our own doors, and, therefore, several years ago, the Secretaries of various Missionary Societies consulted on the subject, and determined that something should be done But I need not, in this metropolis, explain how it was that this, like many other good intentions, fell through, in the hands of men already overworked with other employments, and who were naturally unwilling to bring forward any new Society to add to the overwhelming list of Charitable Institutions in this country, unless there should be a clearly-proved necessity for it. In the course of last summer, however, my attention was again called to this subject, and called in such a way that I could no longer refrain from taking some steps towards its accomplishment I was asked by that Christian Prince who honours us with his presence on this occasion, whether there was any Asylum for his countrymen in this land The proposal of this question conveyed to my mind a reproach of our past neglect, and it gave a fresh impulse to the scheme so long resting in our thoughts—that there should be some provision made for the class of persons to whom I have alluded, some mode by which we might answer the question when it

should next be asked, and say, 'Yes, there is a HOME, with open doors, and with everything provided for their present and future comfort.' It was in this way that we were led to call a preliminary meeting under this roof four months ago; when a Provisional Committee was appointed, with the view of investigating various particulars connected with the persons whom we wished to benefit—their number, their condition, their habitations, and the prospect of benefiting them by the establishment of a Home. Now, as it has not fallen to my lot to take much part in these preliminary investigations, I must bear testimony to the self-devotion, the zeal, and the intelligence with which my two friends, Colonel Hughes and Major Lavie, have devoted themselves to this work The result of their inquiries will be put before you in a Report which will shortly be read "

Having from the commencement of the undertaking been permitted to take a prominent part in the establishment of the Home—in its organization, as well as in its working, up to the present time—I may be pardoned in relating the incident which first led me, through grace, to take an interest in the work, with the feeling that I had been called thus to make use of the talent given me

In the spring of the year 1854, when talking over matters connected with the Missions to the Heathen in Western India with that highly-esteemed prelate, the late Bishop Carr, "You take an interest," said his lordship, "in the Missions to the Heathen in India, why not take the same interest and advocate the cause of the poor helpless natives of India we see in such numbers about the streets, cannot you do something for them?" This appeal made a deep impression on my mind, so much so that I felt it impossible to strive against the leadings of Divine Providence, and ere long, was convinced it was the path of duty unmistakably pointed out to me from above, to put

my shoulder to the wheel in behalf of the helpless ones who came to our shores, amongst whom I had spent a quarter of a century without doing anything for their eternal welfare

Never can I forget the cordial response of every one to whom the subject was mentioned, yet the prospect of carrying out the wishes of many who felt the great need of such an Institution, and expressed themselves willing to co-operate, was slight and distant, until it was taken up by the Rev Henry Venn, Honorary Secretary of the Church Missionary Society, through whose powerful influence and exertions the Society was formed, and to whom the Asiatic, the African, the Polynesian, and England itself, owes a debt of gratitude, for giving the weight of his name and influence, together with invaluable assistance in every step taken for the establishment of this noble Institution, which has proved not only a comfort and blessing to thousands of strangers who have visited our shores, but has also been the means of ameliorating the condition of the helpless Oriental, and of distributing the Bread of Life to the natives of far distant lands, —thereby strengthening the hands of the Missionary in foreign countries, and removing the reproach that no one in England cared for these benighted strangers, besides upholding the character of Great Britain as a Christian nation

Within a few weeks after the appeal had been made to me by Bishop Carr, the Rev Henry Venn received a note from the late Sir John Login, intimating that His Highness the Maharajah Duleep

Singh was willing to place at his disposal the sum of £500, if an Asylum could be provided for the many helpless natives of India who were then to be seen in a most pitiable state of destitution in every part of the Metropolis. This noble and unexpected offer at once decided the point,—that something must be done, and that without delay, a proposal for the establishment of a Home was drawn up by the Rev. Henry Venn and widely circulated, this having met with a cordial response, a preliminary meeting was held on 22nd Nov, 1854, when a provisional Committee was formed to make inquiries, by which a report was submitted to a large and influential Meeting, convened in March, 1855, under the presidency of the late lamented Sir Edward North Buxton, Bart, when a Board of Directors was elected, Regulations were drawn up, and the Institution was established, as the "STRANGERS' HOME for ASIATICS, AFRICANS, and SOUTH SEA ISLANDERS"

Thus was the work commenced with the aid of the leading members of various sections of the Church of Christ, unitedly desiring to remove the reproach that no one in the British Isles cared for the body or the soul of the poor Lascar One of the Secretaries of each of the great Missionary Societies was appointed a Director on the Board of Management, with the promised co-operation of their respective Committees, and with a promise of contributions for a Scripture Reader.*

* From 1857, the Church Missionary Society has contributed £100, and the Wesleyan Missionary Society £25 annually, for this purpose ; [illegible]

The Board of Directors, on entering upon their labours, found the urgency of the case so great, that having collected a small amount of Funds, they at once purchased a freehold site for the proposed "Home:" —and being convinced from the distressing facts which were continually brought to their notice, of the importance of having the Institution ready for early occupation, they entered into a contract for its *immediate* erection, relying on the public for the funds required for an object so greatly needed

As a NATIONAL INSTITUTION, and the *only one* in the United Kingdom set apart expressly for Asiatics, Africans, and South Sea Islanders of *all* classes, the Directors considered it indispensable to erect a building, not only suitable in every respect for the natives of a tropical climate, but at the same time worthy of this great and wealthy nation, so deeply indebted to India, China, and its Colonies in the East, for its prosperity and riches and their wishes were most fully carried out by E L Bracebridge Esq , an architect, whose plans and arrangements of the commodious building have been the admiration of all who have personally examined it.

The first stone of "the Home" was laid by HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS the late deeply lamented PRINCE CONSORT, on the 31st of May, 1856, in the presence of a large assemblage of Noblemen, Ladies, Gentlemen, and Oriental visitors of rank, besides two hundred

two donations of £50 each were received from the London Missionary Society in 1857 and 1862; and ten guineas each from the Baptist and Moravian Missionary Societies in 1857.

and thirty natives of India, Africa, and China; on which occasion His Royal Highness, graciously acknowledged the address of thanks of His Highness the Maharajah Duleep Singh, and of Colonel Sykes, Chairman of the East India Company, for his Royal Highness's kindness and consideration in so willingly taking a part in the proceedings, in the following words —

"It has, as you justly suppose, given me great pleasure to co-operate with you in the good work, the foundation of which has this day been laid. It appears to me to be our duty to assist and protect, as far as lies in our power, from the dangers and temptations to which their helplessness and ignorance expose them, the natives of remote regions who are brought to our shores, assisting in our commerce, and contributing, by their labour, to the riches of this country"

On the 16th December, 1856, the Board received the following communication, transmitted by Col the Hon C B Phipps to Sir John Login, notifying the munificent donations from Her Majesty the Queen, and his Royal Highness the Prince Consort

"I am commanded to inform you that Her Majesty and His Royal Highness, fully appreciating the protection and benefits which this Institution is likely to afford to the poor natives of Her Majesty's distant possessions, will grant donations of Two hundred pounds from Her Majesty, and One hundred pounds from His Royal Highness, towards its funds."

These marks of Royal approbation were the cause

of much thankfulness and encouragement, and every effort has since been made to act up to, and carry out, the sentiments so graciously expressed by Her Majesty and the late deeply-lamented Prince Consort.

On the 3rd of June, 1857, "The Home" was opened On this occasion, the Directors thus expressed their intentions as to the manner in which the Missionary Department of the Institution was to be conducted —

The Board are glad to have it in their power to announce that arrangements are in progress to provide able and conscientious Interpreters in the Chinese, Hindustani, and other languages of the East, whenever their services may be required at the Courts of Justice, and Police Courts, where the need of able Interpreters has been hitherto much felt by the Natives of the East brought before them

It is not the intention or wish of the Directors to interfere with the prejudices of the Natives of the East, but they feel it their duty as Christians to set the Gospel plainly before those who are willing to listen, and to give some portion of the Holy Scriptures to those who can read, and desire to have a copy in their own language, and with this object in view a Scripture Reader, conversant with their language, habits, and customs, has been engaged

The Board feel much indebted to the Committee of the London City Mission in having placed one of its Missionaries* at their disposal for the above-mentioned purpose, and it is their earnest prayer that the God of all grace will abundantly bless his labours

The Instructions given to the Missionary were to search out and make inquiries into the case of every Asiatic, African, and Polynesian found or met with wandering about or begging in the streets,—to visit all residing in the low lodging-houses of the Metro-

* Eighty pounds annually have been paid by the Directors of the Home toward the salary of the Missionary, and a house provided for his residence free of expense

polis,—to induce all who wished it to come to the Home until employment could be obtained for them;—to give them advice,—to afford them information,—to present to all who could read and desired it, a *copy of the Holy Scriptures** *in their own language*, and to instruct all who were willing to be taught, in the truths of the everlasting Gospel

This instruction was to be carried on systematically, and the history of every Asiatic, African, and Polynesian found in Workhouses, Hospitals, and Jails, as well as in the principal outports and large towns throughout England and Scotland, was to be clearly ascertained, and every effort made to put a stop to Asiatic and African mendicancy

How these instructions have been carried out, and the result, will be gleaned from the perusal of the following pages If anything has been done to ameliorate the condition of the Lascar,—for the spiritual welfare of our Oriental fellow-creatures, or for the extension of the Redeemer's kingdom—it has been the Lord's doing, and to Him be all the praise!

Many of these "Sketches" of Missionary work among the Orientals in England, have already appeared in the Annual Reports of the Strangers' Home for Asiatics, as short extracts from the Missionary's Journal, but much interesting information and many details hitherto omitted, are now published from the same source, and from notes taken at the time the

* This has been accomplished through the many handsome and liberal grants from the British and Foreign Bible Society, the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge, and from the Religious Tract Society.

facts occurred, written and drawn up by the City Missionary, who was placed at the disposal of the Directors of the Strangers' Home for Asiatics in 1856, by the Committee of the London City Mission, for special work among Asiatics—a man of earnest piety, full of love, and yearning to win souls to Christ, whether white or black—conversant with French and Italian, and gifted with an extraordinary aptitude in attaining foreign languages Very soon after his appointment he was able to read and speak Oordoo or Hindoostanee fluently, and readily acquired sufficient knowledge of other Oriental languages to read and set forth the truths of the Gospel to all he met Many natives of India have often told him they could scarcely believe he had never been in India, but he could say, and feel from an overflowing heart, "*The Lord God hath given me the tongue of the learned, that I should know how to speak a word in season to him that is weary*" (Isaiah l 4)

It may be thought that some of the scenes depicted are overdrawn and exaggerated, but in some the half is not—indeed cannot—be told facts which actually occurred are faithfully yet carefully related, of many I was personally cognizant.

On one occasion, I was requested to accompany two friends, who were desirous to see the neighbourhood and its Asiatic residents—to judge for themselves—one, an officer in the Bengal Army, the other, a gentleman about to proceed to India in the Civil Service. Both acknowledged that much they had seen was harrowing to their feelings and exceeded all belief,

the younger of the two, a sensitive man, for days afterwards felt most deeply the sickening and degrading scenes he had witnessed, yet these sinks of iniquity, this polluted spot, was the field which the Missionary for months almost daily visited, till the objects of his care were removed to a healthier atmosphere On the occasion of the above-mentioned visit, a policeman who had watched us, wondering what gentlemen could be doing in such a neighbourhood, told us, "We could not be aware of the risk and danger we had run in visiting such courts and alleys," which, said he, "the police themselves seldom dare to enter," but we were then, as well as the Missionary and others in after days, under the protection of One who from the establishment of the Mission has shielded the instruments He has been pleased to make use of, and in a remarkable manner has fulfilled His gracious promise, "*There shall no evil befall thee, neither shall any plague come nigh thy dwelling*,"* for, be it most thankfully recorded, the health of the Missionary has never suffered from his visitations, and his reception from high and low, whenever and wherever he has visited the benighted stranger, has been invariably without let, hindrance, or harm, making it evident that, "*He that dwelleth in the secret place of the Most High shall abide under the shadow of the Almighty.*"†

And now, having feebly endeavoured to draw attention to the remarkable leadings of Divine Providence in the establishment of a Home and Mission to the Heathen in the United Kingdom, as well as in

* Psalm xci. 10. † Psalm xci. 1.

raising up instruments to carry on the work, and to His gracious dealings in prospering the efforts made for a helpless and despised class of our fellow-creatures residing in our midst I commend the following "*Sketches of Sixteen Years' Work among Orientals in England*" to the reader's prayerful consideration;—feeling assured that the perusal will call forth praise and thanksgiving to Him, whom we are desirous to serve and to glorify,—and as I began, so will I conclude in asking you —

"*How hast* THOU *helped him that is without power?*"*

You may have given liberally for the spread of the Gospel in far-distant lands, but have you ever done anything for the furtherance of the temporal or spiritual welfare of the ORIENTAL STRANGERS residing in our midst?

Perhaps you are a Minister of the Gospel, if so:—

"*How hast* THOU *plentifully declared the thing as it is?*"* or ever brought the deplorable condition of the HEATHEN residing at our very doors, before your congregation, or pleaded for sympathy and prayer on their behalf?

You may have amassed a fortune in India, or have been an Employer of ORIENTALS, who have assisted you in bringing merchandise to this Christian country; you have doubtless given them their just dues, but have you done anything to rescue them from the harpies that infest our seaports, or used means to prevent their being robbed of their money, or

* Job xxv 2, 3

stripped of their clothing, or have you used any endeavour to give them the Bread of Life?

The perusal of the following pages will show you some of the efforts which have been made through the "STRANGERS' HOME FOR ASIATICS, AFRICANS AND SOUTH SEA ISLANDERS," in response to the above solemn questions, and in conclusion, I would ask you from the Word of God —

"*Which now of these three thinkest thou was neighbour unto him that fell among thieves? And he said, He that shewed mercy on him Then said Jesus,* GO AND DO THOU LIKEWISE"

R. M. HUGHES.

December, 1872

SKETCHES OF SIXTEEN YEARS' WORK AMONG ORIENTALS.

CHAPTER I

THE EVIL, AND HOW OCCASIONED

"FOUND dead!" Who? Where? Has he no friends? How did he die? To these very natural questions, prompted by the common generosity of an English heart, we reply, "We don't know" But, gazing on the haggard face of the departed stranger, we conclude he has died in a land in which he was a foreigner, for his tattered clothes and swarthy features suggest that his birth-place cannot be far from the banks of the Ganges The coroner and his jury, however, have just come to the unsatisfactory verdict, "Found dead," after having put off the inquest to the present day, hoping to gain some information of the deceased, but all that is known is, a policeman found him, on a frosty winter night, dead on the pavement in one of the many avenues in High-street, Shadwell This child of the sunny land must have been dead some time, for he was quite cold. Nothing was found upon him to tell who he was, or what were the hard circum-

stances that led to his death There was a knife at his side, and his horny hands bore evidence of honest labour and hard toil He must be one of the many Lascars who are engaged in bringing the produce of Hindustan to our isle Poor fellow, he could have found neither help nor sympathy in this land of gold and philanthropy! Strange, indeed, in the midst of so many merchant princes made rich with Indian gold, that the stranger who brought us the precious things of the torrid zone, should die uncared for on a winter night in one of our London streets. But, perhaps, it is a solitary case, and has never occurred before, and may never occur again What did the coroner say? Alas! he says, that no less than eight human beings of the same class have perished with cold and hunger in our streets during the present winter,* and he has held nearly forty inquests on the same class of miserable beings during the last few years! Nearly forty sons of India have perished in our London streets with cold and hunger within a limited time, and no good Samaritan to pour in the oil and the wine, to soothe their dying moments with the good news of the sinner's Friend, and point the dying one to the better land, where

"Sickness and sorrow, pain and death,
Are felt and fear'd no more"

And this is all the Christian public know of a numerous class of our fellow-creatures who are living in our very midst, and constantly arriving on our coast with the produce of their own land. Tens of thou-

* 1857 Extract from address of this date, by W Baker, Esq., Coroner for East Middlesex

sands of pounds are annually and rightly spent to ameliorate the temporal and spiritual condition of the heathen in their own distant land, but here, in the Christians' home, they only attract our notice when the coroner places the verdict of the jury on record "Found dead," or "Died of cold and starvation"

These forty Asiatics, starved as much by the frost and snow of an English winter night as by want of food, are but a sample of a much larger class of the same race of beings who suffer, perhaps, more protracted misery, if not so acute, and are the prey of numerous hardships and injuries which never come under human ken, bearing, too, their prostrating misfortunes without the hope of ever making a sympathetic Christian public sensible of their desperate condition, and the remedy most needed for their relief, from the want of a language with which to tell their gloomy tale There are always English hearts full of sympathy and pious hands ready to aid the sorrowing children of distress when such are pointed out, but the coroner brings them to notice too late for Christian kindness to operate, and the mysterious whereabouts of these natives of distant lands, and the story of their wrongs and sufferings and death is known only to those who profit by their ruin, or are at the best utterly indifferent to their condition. They may live or die, no one around them cares about the life of a Lascar; and as for his soul, who gives a moment's thought about that? The heathens of the heathen land associate here with the heathens of Christian London; and, truly, they both dwell in the valley of the shadow of

death. Between these waifs from the banks of the Indus and the Ganges, and the reputable white man brought up on the banks of the Thames, there is a great gulf fixed, and this gulf is crossed by very few. The difficulty of colloquial communication is one barrier that stands in the way, but far more formidable, as a division, is the foul atmosphere of human depravity in which these Orientals live and suffer this is too forbidding and appalling for any but a sturdy Christianity and an earnest love to penetrate. The heathen mind is dark, and the vices of the various heathen systems in which the Asiatic is so brought up, as to form part of his nature, are bad enough when unmingled with European sin in his own land of superstition, but here is an interchange of sin and an unholy compound of both Who will stretch forth his hand to pluck the brand from the fire? Who will descend into the pit of mire and clay to rescue these perishing ones from inevitable death?

But we must know a little more about these Mohammedans and Hindoos residing somewhere in this great city of London, before we suggest a remedy, or make any effort for their temporal or spiritual welfare. How do they get here? Where are they to be found? How came they to be in this fearful condition? These are no idle vagrants, so many of whom prowl through the length of our island, preferring rather to beg than work These are all sons of honest toil, and each one has worked his way to our shores and has landed in our midst with a bright eye and a merry heart, because he had Queen Victoria's golden

coins hidden in a corner of his gaudy puggree, enough, in his own estimation and ours too, should he fall into right hands, to supply all the scanty wants of Oriental life, till he finds another ship that will take him back again to his family and friends rejoicing. One of these men stepped on shore gay in his apparel, reflecting the colours of the rainbow, firm in his tread, erect in his stature, with evident consciousness of self-sufficiency, for he carried £60 with him, the result of many months' toil on various seas, but we saw him, a few days afterwards, destitute in the streets, the bright beam of his eye had given place to an anxious look, and his gay colours were displaced by dirty rags. He was reduced in so short a time to the level of his wretched countrymen, seeking the beggar's pittance from passers-by. Like him many have fallen with terrible rapidity, fallen so as to become familiar, and, perhaps, even satisfied, with the degraded level they have reached

We will now, before we proceed further, review some of the statistics, furnished from official sources, referring to the period of which we speak. Where destitution and vagrancy exist, there are three localities in which the inquirer may expect to see it show itself, like a rude rock from the subsoil Vagrant life is sure to be strongly represented in our prisons, unions, and hospitals The Union affords them shelter at night, or, perhaps, for a longer period, and when exposure to cold and continued want bring on disease and sickness, the hospital affords a welcome retreat, and, when they are in neither of these, they are either at

the "lodging-house for travellers," or are living at the country's expense in some jail

Asiatics, however, have an aversion to the Union, for eating and drinking are part of their religion, and they would rather huddle twenty or thirty together in a small house, where they can cook and eat and drink and smoke, *a la mode Orientale*, amid the fumes of opium and joggree, each defraying his own small portion of the rent Yet the statistics of three Unions supply the average number of fifteen in each, and in the House of Correction, Cold Bath Fields,* Asiatic prisoners were constantly varying between twelve and fifteen. The convictions of these being only for short terms, they were continually changing, though the average remained the same Some, however, in the case of repeated convictions, suffer a much longer term

* St Leonard's-on Sea, *June 2nd, 1871.*

My dear Sir,—I am sorry that sickness, and consequent absence from town, will prevent my attending the Meeting of the "Strangers' Home" Society on Monday next I can, however, bear unhesitating testimony to the great reduction in the annual number of coloured men committed to Cold Bath Fields Prison during my thirty years' experience in that establishment. I can remember well when fifteen or twenty at a time were no unusual number to have under our charge; whereas I am informed that last week there were only four in confinement—two of whom, I believe, were incorrigible beggars, upon whom the influence of your excellent Agent, Mr Salter, had been exerted (as must sometimes be the case) in vain These most satisfactory results I cannot but attribute to the operation of your most valuable Society

Believe me, dear Sir,

Very faithfully yours,

Edward A Illingworth,

(Late Chaplain of Cold Bath Fields Prison.)

Lieut.-Col. Hughes, Hon. Sec.

of imprisonment, and one we know who has no less than seventy-two convictions against him He has lived more in prison than out of it, and is one of the few who has become so vitiated with vagrant life as to prefer a prison to liberty

In the other London prisons Asiatic life was also strongly represented The records of Horsemonger-lane Jail and the City Prison, Holloway, give evidence of repeated visits from the worshippers of Mohammed, Kalee, and Juggernaut The number of sick, and upwards of one hundred deaths in two years, will illustrate the condition of the Asiatic, especially when it is remembered that several were found dead in their miserable dwellings, and many others died soon after reaching the hospital or workhouse Between the years 1854 and 1856, 1031 were admitted into the Dreadnought hospital ship alone, thirty or forty were usually found there, and often even more. These were mostly sent from ships after a long and tedious voyage, for at that time the screw had not given its aid to steam power, nor had the Suez Canal contracted the distance between India and England as in the present day

There were many, however, from the opium smoking rooms and gambling houses on shore who would seek and obtain admission into the old Dreadnought Hospital ship, for having been more than once on its comfortable decks, they knew how, in time of sickness and pain, to find their way back again

It appears that upwards of 2,000 Lascars used to visit our shores annually; 800 were found at one time

on board their ships in the docks. When the Pundit, Nehemiah Goreh, who had found salvation in India, came to London to see the wonders of this far-famed land, one of the facts he left on record was, that some of his countrymen whom he visited in London, had often heard of the Saviour at Calcutta, but had never heard of him in London, though one man had been to this centre of Christendom seven times!!

Let us now visit the chief rendezvous of these men. We are about to enter Satan's stronghold, and shall observe how shamelessness has its premium and admirers, and honesty, truth, and self-respect are trampled in the dust. The locality is by the river-side, and is a turning in High-street, Shadwell, with other smaller turnings running out of it. Here disease and death, decked in gaudy tinseled robes, allure the victim to the grave.

"No angel art thou, but a demon of earth,
There's war in thy face, in thy smiles there is wrath,
The gems and the pearls in which thou art arrayed,
Are the spoils of the dead ones whom thou hast betrayed,
The sunbeam that sits on thy brow like a knave,
Is the sunbeam that sports round the mouth of the grave.
Intomb'd in thy walls are the coward and bold,
The rich and the poor, the young and the old,
Who drank of the cup thy fair hand supplied,
And they lay down to sleep, but they lay down and died."

We are now fairly in the Oriental quarter; there are several houses here devoted to Asiatics, presided over by Chinese, Malays, and Indians, according to the country of the Asiatic seeking companionship. Each of the proprietors is assisted by an English mistress,

some of whom have lived so long in this element, that they use the Oriental vernacular, and have even been known to act as interpreters at the Police-courts when the oft-repeated quarrels of Asiatics have brought them into trouble We have indications here of their position in the names which the women bear, names, indeed, which they have earned for themselves, such as Mrs Mohammed, Mrs Peeroo, Mrs Janoo, oriental names derived from the proprietors of the houses above referred to , or Chinese Emma, Calcutta Louisa, and Lascar Sally, names which in themselves may justly be considered to suggest the mode of life adopted Let us enter the first house in this colony of evil spirits. It is a house of three rooms and is kept by a stalwart Chinese, aided by Emma This is a Chinese gambling-house, and these celestials are so earnest in their dangerous play, that they are by no means troubled by our presence. At one end of the table they are gambling with dice, which they cast with much energy into a glass, whirl it violently round, and toss the dice out again with fevered excitement. The money is rapidly changing hands, poverty and destitution will soon be the heritage of the gamblers. At the other end of the table they are equally in earnest, though at a different, still quite as dangerous a game Here they are playing with Chinese cards: these are about three inches long and three-quarters of an inch broad, embellished with Chinese pictures and reading. The flashing eye, the rapid and excited accent of the tongue, tell us that things are becoming desperate, It was in this house the poor fellow of

whom we spoke just now lost his £60, and at this very table of sin Above is the opium-room, which serves for fraud and robbery as well as the gambling room. In this house about twenty Chinese are accommodated The proprietor is a native of Amoy, a very friendly and easy-going Chinese, but, roused to action and out of temper, he is a very desperate man, and his Emma in her drunken fits tries him to the uttermost Her life, on these occasions, has several times been in imminent danger Some years past, two speculating Chinese brought a dancing girl here, whom they had bought in China at a low price, hoping to make great gain by her in the metropolis of sight-seers, but they quarrelled over their interests, and one of the speculators stabbed the other, and while one was in the hospital suffering from his wounds, and the other in prison expiating his offence, a servant of Christ snatched the girl from her perilous position Christian sympathy educated her, the Saviour, who blessed little children, put his hand on her heart, and she returned to China to teach her pagan countrymen the way of eternal life *

What a triumph of sovereign grace it would be, should the Lord touch Chinese Emma's heart, and exalt her to her proper position in society Thanks to the vital power of the Gospel we preach, there is hope for the lowest of our race, and the oft-repeated realization of our Saviour's declaration to Simon, "To whom much is forgiven the same loveth much," adds fervour to the prayer, and earnestness to the action of

* See Chapter ix.

the servant of God, when such extreme cases come to his notice A sister in the Lord, whom we love for her love to the lost, once made Emma the subject of her prayers and personal attention, and it made us feel what an energy the Gospel had, as she brought its calls and declarations to the notice of the object of her solicitation The heart could be moved, the eye still had tears to shed at the memory of a mother's care, a father's home, and a Saviour's love Perhaps, as the sister spoke of the loss of body and soul, and made the wretchedness and suffering of this state a type of the more intense suffering of the world to come, her conscience in silence acknowledged the justice of the comparison, and prompted the involuntary unveiling of feeling and inner thought to which she gave utterance It was the echo of the wailing of a victim of sin from another land —

> "Once I was pure as the snow, but I fell,
> Fell like the snowflakes from heaven to hell
> Fell to be trampled as filth in the street,
> Fell to be scoffed, to be spit on, and beat.
> Pleading, cursing, dreading to die,
> Selling my soul to whoever would buy
> Dealing in shame for a morsel of bread,
> Hating the living, and fearing the dead,
> Merciful God, have I fallen so low?
> And yet I was once like the beautiful snow"

She had made many promises to extricate herself from her position, but her fetters were strong, and her resolution passed off, and the drink that entered her abode excited her to madness and desperation. One

day, however, of her own accord, she made an effort, and entered an asylum as a stepping-stone to a new position in life, but it was an asylum in which the efforts of a sister in Christ were effaced by the puerilities of Rome, "Sisters of Mercy" took the place of the sisters of love, and Mary's intercession was substituted for a Saviour's love and sacrifice A few week's restraint in such a place was enough to bring Emma back to her old position She had entered that asylum without giving us notice, or it would have been differently arranged, but, on seeing her again, she quaintly said, "I would not stay there, ma'am, they are not of my religion They want me to confess, and I have to kneel down on cold stones in the night to say prayers, and that you know is not my religion" We presume this is the penitential discipline, but, we deeply regret that Emma did not come into better hands, where redemption through the precious blood was the truth set forth We do not wonder at the failure, but we will leave her for the present, praying for better success another time

Here is another house, the rendezvous of another class of Asiatics It is known by all the Lascars that visit England, for it has had an unenviable reputation for many years past It is kept by Abdool Rhemon, a native of Surat, near Bombay He has been in England a long time, and has lived in various places, but for some years past he has found it worth his while to fix his residence here, and he thrives at his countrymen's expense

Some twenty years past he swept a crossing in St.

Paul's Churchyard. At this time the Nepaulese Ambassador and his suite came to London, and, passing through the Churchyard, Abdool saluted him. His highness, finding that the sweeper made some pretensions to the English language, ultimately engaged him in his service With such success our Asiatic was delighted, and giving his broom an hilarious cant over the iron railings among the tombstones, he mounted the carriage of the ambassador, and was driven away He learned some lessons at this period which induced him to start in business on his own account, as soon as the embassy had retired from England He kept two houses in this vicinity for degrading and wicked purposes, the first-floors front being set apart as opium smoking-rooms When Lascars were in the docks, these houses were invaded, and numbers of the oriental residents in London were invited by him to these dens We might go upstairs, if time had allowed, and see them reclining on beds, smoking the insidious opium Most likely we should find some victims half or quite stupified by its effects, lying on a miserable bed, or on the floor, till the effects of the poisonous smoke had passed off. Others might be found gambling or playing games called Chausa Bazee and Pachassee, but, without enumerating the vices which are the ruin of Asiatics, it is enough for our purpose to record that such fatal centres of sin existed, and we shall see sufficient, ere long, to melt a heart of stone, so we may pass by this scene for the present

There is yet another house we must enter before

retiring from the neighbourhood It is the public-house, with its skittle-ground extending along a narrow court of two-roomed houses. The skittles have long vanished, and the rough walls and roof have long ceased to echo with boisterous European voices—for Asiatics have taken possession of it, and twenty beds are spread out for the repose of the Lascars who seek shelter there The jagree dust, crazy hookas, and dirty lotas give evidence of the free use made of it But, hark! what is that uproarious shout of discordant Asiatic and European voices mingled?—the sound of excited men and women together It comes from the tap-room, and now the sound of a fiddle accompanying the voices escapes through the broken panes of the illuminated window How can we discover what they are doing? Suppose we enter, but here is the landlord, who puts on a polite and agreeable air on seeing his unexpected visitors enter, though he would rather they were at Jericho than here "What is the matter, landlord? are they quarrelling? is it a marriage, a wake, or what?" "Nothing of the kind, gentlemen, it's only a jollification and a spree these Lascars have with the ladies of the neighbourhood when they come on shore. They are all well-known here, and, poor fellows, they like to have some fun when they do come, and you well know they have nowhere else to go;" and, assuming the tone of a philanthropist, he continues, "We haven't the heart to turn them out, it's all the bit of comfort they know." This is just the man we want, and having assured him we are neither detectives nor newspaper-correspondents, he

feels more at liberty to inform us, and we glean that the sprees are of frequent occurrence, and that they often end in a drunken fight and a few weeks in prison. But our host is about to pass into the uproar, and he will kindly leave the door open, that we may see for ourselves. It is like a glimpse into a pandemonium, and the fumes of smoke which envelope the passing figures as they whirl round the room, come into collision and tumble over each other, remind us of the declaration of the sacred book, "*And the smoke of their torment ascendeth up for ever and ever, and they have no rest day nor night*" Exhausted and giddy with the vigorous whirl, or desirous of gaining some respite from bruises received, all resume their seats, and the maddening drink pours freely in We wonder, as we leave this sickening scene, if this is all that Asiatics know of England's Christianity

Now, amidst the gloomy lull, sweeter voices catch our ear, the hallowed song of heaven comes to us as from angels' lips, calling those children of darkness and night to rise to the regions of eternal life and day Hear it —

For them the Saviour shed his blood
To wash away their sin,
Bath d in that pure and precious flood,
Behold them white and clean
Singing, Glory

It is the song of the little ones gathered from the courts and alleys of this nondescript locality into the house opposite the public-house, where self-denying love for the ruined and lost carries on a Ragged

School, in which degraded children claiming parentage with the foreign world have learnt the song of redeeming love. We pray that the friends of the school may be well rewarded, by rescuing many of the young ones from the moral pestilence in which they live There is a missionary, too, of the London City Mission labouring here, endeavouring to snatch some souls like brands out of the terrible fire He says of this place "The scenes in the street when ships arrive in port and the crews are paid off, are at times indescribable Men of all colours, and half a score of nations, are accompanied by a host of women Many are drunk, and all are riotous, the women have sailors' hats on their heads, and sailors' belts round their waists, they are quarrelling and pulling each other about, some have been robbed, and the police are amongst them, the language uttered is such as Satan only could suggest, and the whole scene calls up in the mind of the spectator an idea of the orgies of hell"*

We need not enter any more such pest-houses of sin and death There are many more in this neighbourhood Those we have described are only true specimens of several others, which we will not now visit But, before leaving this polluted place, it would be well to read a paper that comes to hand just at the right time It is an extract from the *Times* newspaper, Feb 10, 1855 —

"Thames Police Court. John Lyons, who keeps a common lodging-house, which he has neglected to register, appeared before Mr Ingham in

* From the "City Mission Magazine" for August, 1857.

answer to a summons taken out by Inspector Price J Kirby, 53A, inspector of common lodging houses, stated that, on Saturday night last, he visited defendant s house, which was in a most filthy and dilapidated condition In the first floor he found a Chinaman sleeping in a cupboard or small closet, filled with cobwebs The wretched creature was without a shirt, and was covered with a few rags The Chinaman was apparently in a dying state, and has since expired An inquest was held on his remains, and it was proved he died of fever and had been most grossly neglected The room in which the Chinaman lay was without bedding or furniture In the second room he found Aby Callighan, an Irishwoman, who said she paid 1s 6d a week rent In the third room was Abdallah, a Lascar, who said he paid 3s per week, and a Chinaman squatting on a chair smoking In the fourth room was Dong Yoke, a Chinaman, who said he paid 2s 6d per week for the privilege or sleeping on the bare boards, two Lascars on bedsteads smoking opium, and the dead body of a Lascar lying on the floor, and covered with an old rug In the fifth room was an Asiatic seaman, named Peru, who said he paid 3s per week, and eleven other Lascars, six of whom were sleeping on bedsteads, three on the floor, and two on chairs If the house were registered, only four persons would be allowed in the room The effluvium caused by smoking opium, and the overcrowded state of the room, was most nauseous and intolerable In the kitchen, which was very damp, he found Sedgoo, who said he had to pay 2s a week, and eight Chinamen huddled together The stench here was very bad If the house were registered, no one would have been allowed to inhabit the kitchen at all He should say the house was quite unfit for a human habitation The floors of the rooms, the stairs, and passages were in a filthy and dilapidated condition, covered with slime dirt, and all kinds of odious substances Before the house could be registered, it must be lime-washed and repaired, water laid on, the yard paved, bedding and bed linen provided'

J Lyons was fined £5, or, in default of payment, *one month's imprisonment* An inquest sat on the Lascar and the Chinese, and then both were buried, and things resumed their usual routine

We have now before us a somewhat different idea of the history of a Lascar in London. He is brought here from the banks of the Ganges and the Indus, in

one of the various merchant-vessels trading to London. He arrives in England, and is either visited by the master of some of the houses referred to, to entice him to these hives of sin, or he makes his way there, having no other place of resort where he can be understood If he be discharged from his ship, he carries a fair amount of cash with him to his countrymen's rendezvous, but it quickly melts away at the gambling table, or pachassee And, if it does not quickly exchange hands, his pure gold is often secured, and spurious coins are shuffled into his possession, for the utterance of which the Solicitor of the Mint confronts him at the Old Bailey, and finds no difficulty in securing a conviction for the crime It may be he loses all his cash while he is under the influence of opium, in that case, "nobody has taken it! He must have made a mistake, he did not bring any, no one would rob the poor fellow in a place like this" Be it as it may, he has lost all his cash, and there is nothing before him now but begging in the streets and imprisonment for begging, or, ere long, he, too, will be "found dead" But, how is it these men are discharged at all? By the Merchant Shipping Repeal Act, a captain is liable to the penalty of £20 for every Lascar he leaves in England Yes, but whose duty is it to enforce the law? Who ever concerns himself about it but the captain and the suffering Lascar? The captain sails off to another land, and the Lascar sinks into the stream of human life, and is noticed no more till he is seen shivering in rags, crouched in the angle of the street, and soliciting, in broken English, the

beggar's pence, or is found dead by some night policeman in Shadwell

There was, at the time we are referring to, a fearful influence brought to bear on these poor men on their landing If they had no money, selfish friends pressed round them, to persuade them that they had a right to, and need of it, and whole crews, acting under such baneful influences, have deserted, refusing to rejoin their ships, and would not return till they had obtained an undue advance of wages to squander in these dens, and, in cases of positive refusal to such unjust demands, have suffered the punishment of deserters in prison Indeed, such has been the confusion and litigation between captain and men, caused by these evil advisers, that masters of vessels have consented, reluctantly or otherwise, according to their interests, to pay the men off and discharge them, rather than defend themselves against imaginary charges at the Police Court And, as there was then no existing authority to see the law observed and to prevent such illegal discharges, such things were constantly taking place with impunity, workhouse and prison-fare followed, and vagrancy and death under the most appalling circumstances completed the tragic history of Lascar life in London. Here is the gigantic evil which faintly forced itself upon our notice when Lascars perished in our streets, and we saw their end recorded in the journals of the day in the customary phrase, "Found dead."

CHAPTER II.

PREPARATION AND COMMENCEMENT

"LONG live the Queen!" "Prince Albert for ever!" and the handkerchiefs and hats waved in the air in honest manifestation of a warm and hearty welcome to the Prince, as he drove onwards in the direction of the Docks

The numerous artizans of the east end of London, from the various dockyards and spacious shipbuilding premises, seldom have the opportunity of showing their loyalty to the Queen, and when that opportunity occurs, the imaginary republicanism of the east subsides into such loyal demonstrations as were displayed on the occasion to which we are about to refer

The Prince was on his way to Limehouse to lay the foundation-stone of the future Home for Asiatics, Africans, and South Sea Islanders Christian love and effort had brought to public notice the sufferings, wrongs, and wants of these long-neglected people, who from the ends of the earth frequent the metropolis of our country, and friends had set to work in earnest to remove this scandal from the British name.

These destitute strangers are now to have a Home of their own, where their property will be safe, their necessities supplied, their comfort provided for, and

LAYING THE FOUNDATION STONE

the wants of their souls ministered to, supplanting by healthy and Christian influence the dens of infamy and vice to which they have heretofore been consigned It is to be a Home for the heathen in our great Christian metropolis, a rendezvous for the Asiatic in the centre of Western power and commerce

It was a happy day, flags of all nations, and gay streamers of every colour floated in the air over the site of the future Home Orientals and others from various ports of the world congregated under the great marquee to honour the event Faces of all hues, features of every type, and costumes of divers nations, animated the scene, on the spot where this unique building was about to stand Probably so many representatives of the different tribes of the human race were never before assembled together in Europe

On each side of the avenue leading to the tent fifty natives of India were ranged, in lively costumes, near these were thirty Chinese, and in various groups were to be seen Lascars, Arabs, Africans, Chinese, and other representatives of foreign lands, presenting at one view a living ethno-graphical picture not easily to be forgotten Amongst the more distinguished Asiatic visitors was His Highness the Maharajah Duleep Singh, whose liberality had given the undertaking an early and seasonable impetus

A Christian princess, in native Indian costume, the only child of her aged father, the Rajah of Coorg, was chosen to present the silver trowel to Prince Albert.

Meers and Nawabs too, belonging to the widespread Mohammedan faith were present; and Parsees,

the representatives of the ancient fire-worshippers of Persia to these may be added a Burmese, and two young men from Mousa, in Central Africa

We shall not linger over the imposing ceremony. The usual forms were gone through The Earl of Chichester read and presented an address to His Royal Highness Prince Albert The first stone was laid, and the Right Reverend Dr Carr, Bishop of Bombay, requested to offer prayer and to ask a blessing on the work after which, the Chairman of the East India Company, Colonel Sykes, and His Highness the Maharajah Duleep Singh, thanked His Royal Highness for the deep interest he manifested in the undertaking, which thanks were graciously responded to, and, the Benediction being pronounced, the ceremony was brought to a conclusion in Oriental fashion, by presenting to His Royal Highness and suite handkerchiefs on which was a beautiful illustration of the Home, and bouquets of flowers were given to the Eastern visitors

The event was commemorated on the foundation-stone by the following inscription —

"This first stone of the Strangers' Home for Asiatics, Africans, and South Sea Islanders, was laid on the 31st May, in the year of our Lord, 1856, and the 19th year of the reign of our most gracious Majesty Queen Victoria, Queen of Great Britain and Ireland by Field Marshal His Royal Highness Francis Albert Augustus Charles Emmanuel, Duke of Saxony, Prince of Saxe Coburg and Gotha, K.G, G C M G, etc"

We must now, for a short time, leave the site of the future Home, and would here give utterance to

feelings of lively gratitude and thankfulness to our heavenly Father, whilst tracing the mysterious providence, the triumph of prayer, and the victory of faith, which placed the Home for Asiatic Strangers on a solid foundation, with such ample accommodation, though at a large cost

Time would fail to detail the divine leadings, gracious help, and final success, amidst disappointed hopes and anxious struggles, by which its progress was chequered, and which call forth grateful memories of the past, but we desire more especially to give a few particulars of what may justly be termed a mysterious providence, whereby the Missionary, who has had the spiritual interests of the institution in hand for sixteen years, was first led into this remarkable and very peculiar field of labour, and enabled to proclaim to Asiatics and other foreigners, in their native tongues, the "*unsearchable riches of Christ*," besides frequently acting as interpreter between prisoners, witnesses, and judge in criminal courts, and all this without having ever passed a day out of England

The Missionary commenced his labours as a London City Missionary in a district then known as the "Chapel Street District," in the neighbourhood of Edgware Road It did not supply foreign work, but was the stepping-stone to it

He was present at the ceremony of laying the foundation-stone of the Asiatic Strangers' Home, and, by a singular coincidence, commenced the study of the Hindoostanee language about the same time, without any idea that it would ever be of any practical use.

The first stimulus was the gift of a Hindostanee Testament from a friend who had given up the study of the language in despair, and about the same time, an Italian band-master who had been in India, lent him a copy of Forbes's Hindostanee Manual

As if to add to the incentive to study the language, Meer Jaffier Ali, the Nawab of Surat, with twelve followers, settled down in Paddington near the Chapel Street district besides this there was a native of India, Shaik Hammed, in whom the Missionary took interest, residing in the Dudley Refuge for the Destitute, where he was a constant visitor

A footing amongst the Nawab's suite was soon effected through the medium of Shaik Hammed, and terms of intimacy were quickly established between the Missionary and Dost Mohammed Shah, an educated native of Surat, with a view to an interchange of languages Two evenings a week in the Prince's kitchen were no mean opportunities for an anxious student. The smell of Indian ghee, garlic, sweetmeats, and jagree, were all as novel as the language, and would have been unbearable, had they not been the means to an end Forbes's Manual was thoroughly studied through and through, and when returned to Signor Menasi in a somewhat dilapidated condition, he said with kindly jocularity, "You have used it so well, you had better keep it" The Hindostanee Testament was the adopted reading-book, so that gospel truths were heard in that Mohammedan kitchen from the first time the student made his appearance. The Oriental gutturals and other strange sounds had to be

mastered, but the chief difficulty was in acquiring the colloquial language Many of the precious portions of Scripture were committed to memory, which were useful for quotation, as well as for models of construction. In a language so dissimilar to any European, and where a syllable will sometimes change an active idea into a passive, there being no passive voice in the language, it would sometimes happen that the omission of a small word would make an amusing difference One day the student told his astonished audience, that as he came, he saw a dead man *walking* along " He should have added the little word " le " and then it would have been, " I saw a dead man *carried* along "

Shaik Hammed now began to receive spiritual attention, and the portions of Scripture read and corrected in the Prince's kitchen, were re-read in the Dudley Refuge for the benefit of the destitute Asiatics

After this, Hammed was lost sight of for some time When next they met, in Regent's Park, he accosted the Missionary " Padre, I am married now, and am going to stay in England " " Married ! where were you married ? " " Last night, Padre, down there in the kitchen." " How were you married ? " "Padre," he said with increasing energy, as he thought his words were doubted, " they got some gin and some beer, a fiddle, and a broom , we drank the gin and the beer, and jumped over the broom, sang, and played the fiddle, and I was married ! "

This was strange news to the Missionary, but he has since learnt that a large number of marriages in

London between English and Irish and Oriental vagrants can boast of no better character

Shaik Hammed, under the malignant influence of his worthless wife, speedily sank into a thief and vagrant, as too many similarly circumstanced have done

It may here be explained that the word "Padre," by which the Asiatics generally address every religious teacher, has been adopted by them from the Italian word, signifying father, and was introduced by the Portuguese priests, who at an early period established themselves in Goa, and other parts of India

To return to the suite of the Nawab of Surat, we may mention the following persons who formed part of it

First, the English Secretary,—who, tottering on the verge of the grave, has, since the Nawab left England, spent his time in writing a book in defence of the Mohammedan religion

Secondly, the Persian Secretary,—who rejoiced in the lengthy name of Mirza Akbar Ali Khan Bahadoor, the last word being a highly-prized title which he received from the Indian Government, with a pension, for important services rendered to Sir Charles Napier when Governor of Scinde

Then there was Mohammed Ali, an Interpreter, a young man, a Persian by birth, but educated in India, he was conversant with three Eastern languages, besides having acquired English at a school in Kurrachee. It is worthy of note that Colonel Hughes was well acquainted with all the above in India.

The Nawab also had his "hajam," or native barber, whose name was Raheem, and a "durban" or door-keeper, an old man who had left his wife and family behind him at Surat

There was also a very merry "bawarchee," or Indian cook, Shaik Mohammed, laughing, singing, jesting, gambling, smoking his time away, and little Noor Mohammed, who though little, was not so in his own estimation, for he walked more erect, was more consequential, and had a more irritable temper than any one else in the suite

We close the list with Mohammed Shah, valet and personal attendant on the Nawab, and tutor of the Missionary in the Hindostanee language

The Nawab himself was a tall and commanding person, and an interesting specimen of Indian nobility, frank, open-hearted, and liberal, constantly inviting the English aristocracy to his house, and sparing neither pains nor cost to entertain them Though he did not partake of the European food, yet he was always present at his own table

Here was the first field of missionary labour amongst the natives of India, and the following are extracts from a report of this tentative work, drawn up at the time, when the facts were fresh in the Missionary's memory —

"I carefully avoided thrusting Christianity on the notice of these natives, but it was my anxious solicitude to avail myself of suitable occasions, and to let no opportunity pass that might be turned to a spiritual account. There were none in this suite who did not repeatedly

hear from the Word of God, and from my own lips, in English and Hindostanee, the way of salvation

"Mohammed Ali, the Prince's nephew, was a frequent inquirer after spiritual things, but I did not know at that time that he had received his English education at a Christian school at Kurachee Probably from that time to the present the Bible and Christ had been banished from his mind He would often ask me to read to him, and sometimes he would read to me, and in so doing would read in the hearing of all in the room What sort of philosophy or interest he saw in his allegiance to the false prophet, I know not, but as far as belief went, he was a Christian Our conversation was generally on the most fundamental things, such as the authenticity of the Scriptures, God's hatred to, and punishment of sin, and the merit of the blood of Christ to atone for our sins—all of which, before he left England, he firmly acknowledged He repeatedly solicited Christian books for perusal, which I felt happy to supply, and all of which I took care were of the best kind A warm attachment sprang up between us, and he was pleased to occupy the place of my tutor, Mohammed Shah, when he was absent, and he even offered to teach me the Persian language, for no other motive, that I could see, than that arising from friendship. My acquaintance with him was not so protracted as with the rest of the suite, as, during the Russian war, he was engaged in the Crimea, and for nearly a year before the Nawab left London, he was with the Queen of Oude. He seemed always to talk about spiritual things with

pleasure whenever I saw him at home, but invariably avoided it when at Harley House. This was to be accounted for, I believe, by the deep-rooted enmity that existed in the Royal suite to all that was connected with Christianity. He left England in the suite of the Nawab, in August, 1857.

"Among the rest of this suite there was but one more in whom I can hope that any spiritual good was accomplished. I refer to Mohammed Shah, the Nawab's valet, whom I was permitted to regard as my tutor in the Hindostanee language. He allowed his English education to be ruled entirely by my direction. I supplied what books were necessary for his progress, so that not only in his reading but in his writing, and, naturally enough, in our conversation, Christianity took a prominent part. As Mohammed Shah was a good Persian and Hindostanee scholar, I often got him to read the Scriptures to me under the impression of allowing me to catch the accent. In fact, I found it valuable in this way; but I had another object in view—that of letting the whole suite, and all the visitors present, hear them also. It was, however, impossible at times to introduce anything spiritual. Work having ceased, the place often became the scene of riot and revel; and, after dinner, which generally took place about seven o'clock, cards and tea were always placed on the table, visitors from other families would drop in (hence my extended acquaintance with them), the dhol or native drum would be brought forward, a series of native songs sung, and some of the party

would retire for the evening or night, for the Nawab cared nothing where his servants went, or whom they brought home, so that they attended to him when he wanted them

"To this strange group may be added Mishameeram, the old man who attended to the door He was of a very religious spirit, and seemed to pray for the whole suite His prayers were most earnest and rapid, and very frequent, for he was mostly praying, especially after supper I never heard any other in this suite pray He used to place a small form in an eastern direction, and then cover it with an ornamented green cloth, then, minus his slippers, but adorned with his white turban, he would mount the form, and, with his face eastward, would commence his incantations by three invocations of Mohammed His prayers would be performed in various attitudes, sometimes standing erect with his arms straight down, at other times he would sit on his heels, with his hands on his thighs, and in his prostrations his forehead, knees, and toes would sustain the weight of the rest of his body. His articulations were so excessively quick, sometimes only a mumble, that I never could catch a word he said If the company wished to ask him a question, he had no objection to suspend his prayer for a minute to answer it, or if he wished to ask a question himself on any subject that had just occurred to his mind, he would rather make the inquiry in the midst of his prayer than run the risk of forgetting it. Should, however, a knock come to the door, or anything required to be done that did not require his tongue to

perform it, he lost no time, for he would descend from his form and discontinue his prayers till he returned again. He was quite satisfied if he were but permitted to begin and terminate his prayers on his sacerdotal form. Such was the singular scene in the Nawab's kitchen nearly every night My own presence, perhaps, in such an unusual group, might complete the scene Generally I occupied one end of a long table, capable of seating about fifteen persons, Mohammed Shah would be at my side, while the opposite end was occupied by the card-players, the interval being usually filled up by tea and coffee drinkers and smokers. Sometimes the riot and the fumes were so intolerable that I could not get on with my reading, nor could Mishameeram proceed with his prayers, and I was compelled to retire into an adjacent room with my pupil

"Mohammed Shah, having acquired a language grammatically before, and being a careful student, made rapid advances in the English language, so that before he left England he could read, write, and converse with tolerable correctness , and, when I consider the depth of religious ignorance in which the Oriental mind is sunk, I am led to think he advanced as rapidly in the knowledge of spiritual things as could reasonably be expected One of the Scripture readings and conversations with him has never been erased from my mind, and I dare say never will. All to whom I have told it have admired it as a beautiful illustration of Scripture. Reading to him our Lord's conversation with the woman of Samaria, I had not proceeded

far when, being arrested by the thorough Oriental character and subject of the conversation, he took the Testament out of my hand, and read the chapter himself. Having finished reading, I inquired what there was that attracted his notice so much. 'Ab i haiyat' —'the water of life,' he replied. 'And do you not know what that water is?' I asked. 'Oh, yes,' he answered, 'every Indian knows what the water of life is.' 'Indians are taught to believe,' he continued, 'that such water exists in some unknown locality, in the bosom of some distant sea, or hidden in some river, and we think that if we could but discover that water and drink, the effect it would produce would be everlasting life.' 'This is the very thing, this water is in Jesus Christ,' I said, and then a new and interesting topic was brought to his notice, of which Christ was the subject. He frequently asked questions about the Jews, and to look at his face one would think that he descended from them. I frequently made use of his inquiries to prove the inspiration of Scripture by the fulfilment of prophecy, all of which, I trust, told on his feelings and creed. As he advanced in the English he took a pleasure in perusing English tracts; many of which he would read to me and ask for explanation, or read them by himself, and some of these silent messengers I have found carefully kept, months after I had given them to him. He repeatedly acknowledged the truth of the Word of God. He told me that the Christian religion was right, but he likewise told me it required more power than he possessed to break off the associations of his life which were in such close connection with the faith in which

his fathers died I, however, placed the consequences before him At one time he seriously thought of quitting the service of the Nawab, although he held the station occupied by his father and grandfather before him with the Nawab's progenitors, and his children might anticipate the same station. He had saved £100, and he thought under my direction (for I think he took counsel only with me) he might launch into some business, with his wife, by which he might secure a living Many things were suggested, but at all times I have a dislike to an Oriental settling down in England, as, with very few exceptions, I have never known them to be morally benefited by it Finally, he returned to India with the Nawab, and before leaving I [illegible] a present of a well-bound English Bible, [illegible] he promised to read in his native land

"During my visitations among this suite, I had pleasing opportunities of Christian conversation with nearly every one composing it A Gospel in Gujaratee was given to Noor Mohammed, and another to Mishaneeram Here, too, I had the pleasure of meeting the *attachés* of the Persian Ambassador, Ferukh Khan, during the Persian war Salvation was the subject of conversation, in varied forms, on every practicable occasion, and though with some bright evidences that the seed was not sown in vain, yet too often it met with ridicule and opposition Such was the result of Paul's preaching on Mars Hill, '*Some mocked, and others said, We will hear thee again on this matter, howbeit certain men clave unto him and believed*' And such has ever been the result of the proclamation of the Gospel of the grace of God."

CHAPTER III

THE QUEEN OF OUDE

"THE Queen of Oude is coming to London with the largest Indian retinue that ever visited the shores of England Princes, learned Moulvies, Meers with titles of distinction, Moonshees for scribes, and pilgrims from Mecca dressed in green (the evidence of their pilgrimage) are amongst the Queen's retainers, and will shortly arrive"

Such was the declaration of Mohammed Shah, and the other members of the Nawab of Surat's suite Indeed, Her Majesty had already embarked at Calcutta with no less than 130 followers

The visit of a Mohammedan Queen to London was the most extraordinary event our Indian empire had ever witnessed It may well be supposed that some great crisis must have been the occasion of this unlooked-for step, and so it was The kingdom of Oude had recently been absorbed into our Indian empire, and the son of the widowed Queen had been deposed It was the only remaining Mohammedan kingdom of India, with any show of independence; so that the Governor-General, by this step, had de-

prived the Mohammedan race of their last signs of royalty.

With the merits of the case, or the necessity that seemed to warrant such a step on the part of the British Government, we have nothing to do

There is evidence enough, coming from the natives themselves that life and property were utterly insecure in Lucknow, that natives had been shot in their own bazaars, and the murderers had taken possession of wives and property with impunity Such being the state of lawlessness in the royal city, there can be little doubt that the close proximity of this hornet's nest must have been very distasteful and troublesome to British rule, and that an ample justification was furnished by these barbarous neighbours, for our depriving them of a power which they could not administer without infringing on their neighbours' rights

Still this journey of the widowed Queen to Europe, to solicit the restoration of her son to the throne of Oude, displayed such an unusual energy of maternal affection as could only excite admiration But, alas! what influence could she expect to exert in England, confined as she had been to her harem in Lucknow, ignorant of the usages of civilized life, with no one to plead her cause, or interested in her son's welfare?

In due time, however, the Queen, with her 130 followers, arrived at Southampton, but how to transport this royal visitor to London with due decorum, and with sufficient concealment to satisfy the requirements

of Oriental etiquette, was a serious question, which not a little puzzled the minds of her Eunuchs, Moulvies, and Moonshees.

All the passengers were first landed from the ship, and then the Queen stepped into her palanquin and was borne on the shoulders of four native bearers, who carried with them massive staves, the insignia of their office. Others marching before and behind, in Indian fashion, they made their way to the railway-station, and the palanquin was safely deposited in close proximity to the royal carriage, guarded on the right and on the left from the intrusion of curious spectators It never entered into their heads, however, that any profane Englishman could possibly conceal himself on the top of the carriage to gaze on her sacred Majesty But just as she was stepping from the palanquin into the railway carriage, some ill-mannered fellow thrust his inquisitive head right over to look at the royal lady At once the dismayed natives uttered an alarming cry, raising their massive staves to punish the offender, and had he not prudently beat a retreat at double quick speed, he would doubtless have paid dear for his impertinent intrusion

The Queen, with her whole company of followers, was safely brought to London, and a large mansion in Marylebone, known as Harley House, was hired for her accommodation, but proving too small for her suite, other homes in close proximity were secured for their comfort

General Secunder, brother of the ex-king, a very attractive person in Oriental attire, accompanied her

Majesty, and Maidee Koolee Khan, one of the many sons of the Persian King, acted as secretary to the Royal Prince, while, to render this imposing retinue successful and more complete, the Royal Astrologer came with them, who, by his knowledge of the stars, would, it was fondly hoped, discover the propitious occasion to push their application at the East India House and in Parliament, so as to secure a successful termination to their suit

The morals of these people were very low, and their temper savage, cruel, and disdainful, with very little regard for one another, quarrels, dissensions, and plots divided them, and frustrated their objects during their unsuccessful stay in London The advancement or favour of one, only excited the cupidity and jealousy of others less favoured, their claims to civilization, and their position in the social scale of life, may be estimated from the fact, that chairs and tables, knives and forks, shoes and stockings, were luxuries, the use of which they had never learnt

Only favoured visitors were permitted to enter Harley House, native chokeedars paraded inside, whilst an European doorkeeper was engaged, with strict orders to keep out strangers, and a policeman was always in attendance to remove intruders

The inmates of Harley House, however, were not long in discovering that a colony of Orientals was already established in London, and their number was soon increased by deserters from ships, and the Asiatic vagrants of the metropolis, and all soon made acquaintance with the suite of the Nawab of Surat;

Some of them came into the kitchen of the Nawab, when the missionary was there, winter was then approaching and the cold autumnal winds blew with terrible effect on the naked legs of the visitors English boots and stockings were produced by the servants of the Nawab , the boots were examined and approved of, but the stockings excited deep curiosity, and were the subject of much discussion as they were handed about for inspection the Missionary was waiting for the curiosity to subside, being anxious to use these men as a key to unlock the great gate at Harley House, that he might gain access to the 130 natives of India residing there The perusal of a small portion of Scripture was enough to attract their notice, and Hyder Ali, who seemed a man of importance, was informed that the reader was a Padre who was learning Hindostanee , this favourable introduction proved of the utmost importance to the Missionary, who gained the confidence of Hyder Ali at once, and the offer to teach him English was readily accepted

They met by appointment the next evening at the door of Harley House, and after some little difficulty with the porters, Hyder Ali succeeded in introducing the Missionary passing down a flight of stone steps and along a dark passage, they emerged into a large kitchen, a smouldering fire and a tallow candle stuck in the neck of a ginger-beer bottle being the only light Around the dying embers of a charcoal fire were the natives of India, squatting, eating, smoking, sleeping. "Sit down," said Hyder Ali, without indicating where, for there were no seats, and nothing but the

butcher's native block, which, however, served the purpose.

Here the first lesson in English was given, including some teaching of Christianity The Testament was produced and some passages read, when suddenly Hyder Ali seized the book and examined it with silent attention 'Meanwhile the women pressed forward, with their white calico Sarees thrown over their heads and drawn tightly round their faces, so as to leave little more than their eyes visible, as they peeped at the European over the men's shoulders, with as much interest as a country boor would display on seeing a wild-beast show for the first time The Missionary endeavoured to attract their attention by talking about his wife and children, at last Hyder Ali had come to a conclusion about the book, and the pleasing word "Khub," good, was pronounced in its favour "Now, Padre," said he, still retaining the book, "I want to know more about you" Hyder had the mistaken impression current at Lucknow, where no Missionaries had been stationed, that every evangelist received his stipend from the Queen, and was therefore a political agent He was very anxious to know if the "Padre" before him was one of that class, and seemed much pleased to find he was not, but still he could not comprehend the idea of a Society like the London City Mission He was satisfied, however, that the Missionary was no political agent, and said he would make a way for the "Padre" to come to Harley House whenever he liked So ended this first interview with the suite of the Queen of Oude.

A footing having been thus established, the cultivation of friendship followed, and numerous acquaintances were made, classes were formed, ostensibly to teach English, but really to acquire a better knowledge of Hindostanee, and to bring the doctrines of the Cross before the minds of the natives, but through the changes constantly taking place, the classes were frequently broken up and others formed The occasion of those changes was the constant despatch of messengers to India and the arrival of others on one occasion it was thought necessary to make a pilgrimage to Mecca, in order to secure a more prosperous issue to the negotiation

On one chilly day in October, Dost Mohammed, sitting on a kind of lounge in front of the fire, which he monopolized, regardless of the feelings of the rest of his fraternity, exclaimed, "Padre, how is it that you Christians spend so much money in giving these books away and in sending Padres to India, if it be not for political purposes?"

"Because Christ is the only way of salvation God has provided only one plan for taking away sin, and that is by a sacrifice of his own choosing The world knows not this remedy, and how can men learn it if they are not told? For this reason Christians give their money to print the book, that therein the world may read God's declaration about sin and salvation; but, as many cannot or will not read, the Missionary goes forth to proclaim the pardon of the Great King, in obedience to the royal command, *Go ye into all the world, and preach the gospel to every creature*"

"That is a new and strange account indeed, but if this be true why did not you Christians send to Lucknow? Had you sent your Missionaries there instead of your armies, you might not have found it necessary to seize the royal palace"

The only explanation given by the Missionary was very unwelcome to the ears of Dost Mohammed "British life in Lucknow is not secure, and Christians do not feel the necessity of exposing their lives there, when they can tell the same good news in Benares, Cawnpore, and Delhi with impunity"

Dost Mohammed made no reply, but closed his eyes and drew in to the fire An aged cook, who was seeking rest in a colder part of the room, had, like others, been listening to the conversation and seemed to feel some interest in it "Why, friend," said the Missionary to him, "you must have travelled a long way through life, what is your age?"

After gazing for some time at the ceiling he replied, he didn't know "Well, then, the days you have lived resemble, in one respect, the days you have yet to live, you don't know how many they are" To this the cook replied with Mohammedan reverence, "My days are in the hands of God" "True, friend," it was further urged, "but when those are ended, what then?" "Then," he said, "I shall go to Paradise, where all Mohammedans go." "How so?" said the Missionary, "I thought there was a judgment-day for Mohammedans, is it not so?" "Yes, yes, so there is," replied the cook, and appealing to a friend, they made out together, that there

was a judgment-day, wherein God would declare who amongst the followers of Mohammed had been faithful to God and the prophet, but then it did not appear that when the judgment was passed, any knew their fate, till a further final ordeal had been gone through Each Mohammedan had to walk across a narrow precipice as sharp as a razor, with a yawning gulf of fire below, the other side of this terrible causeway being Paradise, but no unfaithful follower of Mohammed can successfully cross that narrow bridge to the enchanting ground of the Moslem's rest It required a divine hand and an approving conscience to enable any one to reach the happy shore in safety but the wicked having reached the centre of the fearful pathway, lost their foothold and fell amongst the fiends into the fiery gulf below

It now became interesting to inquire what hope our aged cook had that he should ever pass the bridge of trial with success, and amongst the chief reasons he assigned was this, that he had never eaten any pork!

"But you are conscious you have sinned against God, for all are sinners, and no one can remove his own or another's sins? Where then is the man that has been faithful to his God? And if only the faithful can cross the bridge, where shall we find any such?"

To this pointed question, the cook only shrugged his shoulders, and drawing his open hands to his breast in singular Oriental fashion, said, "God knows"

"Well, then, listen and I will tell you, I will read to you what God says on that subject," and the

Scriptures were brought under his notice, illustrating the sinful nature of man, showing that only the sinless can dwell with God, and the need of the righteousness of Christ, His atonement on the cross, and the necessity of exercising faith upon Him. He listened with deep attention, and said he thought it must be right He requested that the same things might be said to him again, he was visited about six times, after which he disappeared

Ameer-oo-Deen had joined the natives of Oude after their arrival in London, and became a man of some importance among them, the visits of the Missionary had attracted his notice, and he made repeated inquiries about him, he was lost sight of for some six months, during which time the Christian teacher had found means to open other doors, and to penetrate into apartments hitherto inaccessible Once he had a conversation with the Moulvie, Mussa-oo-Deen, who was dressed in the silks of the royal court, and was sitting in one corner of the room, smoking a hookah, the bowl of which was in the centre of the apartment

At another time, General Secunder, the deposed king's brother, took notice of him, and received a portion of the Divine word from his hand.

On one occasion, when he had found his way into a lower room, crowded with native servants, after having read aloud to them some of the most important truths of the Christian faith, unaware in the dusky smoke that Ameer-oo-Deen was near him,—after his departure, Ameer joined him in the street and avowed his respect for the name of Jesus, but also stated his

fear of the reproach and other consequences of a more public declaration of his faith. He was moved, he said, by the remarks he had heard, and was willing to regard Jesus as the Saviour, and Mohammed as a deceiver

The two walked together for about a mile speaking of the same important things, he expressed a wish to have a New Testament in his own language, which was given to him Many visits were paid to him, and he gave evidence that he prized his treasure, but after about ten months he also disappeared

The Ramadhan, or Mohammedan fast, was strictly observed by these natives of India In reply to the Missionary's inquiries, they said the feast lasted for one month, during which time they were not allowed to eat, drink, smoke, or snuff, from sunrise to sunset, but might feast as much as they liked during the night They thought their prayers more acceptable to God at this season The Missionary argued that God would not hear our prayers whilst our hearts were estranged from Him by sin, and read a portion of the 7th of Mark, making suitable comments upon it.

Thus among all ranks, from the King's brother to the humblest servants, some opportunities were found to speak of the eternal realities of the Christian faith May these humble efforts be owned and blessed by the Lord of the vineyard

One day, on entering Harley House, all was astir and in a state of commotion, eight of the inmates had been poisoned and narrowly escaped with their lives

Such was the state of anarchy, jealousy, and deadly enmity towards each other in which they lived, ever plotting one against another! so that whilst the royal household was conflicting with Parliament, they were at war amongst themselves, till law-suits and counter claims disorganized the whole establishment But a shock was about to come, that would paralyze their secret counsels, and blight their sanguine hopes, the astounding news of the Indian Mutiny blasted all their prospects, and rendered their further residence in England useless It had been arranged that the Missionary's wife should wait on the Queen of Oude to present her with a Hindostanee Testament, but the day appointed was the fatal day when the news arrived, and the Queen never held another *levee*

The sorrowing Queen went to France, but tidings of her death were shortly received. The crushing news, "the Queen is dead," spread dismay and terror through Harley House, some beat their breasts, others buried their faces in their hands, and wept like children

The Missionary was present on this occasion, and tried to use it for their good, but they regarded his attempt as an intrusion, being too deeply overwhelmed to listen to his remarks, and he soon retired from the distressing scene

One of the several Moonshees of the suite had shown a friendship and attachment to the Missionary, and many were the pleasant interviews they had together. His kindness and courteous demeanour placed him in pleasing contrast to his fellow countrymen. Being a Moonshee, he was an educated man,

and master of the Hindostanee, Persian, and Arabic languages, in two of which he received portions of Scripture

"What is the meaning of this Psalm? I can read it, but cannot understand it Who uttered the words, and to whom do they refer?"

Such interesting inquiries, resembling those put to Philip by the eunuch of Queen Candace, opened the way for an explanation of the precious truths of the gospel At a future period he asked similar questions with reference to John iii, and to the explanations given, he replied, with Nicodemus-like surprise, "How can these things be?"

Passing through the drawing-room, the Moonshee asked him to play and sing one of his hymns, he chose the well-known hymn—

> "I lay my sins on Jesus,
> The spotless lamb of God," etc, etc,

which he had rendered into Hindostanee

> "Esà pur gunàh rukha," etc, etc

Such are some of the gleanings of Christian labour amongst the natives of Lucknow, during their residence in England, spread over a period of about three years, which were the more important, as up to that time no missionary efforts had been made in the kingdom of Oude

Lucknow in a state of rebellion, the ex-King in prison, the Queen-Mother in a Parisian grave, her

...e of the Oude Mission was now sealed, the unsuccessful astrologer was amongst the first to retire, litigation and mutual recrimination embroiled most that remained; and ultimately all availed themselves of the earliest opportunity to return home, a small remnant silently passing through France on their way to India

Such was the tragic end of the Mission of the Queen of Oude!

CHAPTER IV

OPENING OF THE "HOME"

In twelve months after H R H Prince Albert had laid the foundation-stone of the Asiatic Home, its doors were opened to admit the helpless stranger from the far distant East The many friends whose sympathies had been aroused by the suffering condition of the Lascar, and had given freely of their gold to wipe out the evil, were now invited to praise God, and exchange their mutual congratulations for the success granted to their efforts, in the erection of such a noble edifice

His Highness the aged Rajah of Coorg, absent from illness at the laying of the foundation-stone, and several influential natives of India, expressed their sympathy by being present at the opening ceremony, whilst a goodly company of Christian ladies and gentlemen interested in India from their late residence in, or knowledge of, the country, and many others whose sympathy sprang simply from their love and desire to aid the helpless stranger, met together in the capacious hall of the "Home" "*They sang together . giving thanks unto the Lord, because He is good, and His mercy endureth for ever*"

Lord Henry, now the Marquis of Cholmondeley, the well-known patron of every good work, presided on the occasion The Rev E R. Jones, then Rector of Limehouse, in which parish the Home is situated, read the latter portion of the 25th chapter of St Matthew's Gospel, and the Rev Dr Tidman, foreign secretary to the London Missionary Society, offered up thanksgiving and invoked a blessing on the undertaking The Secretaries of all the Foreign Missionary Societies, and several of the leading men of the Missionary Committees, were present to express their pleasure and thanksgiving for the success which had attended the work A veteran missionary, Dr Hoole, from Madras, till lately the able secretary of the Wesleyan Missionary Society, addressed the Tamil-speaking natives, of whom a number were present, and once more affectionately told them in their own tongue some of the mysteries of divine grace Colonel Hughes, the Honorary Secretary of the Home, addressed another portion of the Asiatics in Hindostanee, pointing out to them what Christian effort and love had done in the erection of such a building for their comfort and accommodation He called their attention to the various facilities now placed at their disposal for corresponding with their friends, and for remitting their earnings to India, the security of their money and valuables when placed in deposit, and the readiness with which employment and passages could be obtained for all desirous to return home The natives were also addressed by Professor Seyd Abdoolah, who explained the advantages of the

Home; and we must not omit to record that after the 117th Psalm had been sung, and the concluding prayer and thanksgiving offered by the Rev Henry Venn, Honorary Secretary of the Church Missionary Society, Henry Green, Esq, rose from his seat, and in the following encouraging and impressive words addressed the meeting —

"My Lord, and Christian friends,—I have to announce, before the meeting separates, that a collection will be made on behalf of the Institution As a ship-owner, I rejoice in its erection, and owe a deep debt of gratitude to the gentlemen who have interested themselves in its establishment. I cordially approve of the spirit in which the building was undertaken, and feel confident that, under the blessing of God, it must succeed"

The Rector of Limehouse having pronounced the benediction, "The Asiatic Home" was declared to be open by the noble Chairman

We will now take a survey of the new Home. Here is the spacious Hall, open to all Orientals, whether lodging in the Home or not Its dimensions are sufficient to contain nearly 200 persons. Here captains requiring a crew of Lascars, can come and find men waiting their arrival and ready to be shipped, and here the missionary has the opportunity of speaking to them, and of circulating the words of eternal life in almost every Eastern tongue

Near the Hall, on the right hand, is the Superintendent's office, and the large book on the desk contains the names, countries, qualifications, ships they

came and left in, and other particulars, of all who are admitted.

On the left hand is the Lascar's Shipping office, with its shipping-master accredited by the Board of Trade Here, also, is another curious book, containing the names, mode of living, of unemployed Asiatics found wandering about London, with their addresses The following are some of its singular entries —

"LATTOU — A native of Canton An old man, very deaf, resides under a railway arch, near Gun-lane, Limehouse His room is used for opium smoking, in which lodgers are accommodated, for which he has been convicted, as well as for begging"

"*AMEEN ADEEN —Native of Bombay Arrived* in England about 1843 Resides in a little attic room, 6, New Peter-street, Westminster, is married, and has two children Has been engaged on several occasions at Harley House, the Queen of Oude's, but was finally dismissed for imposition Hawks spurious jewellery He has frequently greatly imposed on the benevolent"

"FRANCIS KAUDERY —Native of Goa Arrived in England about April, 1855, at present engaged as steward at the 'Royal Sovereign' public-house, Bluegate-fields, to attend the Lascars who lodge there, begs when out of service"

"JAN ALI SALUM, *alias* ALI ARAB.—Born at Hyderabad, in India His father an Arab; his mother English, has but one eye Settled in England

in 1844, is married and has a child, visits the Docks to invite Arabs to his house, where they are often robbed Lives at No 4, St Ann's-court, Westminster"

"SHAIK BOXHOO—Native of Calcutta. Was discharged at Amsterdam from the barque 'Dubiana,' Capt John Young, 1851, he arrived in London the same year Is the vilest Oriental impostor in London He is short, has long hair, carries a stick, which he seldom uses, sells tracts, and pretends to be deaf and dumb, but understands and can speak both English and Hindostanee Resides at 2, George-street, Whitechapel He often pretends to be deaf and dumb, from fear of being sent to India In October, 1859, he was convicted of an assault, and sent to gaol for one month, with hard labour"

Some of these are unpleasing specimens, but they are what their vile associates, and the painful circumstances of their past lives, have made them It will be interesting to know what the Asiatic Strangers' Home will do for them But we pass on

The room behind the above is the Secretary's office, where is the Library, containing, besides other books, the Word of God in many languages Against the wall hangs a large map of India, and opposite it a portrait of the Maharajah Duleep Singh, in his native court dress

Sheltered by two verandahs, giving the back part of the house an Oriental appearance, are the well-ventilated dormitories, named after the principal contributors, Christian and Hindoo, and affording accom-

modation for about 220 beds. The whole of the rooms are warmed by hot-water-pipes

Descending now to the ground-floor, we find the "Victoria and Albert" dining-hall, the lavatory and baths, store-rooms, pantry, laundries, and kitchen The result of our survey is gratifying, and leaves pleasing impressions of the completeness of the building

Crossing the spacious yard at the back of the Home, there is a door which leads to the Missionary's house He entered upon his work a month before the Home was opened, having been prepared for this very peculiar sphere of labour by the experience he had gained amongst the followers of the Nawab of Surat and the Queen of Oude, as narrated in former chapters, a remarkable illustration of the gracious providence of God, in thus qualifying him for an extensive and permanent field of labour amongst the Asiatics in London

He had scarcely entered on his duties, when he was called to immediate action, by the report that an Asiatic had fallen dead in one of the streets of Shadwell At the police-station he learnt that the man had been carried to the workhouse, "and," added the Inspector, "we often pick them up here, either dead or dying, but we never find anything on them, their friends love them too much to leave them so long as they have a penny, but we send them all to the Union or the dead-house"

It was the Lord's day, and the Missionary hastened to the workhouse, where the Master was surprised to find that a dying Asiatic should be an object of interest

to any one His surprise increased when told that every such case would be inquired into in future. As he led the way, he turned and said in an under-tone, "He is one of the troublesome darkies: they are always coming here, and we never treat them too kindly, for they don't understand it, and we should never get rid of them again, if we did." To this the Missionary merely replied, "Where is he?" and soon found that this preface was meant as an apology to excuse the miserable accommodation of the dying man The eyes of the poor fellow were closed, but when his ears caught the friendly salutation in Hindostanee he opened them in astonishment, and the words brought a radiant smile over his countenance

He turned out to be another victim of Blue-gate-fields, a native of Madras by birth, and a Hindoo He had been in England five months when paid off from his ship he had been led to that place of ruin, where he spent his money and became destitute

When spoken to about Jesus, he listened for some time attentively, and then exclaimed, "Yes, yes! I remember a man in my country who used to come to me and read about the same things"

The Missionary then read a portion of St. John's Gospel, and it was pleasing to remark the influence the Word had on the man, up to that time his pain had found utterance in sighs and groans, but while he listened to the Word they were suppressed. "Come again," said the suffering man with an importunate look, as the Missionary was about to retire. His

sufferings did not last long, but these visits soothed his last hours.

"There are other men in the house, would you like to see them?" asked the master of the Union, who soon introduced the visitor to other sad specimens of Asiatic misfortune, remarking, "You should come here at night, when the casuals come in for a night's rest, or in the morning before they leave, and you will find from a dozen to twenty darkies, wish you would take them away, for the workhouses along the river are all pestered with them"

"I will come and visit them," was the reply, "wait a little till we see our way, and with God's blessing we shall relieve you of every one of them"

Blue-gate-fields, the chief rendezvous of Asiatics, and seat of the greatest portion of evil, had attracted the special attention of the Missionary

The following are extracts from his journal —

"The whole of my work to-day has been confined to Blue-gate-fields, which I have taken house by house"

"I entered two houses inhabited by Chinese In one of these I found a man who could speak Hindostanee, I read a portion of Scripture to him, but he was the only one that could understand me

"I found a house full of natives of India, at No 12, and in the skittle-ground of the 'Royal Sovereign,' all of whom obtain their living by begging They received me civilly, and listened to the Gospel respectfully. Nos 6, 7, 8, and 9, are all occupied by natives of the East; they seemed to regard me in a friendly

spirit; but the jeers and insults of the English amongst them, showed the degraded class to which they belonged."

Such was one day's visitation, and other days of similar labour brought Blue-gate-fields, with its profane courts and alleys, and depraved population, to the intimate knowledge of the Missionary.

He soon found, however, that visitation in the evening or at night was far more effectual than in the day. Chinese, Indians, Malays, would then flock in after their daily tramp, with the spoils of the day, generally bringing home some rice, bread, red-herring, etc.

Many, very many nights has the Missionary met this strange mass of human beings and told them of the wonders of the Cross, ofttimes with a consciousness of great insecurity in such a lawless neighbourhood, so long as he was in the street; but when engaged with the people in their houses, he was always free from any such feelings.

The following may be taken as an illustration of this kind of visitation:—

It is an autumnal evening, about seven o'clock, when the weary tramp seeks his threepenny lodging-house, and Asiatic wanderers turn their faces towards the east of London.

About twelve from a ship in the Docks have already entered a house, and are smoking their hookahs. In another house there are thirty,—smoking, cooking, eating, gambling, quarrelling, and fighting. Among them is Boxhoo, called "Lumba," because he is tall. He has joined several ships, and having cashed his

advance-note, has gone in none He might be prosecuted, but captains and shipowners will not take the trouble. He sometimes collects 5s a-day at Clapton, or other outskirts of London. Another Boxhoo, whom they call Dughabaz, to distinguish him from several others of the same name, is so called because he is considered, even by his own countrymen, to be a hypocrite, for he pretends to be deaf and dumb He has beautiful long flowing hair that hangs down nearly to his waist, and carries religious tracts with him He knows begging to be punishable by law, and therefore pretends to be a book-hawker, but he keeps the pence offered him and never gives the book when his customers ask for the tract they have bought, he points reverently up to heaven, puts his hand on his breast or head, and walks off He has been in England twenty years, and some of his acquaintances declare they have heard him speak English and Hindostanee

Here is H—h—h too, whom we have often seen on a door-step in the City, in an apparently dying state, exhibiting to the numerous passers by a large sore on his leg. Kind Christian folks, which of you would not pity him? We felt inclined to do so too, till one day we saw him put his sore into his pocket, for use on the morrow, and walk away

We shall only describe one other character Jan Ameer, has just come in with a board under his arm He is not on duty now, or it would have been hanging around his neck, on it is a printed statement inviting Christian sympathy to give the poor convert to Chris-

tianity some help. He came over with his kind master, who died, and thus he became destitute.

Having read the board, we exclaimed, "Why, Ameer, we thought you were a sailor, not a servant, you have not had this board long?" He replied that "He only bought the board a few weeks back, for the purpose of getting a living, he didn't even know the meaning of what was on it, and didn't care, he had got a good living by it, and hoped to do so in future."

Such is a fair sample of the characters by whom we were surrounded During a lull in the noise and din, we selected the third chapter of John, and read a portion of it, after which we preached a short sermon from the first verse we had read, and dwelt on the sin of the Israelites in the wilderness, their punishment with fiery serpents, Moses' intercession and erection of a brazen serpent, the healing effect of a look of faith. All these types were explained and recast in the Christian mould, and the sinner was directed to look to the cross for salvation

This declaration of truth was variously received, some said it was the salvation they needed, others said it was not the salvation provided by Mohammed. But they were well answered by their own countrymen, who told them it was no good looking to Mohammed here in London, there was no hope for them in Mohammed now, but there might be some in the Christian's Saviour

The conversation was brought to an abrupt conclusion by the appearance of a policeman, who took into custody a Chinaman, who had stolen a pair of boots;

and it was impossible to restore order, or to recover their attention for spiritual things; and shortly afterwards a violent rupture occurred under the following circumstances Two of the twelve Lascars already alluded to had slept in this house, and one of them having no money, his coat was detained in pawn for 4s He now came in with the money to redeem his coat, which was no longer in the house, and he seemed likely to lose both coat and money Getting excited by the imposition, he exclaimed violently, and struck the table with his fist, sides were quickly taken, blows followed angry words, and the whole place was in a *melée* of violence and fury, hair was torn from the heads, and the conflict resulted in bleeding noses and black eyes, till the screams of the women brought in the police, and the man who had lost his coat and money was taken in charge, and marched off for an assault

At this time there was an unprincipled Interpreter who attended the Police Court He had been a soldier in India, and had picked up Hindostanee enough to enable him to interpret in ordinary cases, but he was a thoroughly worthless fellow, and had long been a great curse to the poor Lascars

The Lascar was arraigned in Court for his offence, and the assault being clearly proved, without any of the extenuating circumstances coming to light, the poor fellow stood in jeopardy of getting a month's imprisonment in addition to the loss of his coat and cash, but the Missionary stepped forward, and obtained permission to make a statement

He then proceeded to explain his own position

among the Lascars of London, called the attention of the magistrate to the fact that the prisoner was under articles, and that his ship would sail in a few days. He then referred to the number of destitute cases already in London, many of whom had lost their ships by short convictions, and thus became destitute, and that the prisoner, if convicted, would add to their number He then explained the extenuating circumstances of the case, and offered to see the man safe on board his ship

This decided the magistrate, who not only thanked the Missionary, but gave orders that the Lascar should be put into his hands

This was a triumph indeed, and from this period the magistrates seldom decided a Lascar case till the Missionary was consulted, the result of which was that the prisoners were generally given into his hands to be conveyed back to their ships and seen safe off.

But the interpreter's craft was in danger, and he began to regard the Missionary with no friendly looks, and even to speak to him with angry words "You have been fifty pounds out of my pocket," he said one day, "what does a Missionary want at the Thames Police Court? you had better go to church and take your Lascars with you, and pray for them there"

"How have I injured you?" was the inquiry "Why, I have not had a case sent to trial, since the day you appeared in Court." "How does that affect you?" "Don't you see," said he, "I lose my fees, I always try to get the case sent for trial if I can. I get double fees at the Old Bailey; but I can't get

them sent to the Old Bailey while you talk in Court as you do"

The Missionary thus discovered the nature of this traffic, and determined to suppress it, little dreaming of the awful result

"Don't you see," replied the Missionary, "that while the poor fellows are waiting to take their trial and you get your double fee, they lose their ships, and are left beggars on the streets" It was hoped that this appeal to his better nature would have found some response, but he replied with an oath and cursed the black fellows, and wanted to know whose business that was "You lose nothing by it, but I lose a five-pound note"

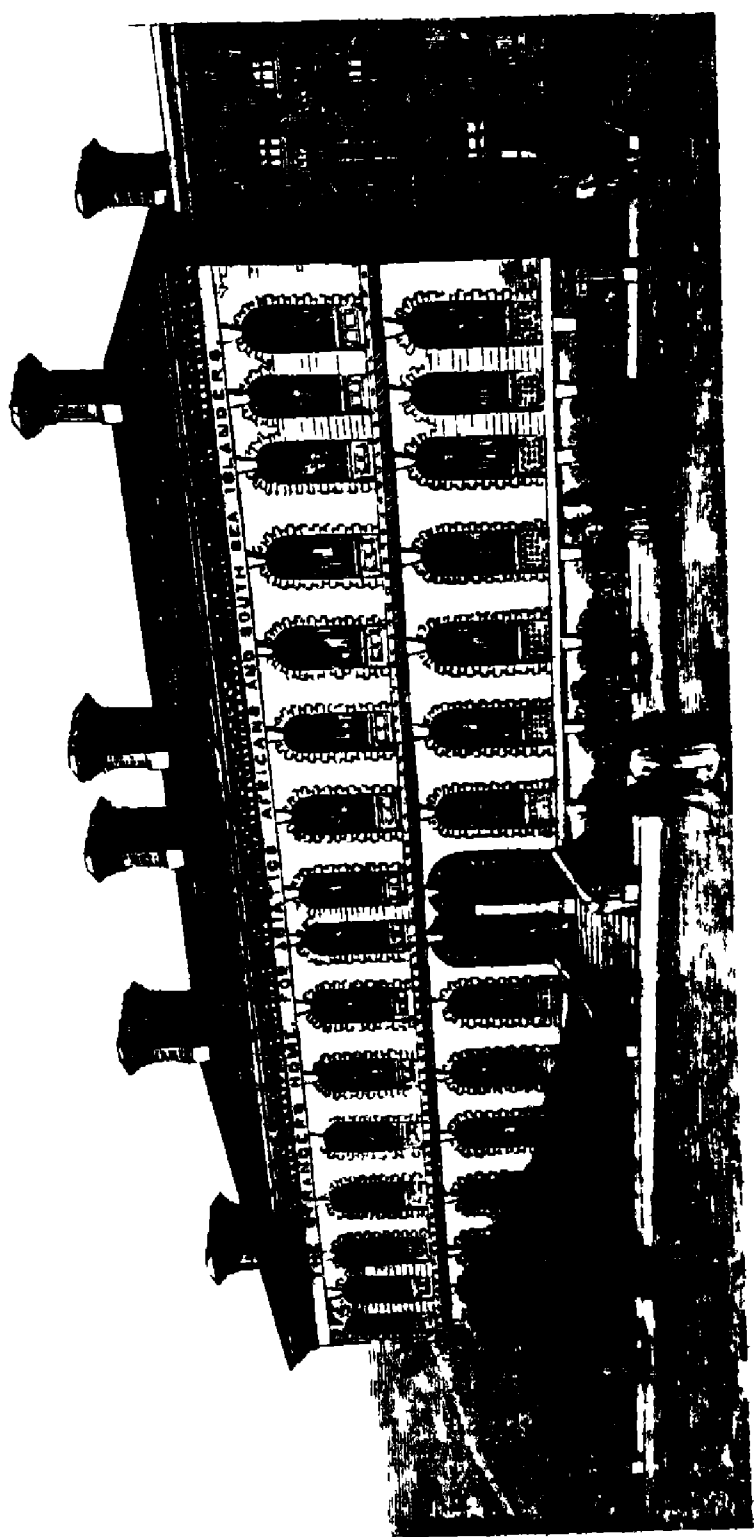
He was not always, however, in such a bad humour, he saw the end of his career approaching, and took it as amongst the inevitable things of life "Ah! I've had my time," he once said, "I've done well, and ought to have been better off I have made £20 a day out of them sometimes" "Twenty pounds a day!" the Missionary exclaimed "How?" "I have got up quarrels amongst the men, against their captains. I have advised the men to summon their masters, and lent them money to do it I was the interpreter, and put the matter just as I liked. I have reminded captains of their responsibility to provide for their men, have offered to relieve them of it, and have often pocketed £20 for undertaking to do so" "But what became of the Lascars?" was inquired. "That never troubled me, I never heard any more of them"

Shortly after this, by an unexpected decision of the magistrate, the interpreter was dismissed; and engaged himself as a pot-boy at a small public-house, where one Sunday morning he discharged a loaded pistol at his head Thus he died, and thus one avenue of evil was closed, though at a fearful price. Years have passed by, and not a single Lascar has lost his ship whilst waiting for his trial

CHAPTER V

THE HOME

"AMONG the prophecies that Jesus Christ uttered, there is one in which He declares that Mohammed shall succeed Him and finish the work that He had not completed" This strange announcement was uttered by Mohammed Ali Khan, an old Moonshee, as he sat in a comfortable little room in the Asiatic Home The old man was a pleasing and intelligent specimen of the Moslem race He had followed the English army under the command of General Sale, when he passed through the terrible Khyber Pass to encounter the Affghans, and to rescue his captive wife and daughter. The Moonshee had been very useful, for he had discovered a plot against the English, and reported the same, and he had remained in Delhi expecting a due reward for his services, but he was growing old, and had not yet attracted notice Wearied by his fruitless applications, he resolved to proceed to England, and tell the Queen of his disappointment Coming to England, although he had no money, was not difficult, but access to her Majesty was a different thing. He reached London somehow, and was very glad to find

that there was an Asiatic Home ready to receive the aged adventurer With a small amount of cash, and but little baggage, he had come 15,000 miles, a long and wearisome journey, which terminated in the Strangers' Home. The singular statement made above was excited by the doubt the Missionary had expressed about the divine mission of Mohammed "Christ prophesied of Mohammed! When? Where?" But the person who put these questions was farther surprised, when he was told that the prophecy was contained in the Christian's Gospel "What does the Moonshee refer to?" said the Missionary, as he turned over the leaves of his Hindostanee Gospel The thought of the dogs, sorcerers, murderers, and idolaters, and whosoever loveth and maketh a lie, occurred to him, but surely the Moonshee would not put his prophet among them "Oh! I remember," he suddenly exclaimed, as the ninth of Revelation caught his mind, but he did not think, as he turned to read the passage, what a description of the Moslem's prophet he was about to endorse It made the prophet and his victorious followers the destructive locusts of the earth, killing and wounding with the sting of the scorpion. Some portions of this chapter, however, so riveted his attention by the minute description of the followers of Mohammed, that he took the Testament and read,— "And they had hair as the hair of women, and their teeth were as the teeth of lions . and they had tails like scorpions, and there were stings in their tails, and their power was to hurt men five months, and they had a king over them, which is the angel of the

THE STRANGERS HOME

bottomless pit, whose name in the Hebrew tongue is Abaddan, but in the Greek tongue he hath his name Apollyon" "And what do those words mean?" he said, with emotion "They mean the destroyer," was the reply. "And no one can doubt whether they refer it to Mohammed or not, it is an exact description of him and his followers" The havoc, ravages, and bloodshed they spread over Europe and Asia confirm the analogy The Moonshee confessed the resemblance was very strong, but felt annoyed that Christians should regard that as a prophecy referring to his prophet, especially as he was made to come out of the bottomless pit, he thought that Christians might have assigned the author of his religion a more honourable origin But what was the prophecy to which he referred? Could he possibly refer to the sending of the Holy Spirit? The portion was read—"I will pray the Father and He will give you another comforter" "That is it, that is it!" he exclaimed with delight "Mohammed a comforter!" said the Missionary, with no little emphasis and surprise "You have just admitted that the locust-legions, with their scorpion stings, rushing to battle, was a good symbol of Islamism What comfort did he bring to Jerusalem, when he offered the Koran and the sword, in plains drenched with blood, amidst unoffending widows and orphans sold for slaves?" The Moonshee could give no reply, and only ejaculated, "So God would have it. So we believe it" "Let me give you a lovely contrast," said the Missionary. "God so loved the world that He gave his only-begotten Son that *whosoever*

believeth in Him *should not perish*, but *have everlasting life* God sent not his Son into the world *to condemn the world*, BUT THAT THE WORLD THROUGH HIM MIGHT BE SAVED. For the Son of Man *is not come to destroy mens' lives*, but TO SAVE THEM" (Luke xii 56) This sweet contrast naturallv ushered in the culminating act of God's love in redemption, to which the Moonshee was a stranger, and could not but attract his thought and admiration This vital subject was repeatedly resumed, the passages noted, and the Testament given to the Moonshee to take with him to Delhi

This venerable Asiatic used to beguile his hours and days, while waiting his reply from the India Office, by sitting on his bed singing and playing his sitar, an Indian musical instrument something like the guitar He often amused his visitors with a favourite Persian song, every verse of which ended with—

"Taza ba taza nau ba nau"

The meaning of which is—

"Ever fresh and ever new"

It is the Missionary's delight to find Christ everywhere, and Christ has a right that these Persian words should be consecrated to His exalted name Cowper sang that rapturous song long before the Missionary associated it with the Persian—

"Dear dying Lamb, thy precious blood
Shall never lose its power,
Till all the ransom'd Church of God
Be saved to sin no more"

This line of eastern poetry has been of great service to the Missionary, who has often used the well-known words to illustrate the power of the precious blood. "I shall think of you, Padre," said the Moonshee, "when I sing that song in Delhi" Be it so, but may he rather think of the Redeemer, whose power to save, though eighteen hundred years have passed away, is still "ever fresh and ever new"

Mohammed Ali Khan was not the first to enter the Asiatic Home When its doors were opened, the crew of the "Wizard," then in dock, left their ship, and entered the Home, the longing eyes of the starving hundreds of Asiatics in London were hopefully turned to the new building, and daily crowded round its door for help, and to have their name registered for service Each one had his tale of woe and suffering to tell Fraud, robbery, begging, imprisonment, starvation, formed the common history of each Shoeless, shirtless, in rags and dirt Service! indeed, who will take them? What will become of the ship manned with the offscourings and sweepings of our London streets, prisons, and workhouses? Chinese without their pigtails, and the "prison-crop" still visible about their heads, Malays with a renown for savageness and piracy, with disordered hair, clothed in the tattered remains of a Lascar's dress, with arms folded and sullen face, Arabs from the borders of the desert,—all these are pressing forward to give in their names, the name of the last ship in which they sailed, and the capacity in which they worked But what is to be done for this starving, anxious mass? The friends of

the Home have pushed forward the building, and, commenced work with a debt of £7000, and cannot help them yet; they must suffer and starve a little longer Let us pass over a few weeks and visit the ship "Whirlwind" in the West India Dock She is manned with forty Lascars, let us go on board and see them Why, these forty men are some of the ragged, wretched beings we saw but a few weeks past hanging about the Asiatic Home and imploring help How changed they are! the sorrow and the haggard look are changed for the hearty laugh, and the laugh had a meaning in it, for they have lost their rags, they have each a box on board containing a suit of warm clothing They have just come on deck from their native meal of curry, and they are about to sail for their own homes after months or years of detention in England A period of uninterrupted misfortune, of prison life, and worse than prison life, of starvation in the streets of London! They, indeed, have good reason to laugh, and who that has a human heart would not rejoice with them?

But how is it brought about? Has the Indian Government issued orders that the streets of London are to be cleared of these Oriental waifs and strays, and be sent back at the expense of India? Nothing of the kind The captain of the "Whirlwind" has sent an order to "the Home," to be supplied with forty good Lascars to take his ship to India. The Missionary has been to their rendezvous with the announcement, and a ragged, ruined band met on the day appointed, from which the captain selected his crew of forty men.

The advance-note for one month's pay which every sailor receives on signing the articles of agreement, has given forty men the opportunity of burning their foul rags They have remained some days at "the Home" before coming on board, and here they are transformed from the darkness and gloom of the sub-current of life, to the brightness of human activity and usefulness, and every face animated with the sunlight of joy Here are forty men, Arabs, Chinese, and Malays, who will listen with open ears to the Gospel, for they have felt the effects of Christian love "Padre, tell us how it is you have taken so much trouble for us, you have built a large house for us, you have come to us by day and night, in prison, in hospital, and at our dirty, smoky, meeting places, and we have not paid one penny to any body, tell us how it is?" Now they press round the "Padre," till his is the one white face surrounded with the various complexions of the East They wait to catch his reply, "Bábá," was the friendly term by which he addressed them "This is a very small matter, Christ did more than that for me I wanted a friend once, and I was worse off than you, I was a sinner before God and could not help myself, I was clothed in rags, but the rags were my own doings, God called them rags, for he would have nothing to do with them What could I have done if I could not have found a friend?" Who was he? Who was he? is the cry, "we will tell his name over India" "Do so It was the Lord Jesus, who left heaven when he was King of Glory, and He became a poor man that had no home, and died

at last to take away my sins He died for the sins of the world, and His is the only name given under heaven, by which we must be saved" This is but an epitome, for the subject required much explanation to make it intelligible to an Oriental mind Very few among those who could read, refused a Gospel. Some ignorantly said, "You are our friend, and we don't want another" These, however, were rebuked by their own comrades, "You stupid! the Padre can't save us, but Jesus can" "Yes, yes!" was the pleasing cry, "that is the friend we want" But how did the ship get on? What sailors did they make? Scarcely ever better Their rags and sufferings were the evidence of their misfortune, each man had been a victim, and they only wanted the opportunity to redeem their character, and they would still prove themselves men The captain's letter, written from the Cape of Good Hope, is pleasing evidence on this point —"The men have behaved admirably; I thank you for the crew you have supplied"

The Asiatic Home in London is the centre of attraction to the stranger coming from the East, often in starting from his home he has that destination in view Ruined nobility, and even scions of the royal root seeking to re-establish their lost fortunes by coming to London, have had "the Home" in London in view, and have never been disappointed in their application Asiatic seamen who have landed at Liverpool, and even Glasgow, have arrived by rail, if they could afford it, and many have tramped up all the way, if destitute Others have been sent on to this centre of commerce

from foreign ports, by British consuls. If Christianity could but make itself felt amidst its bustle of foreign trade, *its streams would run out to the ends of the earth*, like living waters, for the healing of the nations Trade and commerce bring their thousands of needy ones perishing for its bread of life, from nations where the Bible is excluded, and in which the missionary dares not set his foot These may be converted into so many channels, by which the living stream may flow into the land of darkness May a large number of these foreign ones, like the Ethiopian eunuch, who came to the Temple service at Jerusalem, return with a knowledge of the Saviour

Reminiscences of the past supply a lengthened record of evangelical effort for the good of body and soul, Bible classes have been formed for Asiatics who were willing to attend, for only those favourable to Christianity will come At such Bible readings the portion selected has to be read sometimes in three languages, to make it intelligible to all present, and the explanation has to pass through the same tedious process At one such Bible class some Africans joined, and among them Peter Romarr, a Christian native of Sierra Leone This poor fellow had been paid off, but lost all his money shortly afterwards He sold his watch, etc, to procure food, he travelled from Liverpool to London, and was providentially directed and lodged in the Asiatic Home Peter was much troubled with doubts and fears of the future, but at the Bible class referred to, the load seemed lifted off his heart. The subject for exposition was

the Lord's prayer, and in dealing with the words, "For thine is the kingdom, the power and the glory," his heart seemed gladdened The expositor on this occasion reviewed the text as a reasonable cause for implicit trust in the divine care If the kingdom were His, then He had every means at his disposal, to succour his dependant ones If the power too were His, He had the ability to supply the means, and if He found a glory in so doing, it would undoubtedly be done This exposition led the poor African to seek the Missionary in private, to tell him of the heavy load that had been lifted from his heart, his fears and doubts were gone, and he could now trust his heavenly Father for the future, because he could now see it was God's glory to help his trusting people in times of darkness "De big man tell me one day," said Peter, "dat de great God always helps dem who helps demselves, but I am helpless, but massa tell me toder day, 'He shall deliver de needy when he cry, *de poor also*, and *him dat hab no helper*'" Peter was anxious to get home He was brought under the notice of Dr Bowen, Bishop of Sierra Leone, by another inmate of the Home, and at this time there was a fair prospect of Peter's being engaged by the Bishop, and going back to Sierra Leone as his servant He came delighted one day, after the Missionary had made some remarks on the ability of God to provide all things without money "Yes, Sir, God is very good, Him can do all tings, dis wicked heart doesn't lob him. Him very good; Him gib me de clothes, Him gib me de friends, Him gib me de grub, and now Him gib me de passage

back to Africa." Peter was right, but not in the way he anticipated. The Bishop finally declined taking any servant, and Peter was engaged on board a ship to go to Africa at fair wages On leaving he expressed many thanks, anticipating to meet the Missionary again in heaven if not on earth

Mohammedans have a decided dislike to attend Christian services which are intended for themselves They have sometimes looked in on the Bible classes, and when invited to be seated, have run away, apparently from a fear of Christian influence

The Missionary's house was once opened for service in Hindostanee, on the promise that certain of them would attend, but either out of fear or prejudice none came A mid-day prayer-meeting was held at "the Home," in connection with similar meetings throughout London These prayer-meetings many of the Asiatics attended, because they felt that they were not aimed at in particular And the Missionary would sometimes pray in Hindostanee, and often received the thanks of Mohammedans present for so doing It may seem strange, but it has not been unusual, even among the educated class coming from India, for them to ask to be remembered in the Christian's prayer

The following sketches were written by the Missionary when the cases were fresh on his memory —

Our great Indian empire is fast losing caste Its decaying and venerable systems struggle as in the agonies of death. The Feringhee is right in his art and science. The coal-beds of India are not the ashes of gigantic fires made by ancient Brahmin rajahs at

their enormous sacrifices, as the Puranas teach. Nor is the earth a plane, as the Hindoo must believe, if he be a Hindoo; the earth is a globe. These, and other scientific facts as terrible, are known from Cape Comorin to the Himalaya, and from the Ganges to the Indus. The railways have ploughed up the soil consecrated to Gunga and Kalee, and, obedient to the will of the European conqueror, lightning is dispatched along its wire path to some distant town, more quickly than Ram escaped from Ceylon to the continent, pursued by the giants whom he hoped to conquer. Caste is becoming more of an hereditary right than a reasonable faith. The sad reply is often given, "You are right; but our parents died in that religion, and we must die in it too." While another and no small portion reply, "We know it is all nonsense; but if we do not do as other people do, we cannot live." The young native is anxious to learn European art and science, and contend with his European lord. The Hindoo, the Brahmin, the Sikh, have all defiled themselves by visiting this far-famed city in the West, and instead of incurring the displeasure and censure of their countrymen on their return, have rather been regarded with admiration for their courage in so doing. Caste is doomed to fall before the influence of our scientific light; but it may gravely be asked, will India acknowledge Christian institutions and obligations when the Pagan age has passed away? Nothing but the grace of God can change the heart, but divine grace and blessing usually attend the means employed. Art and science are now imparted to India through our Mis-

sionary and Government schools, the teaching of which alone is sufficient to show to any Hindoo the folly of his faith At this crisis the missionary school supplies the Word of God, which is often received with a fervent, penitent heart, and the lad grows up a faithful follower of Christ But it is otherwise in Government schools, the aching void occasioned by the blighted hope in an ancient faith, leads to a groping about in vain to find a purer faith to take its place, and at last finds no better satisfaction and compensation than the debasing writings of Paine and Voltaire Alas! there has been no better light—no BIBLE to guide them aright

One interesting feature is, the number of Indian and Chinese apothecaries and interpreters who have resided in the Home Having attended Coolie emigrants to the West Indies, and fulfilled their engagements, they arrive in London on their way home. These men have received a fair education, either in Government or Missionary schools, but among them all I never yet met with one who thought that the long-established religion of his country was worth a struggle to save Some of them are God-fearing men and devout Christians , but I have never yet been gladdened by the visit of a Christian *educated in a Government school*; without exception, they have every one been infidels, and their minds have corresponded with their spiritual ignorance Let me give a sketch of one or two, and contrast them with men of similar position from our missionary schools

L. Dai, a young man of about twenty years of age,

an apothecary, educated in a Government school, having stayed a short time at Liverpool, came to London, and resided in the Home He showed me his likeness, a photograph, of which he seemed proud, he called it "practice," because he was holding the wrist of a young lady with one hand, as though he wished to ascertain the state of her pulse, with his pen in his other hand, as though he was about to prescribe His dark face, which strangely contrasted with the lady's, had the proper gravity to make the picture what he called it, "Practice" But he did not know that any European looking at his boasted picture would at once detect the society he had courted It required no words to tell that his "Practice" was very bad He was exceedingly frivolous, merry, and careless When I first spoke to him in his native tongue, he inquired who and what I was I told him I was a doctor of extensive practice, and should be happy to prescribe for him, but he said, he was never better in his life, and he, being a doctor, could prescribe for himself if he were ill I assured him he did not understand his case, and I proceeded to point out to him the leprosy that had polluted his soul, and the symptoms of spiritual and eternal death that I discovered in all his thoughts and desires My remarks were unwelcome, but received in that merry, indifferent spirit that seemed to say that words are only idle wind A few days afterwards, one Sabbath afternoon, I invited him into my house, ostensibly to show him the likenesses of many Oriental friends who had preceded him, but really to have some quiet talk with him on spiritual

things. He finally found himself by the table, listening to the parable of the Prodigal Son in Oordoo. He was struck with the narrative, and, finally, he was carried away from the narrative to the singular misconduct of his own life, so faithfully pourtrayed in the Prodigal Son I was about to continue my explanation, when I found that he had covered his face with his hands, and was the subject of deep emotion It was some time before I could get an answer to my inquiry as to the cause of his grief, and with half stifled accents he told me that the man who wrote that book knew him, for he had carefully written his history He had run away from a kind and affectionate father's house, his father not knowing where he was gone He reached Delhi, where, his money being exhausted, he became a beggar, when a friend he met wrote to his father, who sent him money, and, though longing to see him, hoped he would not return till he could appreciate his home, promising to supply him with more money when he required it He visited Benares, Cawnpore, and even the Punjaub, before he returned home, and when his father saw him he was a long way off, and ran, and fell on his neck, and kissed him His father, shortly after sending him to the medical college, died He felt sure that the person who had written the account I read knew him. I assured him he was right, the Author of that narrative was God, who intended it to be true in a double sense, and I then made my spiritual application He finally wished to have the book to read the account himself, which was gladly given to him. This was the last interview

we had, for his stay was but short at the Home. Probably I shall never know if he gained any spiritual good by his visit to London

K—— R—— was also a native apothecary, with an infidel education, and inflexible in his errors. I had repeated conversations with him, but they were always of a discussional kind At our first meeting, I asked him what cast he was? He replied, he was Hindoo This indifferent reply I knew to be wrong, from his dress and appearance, and I inquired what god he worshipped He again gave me the indefinite Khudá I said the Hindoo's god was not Khudá but Bujwán and Swámee, but I found at last that his god was an exalted being who had given laws to the world, and had left those laws to work out the divine idea without his superintendence, and that whatever exists, good or evil, has the divine consent and approbation, and the proof of it is supposed to be found in the fact that they exist The same argument was applied to the abused faculties and abilities of our nature Thus sin becomes a misnomer, because its very existence is regarded as a proof of the divine approbation These ideas mark out some of the ground on which we did battle, sometimes in English and sometimes in Hindostanee The result of his visit to London I will not presume to guess I would only say that such men, of whom he is a specimen, carry moral contagion with them wherever they go He took a Testament with him when he left, and promised me to read it, and think over it

I might extend my illustrations to several other

Hindoos and Mohammedans, but it would be to run over nearly the same ground, with brighter or darker scenery.

We also had several men who have been educated in Missionary schools, and I have every reason to believe that all of them were converted men We will refer only to DAVID GREESH CHUNDER DUT, an apothecary, of about twenty-three years of age, he had been sent with Coolies from Calcutta to the West Indies, and came to London on his way home His agreement being somewhat faulty, he remained some time at the Home. But his stay was a decided advantage to me, and I trust a blessing to others He came in his Master's spirit, and at a time when a few special cases almost engrossed my time I was indeed indebted to him for bringing the case of Rama under my notice Rama being in search of truth, David read with him, instructed him, and brought him to me I also found David most useful to me in my explanation of the Word of God, and in discussion, indeed, I often preferred leaving him to continue a discussion I had commenced, and I gained both pleasure and profit in witnessing his zeal and faith. Such a man is a bright light in a gloomy sky. He formed one of a group still vividly present to my mind—a group worthy of the highest admiration of the friends of evangelical alliance. "See how these Christians love each other" A little company of different nationalities and languages, unable to speak to each other, but being redeemed by the same blood, animated with the same hope and the same love; loving the same Word, the same

Saviour, and each other. Here they are in a small upper chamber at the Strangers' Home;—the company consists of four David Greesh Chunder Dut, a convert of the London Missionary Society, who reads and speaks in English and Bengalee, Joseph, a member of a Baptist church at Madras, who could only read Teloogoo, and talk indifferent English; the Priest Yohanan and his attendant Yusef, members of the venerable Chaldean church, better known as Nestorians,—Yohanan speaking the ancient and modern Syriac, also the Osmanlee, or the corrupt Turkish of Kurdistan, and Yusef speaking the same, excepting the ancient Syriac These men are assembled for prayer They have arranged their own service, and it is a happy hour that we spend with them. The portion of Scripture to be read is determined upon, which is read either in Teloogoo, Bengalee, Syriac, or English, according to the person whose turn it is to read, while the others follow the passage being read, in their respective books, which lie open before them. And now they join in prayer. My heart was moved as I listened to Yohanan's prayer, uttered with all the fervour and emotion of living faith, in the rich guttural accents of the Syriac tongue. The prayer would be offered up either in Syriac, Teloogoo, or Bengalee. When the aged priest was about to leave, Joseph of Madras made me acquainted with his grief:—"*I shall now have no one to speak to.*" It is evident that Christian men have a more powerful means of communication than that supplied by the tongue; for in that sense they could not speak to each other. The meeting of this

little company was not of long duration; but we shall meet again under happier circumstances;—from the rugged mountains and plains of Kurdistan, from the shores of Madras, from the banks of the Ganges, and from among the denizens of our London streets, a glorious company, "whom no man can number, of all nations and kindreds, and peoples, and tongues, standing before the throne, having washed their robes, and made them white in the blood of the Lamb"

CAROLINE was a Christian native of Honolulu, and could read her Bible in her own tongue with ease, and seemed to derive much pleasure from the reading. It was her misfortune to be allied to a cruel husband, the marks of whose violence she will bear during her life. Her face was disfigured by a fractured nose, and one of her arms was rendered useless, for which, with other acts of brutality, the Chief of Honolulu banished him. Caroline was then engaged at the Mission station, and afterwards by Mr Harris, captain of the "Attila," for his wife, with whom she sailed among those islands for two years, during which time Christian sympathy and love much endeared Mrs Harris and Caroline to each other,—and even when Captain Harris returned to England they did not part. But the "Attila" had not been many days at Plymouth when the death of Captain Harris destroyed the expectations of Caroline She was forwarded to the Strangers' Home, and during her stay her Christian character and willing disposition secured for her the respect and best wishes of all in the establishment. Her return to her home in the South Seas leaves

pleasing recollections of the past Here is her portrait, and that of two other monuments of grace; one from India, the other from China.

LIM SE-EU was a native of Amoy, and had been engaged on a voyage from China to the West Indies, as interpreter amongst Chinese Coolies. He stayed at the Home till a passage to China could be secured for him. A native of Goa was in the Home at the same time, who told me, when speaking to Lim Se-eu, how long it had been since he had confessed; and lamented that in England no priest could understand

his tongue, to receive his confession and give absolution. I told him the priest to whom I confessed received confessions in every language, and granted a full and free absolution if we truly repented of our sins; but he granted no indulgences, because where indulgences were required, true repentance could not exist. This led me further to speak on nominal and spiritual Christianity, and finally I urged him to go to Jesus, the Great High Priest My words had a pleasing influence on this vacillating Roman Catholic, but a far better influence on Lim Se-eu, with whose simplicity and spiritual desires I was much pleased He came to me and expressed his desire to be a Christian, not in name but in heart He told me his grandfather and his father were Christians, the latter died when he was young, both of them he thought were in heaven, and he wished to go there too, but as Christians merely in name could not go there, he wished to be one in truth I had many valuable and pleasing conversations with this young Chinese, whom I really think belongs to the Celestial Empire—the kingdom that shall have no end In this case I wish to acknowledge the valuable aid of Yung Chung Foo, a Chinese Christian of some years' standing, who instructed him in spiritual things in my absence. Lim Se-eu was about a month at the Home, during which time I had frequent opportunities of teaching him out of God's Word. It would be premature to draw conclusions from the experience of a month, with a young mind almost destitute of spiritual ideas, but it is a case that gives both pleasure and hope.

NA PAI was a native of Samoa, Polynesia; he came to England with Mr. Pritchard, British consul at Feejee. Na Pai is one of the many specimens we might adduce of native Christians who come to England. He was learned in the Polynesian languages; being able to read and talk in several dialects. He brought his Samoan Bible with him, and had a strong desire to have a Bible in the Tahitian, which I was unable to procure for him, even from the British and Foreign Bible Society I supplied him, however, with a New Testament Though able to understand little, he always liked to attend me to the house of God, and manifested great pleasure in spiritual things. He told me that there were chapels constructed in Samoa and Feejee of bamboos, capable of containing from 500 to 1000 persons, to one place of worship he referred, whose walls were constructed of the consolidated lava that flowed from the volcanoes so common among these islands In Feejee, Na Pai is the boatswain of the consul-boat, and I was truly pleased with the testimony the consul bore to his integrity. Mr. Pritchard told me that if he were to place £500 in the care of Na Pai, it would be as safe as it would in the Bank of England;—a valuable testimony indeed, to one whose island twenty years ago was the scene of idolatry, and who is now residing among a group known at no late period for the worst of cannibalism; and most notorious among the South Sea Islands for their treachery and falsehood.

These are a few drops of the reflux tide of Christianity, we have sent our missionaries to Honolulu,

India, and China, and they have given satisfactory evidence, on the very shores from which the mission sprang, of the saving power of the gospel they have been sent forth to preach. We must not omit the following encouraging cases —

"Two natives of Goa were in the Home in the year 1862, and during their stay received portions of the Word of God, and were spoken to, among others, of the salvation of their souls Those two young men left the Home apparently uninfluenced by what they had heard But the Word of God was carefully preserved and read Upwards of a year had passed away when those young men again found their way to London, and though they were not inmates of the Home on this occasion, being required on board their ship, they together paid the Missionary a visit to tell of the blessing they had discovered in the Divine Word, the rich consolation they derived from its perusal, and the change it had effected in their belief and life"

"Two Sikh servants of H H Maharajah Duleep Sing, a man and his wife, were at the Home in 1862. At this time they were thoroughly indifferent to religion, and careless with reference to their souls. In 1865 they came to the Home again, in company with twelve other fellow-servants, a few days after their arrival, the wife of the Sikh servant called on me, leading in three others, and informed me that she had found the Saviour, of whom she had before heard at the Strangers' Home. On examination it was seen that there was much reason for what the woman

said. She had really cast away Dada Nanuk, the prophet of the Sikhs, and believed in JESUS; and though she could not read, her mind was stored with Scripture facts and doctrines. Two of the other women also professed belief in the Saviour, and their faith in His death and work, and while they remained in the Home, they called almost daily at my house to receive instruction in spiritual things."

"Daued Suleeman, an aged Jew from Calcutta, upwards of eighty years of age, left India about eighteen months before his arrival in England, as an assistant to a Jewish merchant, with whom he went to Sahara, in Morocco, where his master died, and the Jews of the place sent him to London as the only chance of obtaining a passage back to his native country He entered the Home very ill, from the privations he had undergone,—indeed, it was feared, at his advanced period of life, he would not recover,—but with medical aid and careful attention, his life was mercifully spared

"It was with little or no success I endeavoured to bring salvation through the Saviour before his notice whilst on his bed of sickness He seemed to have no conception of spiritual religion, and from the very little knowledge he showed of Bible events I concluded that he knew nothing of the contents of that book. But much of this I afterwards felt assured was attributable to his extreme debility, and prostration of mind and body.

"Being much recovered, he took his seat in the hall among the other men, sitting round the fire, when, on again questioning him about Bible events, he gave an account of the Creation, the First Sabbath, the

Israelites in bondage, the Exodus, the Forty Years in the Wilderness, and their possession of the Promised Land, with beautiful exactness. A native of India telling these events in Hindostanee to some twenty of his fellow-countrymen around him, had a better effect than the same coming from the lips of an European All he said was listened to with marked attention, and when he had finished, I proceeded to state that these things were but shadows of good things to come, and pointed out that we were in the wilderness still, heaven was our promised land, and Christ our Moses As a special case, the Secretary of State and the Indian Council were kind enough to have a passage to Calcutta provided for this aged Jew, and nothing could exceed his warm expressions of gratitude for this favour, and for all that had been done for him in the Home, which he left imploring a blessing on all who were instrumental in assisting him with a passage to his native country, where he hoped to meet once more his children and aged wife before he died"

Among those who have availed themselves of the advantages of the Home, was a Prince of the Royal house of Delhi, the nephew of the last King of that line. While the eye runs along a long line of princes as distinguished for success as for injustice, it is pleasing to light on at least one Christian man—MIRZA FEROZ SHAH, who visited our shores in 1869, and resided four months at the Asiatic Home. He was baptised in 1862, having been under instruction some few years previously. The deposition of the royal house of Delhi produced altered circumstances for

Feroz Shah; which, indeed, was the occasion of his visit to England During his stay at the Home we had almost daily readings of God's Word; and, as he was desirous of learning English, he used to read in that language, and translate into Hindostanee, to assure me that he understood what he read. On one occasion I had the pleasure to hear him defend the Christian doctrine of the resurrection against a native gentleman, who sought to maintain the Mohammedan idea of judgment after death It was a pleasing sight to see one of the Mogul princes enter on such a defence; —doubtless, the only one of his line that had done it. He left us with a thankful heart, and, I trust, much spiritual blessing will result from his visit to England.

In my report for 1858, SING SUNG, a Chinese woman is referred to in the following words —"Sing Sung was a native of Ningpo, China. She came to England as nurse to a returning missionary's wife and children. She could talk no English, and was an heathen, one of two widows of the same husband. She lived in my house, and before she left she made some advance in the English language, and requested to join us in our family devotions. Halooh, a Christian Chinese, from Shanghae, was in the Home at the time, and he repeatedly came into my house, and read and prayed with her in Chinese She left the Home with a copy of the Scriptures in Chinese" *Sing Sung* left England in the service of the Bishop of Hong-Kong. I scarcely expected to hear of her again, but recently I have seen Dr. M'Gowan and his kind lady, both of whom had, not long before, arrived from China.

Mrs. M'Gowan had conversed with Sing Sung since her return to China from England, and had heard from her own lips her determination to worship idols no more. One can but value this small piece of intelligence in reference to such a character as Sing Sung after a period of more than two years, and which perhaps gains some interest from the distance which it comes and it cannot fail to remind us of the promise, "Cast thy bread upon the waters, for thou shalt find it after many days"

Not a few find their way to London from distant islands and continents on which a Missionary never

settled; and even some may be found that are but a step removed from a savage state. It would be impossible for a Missionary in my position to cope with the vast demands that are made on his ability, but I have had great kindness shown me by *all* the Missionary Societies, and if I am unable to speak to the stranger to Christ, I may, perhaps, get those who can Among the characters to which I must lastly refer is BEN BLOCK, or rather IRABOONA, a native of Hope Island, one among the Kingsmill group The group itself has an existence on but a few maps, and the island named above is the smallest of the group No book was ever printed in his language, and a Missionary never settled among this people, they still exist in their native heathenism undisturbed. When the United States expedition touched at this group in 1839, an Irishman named Adams was found there He had been there nineteen years, and had never seen an European during that period Four divinities are worshipped in these islands, named Wanigain, Tabu-eriki, Itivini, and Itituapea, the two former are females. These divinities are variously respected on different isles, Ben, indeed, only acknowledged two Ben was so long at the Home that I began to say a little to him in his own language I am the first Missionary that has spoken in that language, and imparted any spiritual truth The language is allied to the Malay. Here are two specimens of the barbarous tongue — Iesu Kristi te ati umane ni te Atua *Jesus Christ is the Son of God.* Te oamata na mati tena, kanai te oamata tabu, e noko tena i te Atua *Man must die,*

But if man be holy he will go to God I had the pleasure to tell him in his own tongue that Tabu-eriki was no god He told me how glad his island would be to have a man like me. There is a great inducement to send a Missionary there, the people are not cannibals, and they have no established priesthood.

CHAPTER VI.

THE PRISON.

"Did the Christian's Saviour die for a poor Lascar?" said a dying man, with an anxious look in the Missionary's face, and he paused for the reply. "Certainly He did, He never turned a poor sinner away yet The Saviour is not the Englishman's Saviour only,—He is the Saviour of the world He says, '*Him* that cometh unto Me, I will in no wise cast out'" "That is good news," said the poor fellow, as he brightened up, "then He shall save me" The dying man was in the infirmary of Cold-bath Fields prison, and had been visited on several occasions, and the light of truth had at length broken through his heathen darkness He had found out that he was a poor lost sinner, and he had discovered that Christ was the only Saviour Now arose the question, Would He save a miserable Lascar in a London prison, who had avowed himself a Mohammedan all his life.—now, in his dying hours, would Christ save him? We repeated the assurance, and called his attention to the name of Jesus—"He shall be called Jesus, for He shall save his people from their

tion." "He came to call sinners to repentance" The suffering man seemed to glean some satisfaction from this interview. "Padre," he said, "I have often heard you in this prison, as month after month you have come to visit us, and I have thought what good things you have spoken about I thought I should like to call them mine, but now, I *must* have them" He hesitated thoughtfully, and then resumed, "What must I do, Padre, that Jesus may receive me?" "Nothing but believe Him and trust Him, and He will give you everlasting life" "I do believe," he said, "now teach me to pray to Him and praise Him" And then, with faltering breath, he repeated the words of prayer as they were slowly uttered in his mother tongue, and he hung on each word as it was uttered, with as much earnestness as a gold-seeker when he examines the precious dust he has found "It is all right now," he said at the last visit "The Saviour will receive a poor Lascar," and with such a pleasing evidence of a happy change, he passed, we believe, from the walls of one of the chief prisons in this great metropolis, to the city which hath foundations, to behold the King in his glory Akbar Allee, for that was his name, was in prison for attempting to pass a spurious fourpenny-piece He had nearly passed three months out of the four of his sentence. We have no doubt of his innocence, for we know too well the agency there is at work to produce such victims. He had been attracted to the far-famed "fields," and entangled in the gambler's mesh, where his genuine coins had been dextrously removed, and counterfeit

shuffled into his possession in their place. It may be that the many convictions for this kind of offence recently obtained against Lascars, had rendered the sentence of the dying Asiatic the more severe.

We have long had the pleasure to visit the prison monthly, and noted every Asiatic case, hoping when the incarceration terminated to conduct them from the prison to their ships, or provide for them in some other way

Among the prisoners thus visited, two attracted special notice, for they had not been in England long, yet each was passing through a weary year of prison life Like Akbar Allee, they were in unconscious possession of bad money They had offered a spurious coin in payment, and on its being returned, tendered another equally bad They were searched, and others were found This was sufficient evidence to detain them a year in England On enquiry, the old thing came to light they had visited certain houses in "the fields" How surprised the Lascar must be, on the morrow after his merry evening, to find his treasured silver turned into spurious coin, and himself charged before the magistrate, and sentenced to suffer imprisonment But perhaps his greatest misfortune is, when he comes out, to find that his ship has gone away with his clothes, and that he is destitute in a strange land.

We have experienced much kindness in Cold-bath Fields prison, from its kind Chaplain and Governor, who have given us every facility to carry out our design. Twelve or fourteen prisoners were brought to us every month, and we spent as much time together as

we thought fit in a private room, investigating the case of each, and never leaving them without bringing the Gospel of Jesus before their notice in some way, always selecting a portion of the Word of God, and addressing them on the precious truths contained therein Not a few of these have profited temporally and spiritually by these visits to the prison The numbers, however, in prison diminished as the work of the Home advanced The law respecting the discharge of Lascars was enforced, and hence the supply to the London streets—and from thence to workhouses, hospitals, and prisons—was stopped, and thus the refuse of Asiatic life began to find employment and opportunities of returning to their own land through the intervention of the Home, so that London itself, and its prisons, has been nearly cleared of these Asiatics, except the confirmed vagrants—a class which it seems must be left to die out still some of these are greatly improved in their habits, and are getting an honest living, and have even become members of Christian churches A few of these vagrants live more in prison than elsewhere The well-known London character, Jan Mohammed, has been convicted on seventy-three occasions He rejoices in a conviction, and proudly boasts of the great attention he has received from worthy magistrates and honoured justices and judges, sitting at Guildhall and other parts of London.

Many have died in Coldbath Fields prison without giving any signs of a gracious change

Salee, a native of Java, deserted from the ship

to which he belonged, and became a confirmed mendicant on the streets, he was to be found at night in houses of the worst description We have repeatedly brought spiritual things before his notice, in hospital, opium-room, and prison Salee had become acquainted with the way of salvation, but his life showed him that he could not claim to himself the benefits of the Gospel He became ill, even unto death, in prison, while undergoing a sentence of six months' imprisonment for robbery We visited him, but he had no desire to see us under such circumstances, he even told us a falsehood as to the cause of his imprisonment, and when we told him of it he became sullen and declined to talk As he would not talk to us, we continued to talk with him, and told him of a resurrection and a judgment to come We read portions of Malay Scripture to him, and as we read that portion, "The blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth from all sin," he buried his face in the sheets, and exclaimed, in Hindostanee and Malay, "Ham is bat naheen mántá" "Ini perkatáan siya percháya teeda," *I do not believe this saying*, showing that his sinful life had prohibited him from claiming this glorious truth himself We spoke to him further on the wants of his soul, and left him—for ever, for on our next visit Salee had passed into another world

A young man from India, who took the name of T Brown, died in this prison, giving some better hopes than the last He, however, had had the advantage of a Christian education in his youth His offence was a serious one, he had stolen a gentleman's

cheque-book and used it to his own advantage But he foolishly selected the celebrated clothiers, Moses and Sons, to operate on , their practised caution, however, was too much for the wily Asiatic He was kept in waiting whilst the cheque was presented, and on attempting to go, leaving the garments behind him, he was forcibly detained till the dishonoured cheque was returned He did not live to complete his term of imprisonment He professed to die trusting on the Saviour We feel thankful, so far as we may, for the hope he left behind him

T—— has never been in prison for anything but begging, and lately not very often for that He used to tramp the country , but times are not with them as formerly He and his wife talk of the good old times "when black men cou'd get plenty of money , now you dare not ask for any but they put you in prison " No wonder he refers to it, for he has just come out of Coldbath Fields, and his wife has had to keep the little ones and pay 3s 6d for a furnished room—furnished with rags and rubbish ! "Well, T——, amongst all these afflictions I fear you neglect your soul! Is it so ?" "Oh, padre ! the soul is like a man on horseback, the man must go just where the horse takes him , so the soul must go with the body " "But after death the man is here and the horse yonder, and where is the soul ?" Our moody Asiatic, though he has been instructed on this subject repeatedly, hesitates to reply, but at length says, "God knows, and padre knows " He is again instructed, but he seems to make but little progress in spiritual things His wife listens with

apparent interest, and his little girl, to whom we gave a Testament, often learns a portion, and proudly repeats it to us, while we nurse one of her little sisters. Some little hymns, too, containing much gospel truth, she loves to repeat, and we have equal pleasure in listening to them May these truths be blessed to some of the hearers

A Hindoo named Ringa Swamee was visited in several prisons He was dangerously ill in the City Prison, Holloway In fact, he looked like a dying man when begging in the streets of London, the white handkerchief bound about his face, his meagre form and suppliant attitude, gave him such an appearance.

"Ringa Swamee, what is your history?"

"Sahib," he replied, "I was born in Madras, but went with my parents to the great city of Benares when I was a boy I saw the black stone and worshipped in the holy city My father went there to the *churuk pujà*, and he died in the city, and his sons carried him to the Gunga I was happy in Benares till I hired myself to a sahib, who brought me to England fifteen years ago, and he died and left me helpless I have now an English wife and a little girl, and we live by begging"

Such, in a short form, is the long account the Hindoo gave us of his history, but the black stone, the *churuk pujà* and Gunga required some explanation The black stone is the most sacred spot in Benares, and Hindoo pilgrimage is made to it—it is made black, they say, by the people's sins Churuk pujà is the swinging festival that takes place in the month of March, when

foolish devotees allow hooks to be thrust into the flesh on each side of the body and suspended by a rope attached to a pole, which turns by a pivot on another pole, they are then hurled round with great violence, held only by the hooks in the flesh. Gunga is the name of the sacred river which we call Ganges Gunga, too, is the name of the goddess from whose eyes the gigantic river is believed to flow, and hence it bears her name Ringa Swamee and his brothers carried their dying father down to the banks of this river at low water, and no doubt, according to the horrid heathen habit of the period, daubed the "sacred mud" into the eyes, ears, nose, and mouth of his helpless parent, and left him to be carried away by the rising tide The growing power of the British rule in India has felt itself sufficiently strong to crush out this and similarly unnatural rites throughout its dominions

The last time we saw this Hindoo was in Horsemonger Lane Prison, he seemed to have profited but little from our previous visits, for his cry was, expressed literally, "When I die they will not give me water" This meant, "When I die they will not carry me down to the Ganges, and honour me as I did my father" "Wouldn t the savoury Thames answer his purpose?" enquired the sarcastic jailor, to whom we had explained his desire

But there were several items here on which we intended to graft spiritual instruction Gunga, with all the incarnations belonging to Shiva, is cruel, and must be worshipped with blood Hence the cruel rites, people will be like their gods We apply this to the

great Jehovah and his followers, God is love, manifested in creation and grace, and all the works of mercy and love in the Church are but the mind of God illustrated in human life The display of God's love in Christ attracted Ringa Swamee for a time, as we recommended him to put it in the place of the waters of Gunga But the black stone at Benares, what did we think of that? We told him that the Mohammedans have a black stone, too, at Mecca, the place of their pilgrimage, made black, too, in the same way We advised him to leave the black stone alone, Christ would give him a white one, and white garments too—the emblem of eternal happiness and sinless perfection "I will give him a white stone, and in the stone a new name written which no man knoweth saving he that receiveth it" "He that overcometh, the same shall be clothed in white raiment, and I will not blot out his name from the book of life" We fear the Hindoo was too material in his ideas to appreciate the spiritual meaning of these holy truths

H Le Blanc was a contrast to the last, though not in spiritual discernment He came to the Home as a ruined medical gentleman, but he had not enjoyed the quiet repose of the Home for a week when the police came and deprived us of his company A friend, taking a liking to him, had allowed him to run up a bill, hoping when he got his remittances to be paid, but he walked off one day with some of his friend's clothes "by mistake" He left some interesting papers behind him which he appeared to value On one was a corpulent *curé* walking off with a pig for his

tithes, but the mother of the young swine was put in position of dispute as to the right of possession On another was the novel announcement, "Wanted a porter who fears God and can carry two hundred-weight" When his name got into the newspaper, his "friends," with their accounts, arrived from all parts of London, coach and horse, too, amongst the items, by which he drove to the Fenchurch Street Railway Station, and told the coachman to wait till he came back, but if he had obeyed that order he would be waiting there still Among his "old friends" one came from the prison at Chester to prove a former conviction Previous to his coming to "the Home" he pretended to be dying, and that he had no cash, he made out his will and left a fortune to a young lady residing in the same house, even the "holy father" was called in to complete the deception, to whom he confessed, and then, as the Pater Sanctus said, "I gave him the sacrament of the real body and blood," on this horrible deception he naturally dwelt Le Blanc died in penal servitude, but we saw him repeatedly and had much correspondence with him The sum of his spiritual experience is well expressed in his own words "I have always been a good Catholic, and I mean to die one"

"Who will be bail for the Arab?" "Can you find bail for £20 to keep the peace?" said the judge, through the interpreter, to a native of Jeddo, after the jury had found him guilty, and the court smiled, for the question was worthy a smile He was unable to speak a word of English, his guernsey shirt and trousers were all the clothing he had, and not a soul that knew him

was within five thousand miles of the Old Bailey His offence was likely to have been a serious one A quarrel had originated somehow in the far-famed Blue-gate Fields one Sabbath morning, about sixty sailors had come from the ships in dock and elsewhere, and were engaged in the various opium-smoking rooms How they were involved in the affair is not easily told, but the Arabs and Malays were in conflict with each other, and other Asiatics took their part The Irish and other Europeans were active in the fracas, stones were torn up and cast at each other, pokers, tongs, sticks, anything that could inflict a blow, were seized from every house where the door was open The Arabs, however, were overpowered and not only driven off the ground, but retired fighting for more than a mile along the public road, and were dreadfully knocked about, the struggle was finally terminated by gathering the fugitive Arabs into the Asiatic Home The arrival of the doctor put our anxieties at rest, for out of the many wounds not one was serious The Arab at the bar was the only man seized by the police, it was stated he had used his knife, and the jury had found him guilty Security is wanted in the sum of £20 for the good conduct of the Arab, or one month's imprisonment Who will be his friend? Who? "I will, my lord," said a voice from the witness-box, into which the gentleman who spoke had pushed his way, while the incredulous smile was still playing on the lips of the listeners, but it was a smile that was quickly effaced by the earnestness of the speaker Who could the gentleman be, that thought the friendless Arab

worthy of his security? The court might well listen. It was Col. Hughes, Hon Secretary of the Asiatic Home, and the Arab who but a few minutes before had a month's imprisonment before him, suddenly stepped into unexpected liberty, and instead of being conveyed in a prison van to the House of Correction, Cold-bath Fields, was put into a cab and taken to the Asiatic Home

This happy event supplied an apt illlustration of the work of Christ for the condemned sinner, and put the Arab in a position to comprehend the truth taught by the illustration more easily Bishop Bowen, an Arabic scholar, visited the poor fellow, and read out of the Arabic Scriptures to him, and taught him the same glorious truth We doubt if ever a ragged Arab found security for £20 for good behaviour before But with such a noble example before him, the Missionary has more than once repeated the same kind act when he felt it was justice to do so And never yet has the Asiatic been known to betray the trust thus reposed in him; while it has afforded the Missionary invaluable opportunities of setting forth some of the fundamental teachings of God's Word

One record of the Missionary's journal refers to his monthly visit to Cold-bath Fields prison He found ten Asiatics on that occasion There was Trap, from Drury Lane, who desired the visitor to tell his wife where he was There was also Abdool Rhemon, from the opium-smoking room, Blue-gate Fields, convicted under the Lodging-house Act for allowing Lascars to sleep on his premises Jan Mohammed, too, who is

always in prison, and Kareem, from Old Pie-street, Westminster, are there, most of the others were known, having been met and visited at their own homes, each had some desire or favour to ask of the Missionary But there was one face among them unknown, his name was Sadiq, he belonged to a ship still in the dock,—convicted for striking a woman in "the Fields," and his ship was going to leave London in a few days He feared destitution when his time should expire, and he came out of prison On inquiry, it was discovered he had struck the woman because she had robbed him, but the robbery did not come out before the magistrates, only the assault He seems to have had no other way of getting his money, his calling out in Hindostanee was of no use, so he seized her to do the rough work himself, and now he has lost his money and his liberty, and soon his ship will leave London The Missionary read a portion of Scripture, which elicited many pleasing inquiries—Christ the Good Shepherd, leading, guiding, guarding, and saving his sheep, and with a last endeavour to press home the saving truth on those present he left the jail, but the case of Sadiq was reported to the Secretary of the Home A memorial was immediately penned, and sent off to Earl Grey, then Secretary of the Home Department, for the release of the prisoner "Day after day passed away," writes the Missionary, "but no answer yet The morning has come, and the ship is going away to-day." It lingered till the morning sacrifice was offered up, and then a summons to the office of the Home aroused

his expectation The release had come, and, as the ship was expected to leave at high tide that day, he hastened to the prison 'Sadiq,' he said, 'I am come to take you to your ship, you must change your prison clothes and come with me' 'I must stay here another week,' he answered, 'and then my ship will be gone' 'But I am come for you, be quick and come with me' 'Sahib, they will not let me go' 'But I have brought an order from the Queen of England's Wazeer to release you' 'What! The Grand Wazeer of the Sahib log trouble himself about a Lascar? No, padre, I must stay here another week' 'Well,' I urged, 'go with this man and change your clothes, and he will bring you back to me, and then I will show you' Sadiq obeyed, and though his own clothes were sadly inferior to the prison-dress, yet he looked more like himself 'Now, Sadiq, follow me!' said I, earnestly And taking him by the hand, he essayed to move, looking doubtfully at the jailors But the bolts drew back, the massive gates opened, and finally the outer gates closed behind us In a few minutes Sadiq was on the top of an omnibus, amidst the dir of the wheels and the crowd in Holborn 'Padre,' said he, 'am I out of prison? Am I going to my ship?' as though he has just woke up to the reality of his position 'You are,' I answered, 'and your ship will leave London at high tide to-day' 'May the padre's name spread all over India! May the padre live for ever! May the padre be rich! May the padre have seven sons and seven daughters' I thanked Sadiq for his good wishes, but reminded him that there was

another prison from which he had yet to escape, and from which none but Christ could free him His position made him comprehend my meaning with ease, and I trust the impression was not readily lost We had a joyful meeting on board the ship Three of the crew I had saved from imprisonment by being present at their examination at the Police Court, and five others I visited in their sickness on board the Dreadnought hospital ship Sadiq told his own tale, much, of course, to the padre's honour Others said, 'The padre saved me from imprisonment, and got me sent back to my ship' And some said, 'He came to see us when we were sick, and he read out of the good Book' Here was a fine opportunity to speak of the sacrifice and love of Christ"

The day's work, however, was not yet complete While the Missionary was speaking to them of the better land, and how to get there, he heard them talking of two of the crew that were in the hands of the police Immediately, on satisfying himself of the correctness of this report, he proceeded to the Police Court To get one man out of prison and lose two, was a retrograde movement The prisoners were charged with stealing a bottle of rum from the stores, rather a singular charge, considering that their prophet, in the Koran, had forbidden intoxicating drinks to his followers But the charge was clearly established, and the case illustrates the influence the Missionary had gained at this Police Court It is the only case in which Asiatics have been delivered up when convicted of robbery. He made his usual statement of the

number of vagrant Asiatics in London, augmented by men losing their ships by short convictions These men, if left, might become established thieves in London, and he asked the magistrate to find some means by which the men might leave the country in their ship A fine was, therefore, inflicted, and, as the men could not pay it, the captain, who prosecuted, advanced it, to be deducted at their journey's end Three men saved in a day was a gratifying reward for a day's work

In concluding these sketches of prison visitation, I cannot refrain from placing on record that the reminiscences of my prison work pass in happy review before me Some I have attended in their last illness, and have had the pleasure of pointing them to the precious blood of Jesus, in their own vernacular, and with no other instructions than those I have given them they have entered the eternal state, not altogether without hope that they will participate in the resurrection of the just Even in health it often occurs that the serious hours of prison life dispose the inmates to think on spiritual things more than at other times. "You tell me of a Saviour and heaven," said one a few days before he breathed his last "I am in London, I cannot be taken to the Ganges to die Will your Saviour have me? Can I be happy in the way you say?" I told him that the Saviour died for sin He asked me to pray for him and to instruct him how to pray, and I believe there was hope in his death.

CHAPTER VII

THE GOSPEL AMONG THE SUFFERING

THE fine old man-of-war the "Dreadnought known as the "Hospital for Seamen,"—after havi done its duty under the heroic Nelson, with many scar still visible in its hull, was for many years a chored in the Thames, for the noble purpose of affor ing aid to the sick of *all* nations—moored off Gree wich, with the Union Jack floating aloft and t British Lion on its prow, it was a conspicuous objec —one of England's charitable monuments,—a Bethes for suffering Seamen arriving in the port of Londo and among its inmates were always to be found t Lascar* or Eastern sailor, Chinese, Malays, Arab and natives of India, who participated in the privileg it offered as well as in the Christian sympathy show to the afflicted

"Gone to the Dreadnought,"—"Sick in Hospital —"Dying or dead on board the Hospital ship," we answers so continually given to enquiries after Asiati

* "Lascar" is a Bilingual word derived from the Persian wo "*Khalasi*" a sailor, and *Kārā* the Tamil word for a worker of any kin "Khalasi Kārā"—a sailor,—and thus transformed into English,—"la kara," or "Lascar" R M. HUGHES.

who were absent from their ships, that the Missionary was induced to pay a visit to the inmates of the old ship, with the hope that he might be permitted to minister comfort, and set forth in their own tongue the saving truths of the Gospel, to the benighted and suffering strangers, who were unable in many instances, from their ignorance of the English language, to communicate even with their medical attendants He had been cheered and encouraged on many occasions when visiting in prisons, in workhouses and in hospitals on shore, and had seen the gratification it afforded to the suffering, as well as to those trouble, to be able to tell their wants, their sorrows and anxieties to a Christian friend , he therefore anticipated not only an hearty reception, but also valuable opportunities to scatter the seed of eternal life

Nor was he disappointed, when animated with these feelings and seeking the Divine blessing, the Missionary paid his first visit to the "Dreadnought" Leaving the shore in a boat he landed on the stage close to the floating hospital, and ascending the lofty ladder, reached the gangway where he was stopped by the boatswain on duty, who told him that "Visitors are only allowed to see their friends" and by his countenance and tone of voice appeared determined to carry out the instructions given to him with the admirable obedience of a British tar

Unaware previously of the regulations, the Missionary found out that only the relatives and friends of the sick were admitted, and that the name of the latter must be given before admittance could be obtained. He ha[illegible]

twenty names in his note-book and a dozen in his memory, so, selecting the first that came to mind, he asked the boatswain to let him see "his friend Abdool Ali Khan" "Who?" said the boatswain, seeming to doubt if he had caught the name aright, little thinking that any one would take the trouble to visit a black man or acknowledge him as a "friend" The name of "Abdool Ali Khan," was repeated, though with no better success, till after some little conversation and explanation, the Missionary was finally permitted to enter, and was pointed the way down to the second deck, where he found "his friends," and spent a happy time in the midst of no less than thirty Asiatics, who from their sparkling eyes expressed with evident satisfaction their pleasure and gratitude for such an unexpected visit of sympathy.

The Missionary's visits to "his friends" in the "Dreadnought," after this, became frequent, but often on passing the gangway, after answering the necessary enquiries, the boatswain seemed to express an inward conviction that all was not right "Friends again," exclaimed the boatswain one day in an incredulous tone of voice, as the Missionary was passing the gangway,—You've a precious many friends, who are they?" and on answering they were Mahomet Ali, Sulamut Ali, Wuzeer Ali, Peer Khan, and others, was cut short and asked what he had in his hand "Some Arabic, Tamil, and Hindostanee tracts," was the reply; but on this occasion the boatswain could or would not make out either the names of the sick men, or the use of the books which were shown to him, and with

the determination of a British tar, refused admission to the Missionary; requesting him to return by the same way he had come

The Missionary returned home with a heavy heart, knowing that thirty of his fellow-creatures were on board, all sick, and some he feared not far from eternity, to whom no one ever spoke in their own language, feeling also that an apparently impassable gulf was now fixed between him and these unfortunate strangers in a foreign land It was not long, however, before he had good cause to be thankful that the boatswain had obstructed him in his visits of mercy, for it led to a representation being made to the Directors of the "Seamen's Hospital Society," who immediately granted permission for the Missionary to visit the Asiatic patients on board, and from that time the whole staff of officers, including the worthy Chaplain, gave him every encouragement and facility for visitation, and the boatswain became one of the Missionary's best friends, keeping him informed, on passing the gangway, of all new arrivals and where to find them on board

Most of the thirty Lascars the Missionary found in the "Dreadnought" on his first visit, were men belonging to three ships then in dock A few had been a long time in hospital, and the ships in which they came to England had left without their knowledge, some of them had a goodly amount of wages to receive, but how were they to get it, now their ships and captains were gone? They knew not what to do, or how to get back to their families in India, they

lamented that they had been led to take service and sign articles to come to England; and then again, on leaving hospital, what were they to do without means to pay for the common necessaries of life, or for a lodging and clothing to keep them warm in this cold and damp climate? where could they apply for the wages due to them, or for redress, if the owners of their ship refused to give them their just dues?

Advice on these and other subjects was continually sought by the sick, both in and when they came out of hospital, and given by the Missionary to the best of his judgment In numerous instances sums of money were recovered, through the advice given, in some cases, through the instrumentality of the "Home," and many a poor helpless fellow was thus saved from destitution till he could find employment, or was transferred, by the owners of the vessel in which he came to England, to a vessel bound to the East

Among the sick and suffering on board the "Dreadnought," some were sufficiently recovered to walk about the deck, whilst others were lying helpless in bed The Missionary therefore usually seated himself at the foot of the bed of one of the latter, if not too ill, and those who were able to walk about gathered round him, some sitting on the floor, he would then read and explain short portions of the Scriptures, ask and answer questions, repentance and regeneration being usually the two subjects which he felt the most important, and yet the most difficult to explain to the heathen mind, especially in a heathen language.

English readers have no conception, and know

nothing, of the difficulty a Missionary experiences when speaking on such important matters in a heathen language. European languages have long done homage to Christian truth, and are therefore adapted to express Christian thought, but a Missionary, when addressing the heathen, has to speak in a heathen tongue, and its terms are mostly used to express heathen ideas But to return to the "Dreadnought,"—the Missionary's audience, after listening for some time, and appearing satisfied that repentance was essential to salvation, was asked, "Now tell me what you call salvation" One, who appeared to be better acquainted with Mohammedan puerilities than his companions, answers: "Salvation is to be saved from the punishment of the wicked, who are to wear fiery garments and be beaten with iron rods, etc," another said, "Salvation is to go to heaven and there live in the enjoyment of everything that is delightful, and all that man can desire; to be in a land of beautiful gardens with fairies to wait on you," etc, etc This poor man's ideas of repentance were not much better sorrow for the consequence of sin and not for sin itself The Missionary argued a long time with these men, endeavouring to set them right on the subject under discussion, and read the scriptural description of heaven "*And he shewed me a pure river of water of life, clear as crystal, proceeding out of the throne of God and of the Lamb In the midst of the street of it and on either side of the river, was there the tree of life, which bare twelve manner of fruits, and yielded her fruit every month and the leaves of the tree were for the healing of the nations*" This he

found to be pleasing to the Mohammedan ear, so much so indeed, that some days afterwards he was gratified to hear it recited, with various remarks he had made, by a native of Calcutta, who appeared to be much impressed with this passage of Holy writ. This man was in the Seamen's Hospital for several months, and had the advantage of protracted spiritual teaching, and there is every reason to believe with profit to his soul; he made repeated enquiries after Christ, and expressed his trouble about his sins, which seemed to show that the subject was much on his mind "Did Christ die for sinners? Will he take away *my* sins?" were the simple questions he put to the Missionary, whose heart was cheered and encouraged on hearing them, and in pointing out to such an earnest enquirer an answer to them from the Word of God

Though the Missionary's visits to the hospital were frequent, only a few days usually intervening, yet he seldom reached it without finding that some poor benighted ones had entered eternity in the interim, and were beyond the reach of the Gospel,—others had passed out and had joined their ships, while some had taken a turn for the worse Among the latter was a Malay, to whom the Missionary had read and spoken on previous occasions His eyes were now closed, and he was motionless, only from his breathing was it known that life was not extinct, he did not seem capable of listening to any human voice; the nurse who was attending him said that he had lain motionless for some hours, and would probably pass off in that state. The Missionary wished to say a few words

to him if possible, so, taking hold of his hand, he spoke to him affectionately in his native tongue; the man opened his eyes, gave a parting smile, and closed them again—for ever!

"I have been a very great sinner," said a native of India when being taken from the Hospital Ship to the Home at Limehouse This was one of many to whom the Missionary had spoken whilst on a bed of sickness, and it was hoped, from the many occasions he had heard the Word read and explained, he had gained correct views of the way of salvation, and perhaps a sense of sin, and the Missionary had good reason for thinking so, from his exclaiming, "Hum kya kurega najat panee ko?"—"What must I do to be saved?" the natural ejaculation of every heart under the conviction of sin, not yet knowing the grand remedy The Missionary paid special attention to this case whilst in the Home, scarcely a day elapsed without this poor man calling at the Missionary's house for instruction in the Divine Word As he had never been to school, his progress in reading was slow and tedious, but he learnt to read, with much satisfaction and delight, most of the first and third chapters of St John's Gospel, and the Missionary used his best endeavours to make him master of the vital truths contained in those portions of the Word, with earnest prayer for the Holy Spirit to open his understanding for his eternal good

But what is to become of this man? Through his long illness and consequent detention in the Hospital Ship, the ship in which he came to England has

left; but fortunately a captain has come to the Home, and requires a Lascar crew, and this man is selected for one to work the ship to the shores of India. Surely, it was thought, he will rejoice at the opportunity, after being spared from dying in a foreign land, and with the prospect of rejoining his family and friends; but after all had been arranged he went over to the Padre's house, and with tears in his eyes, throws himself down at the Missionary's feet as only an Oriental can: "What is the matter? What is it troubles you?" are questions which quickly follow each other. "Oh Padre," he says, "they have shipped me and are going to take me back to India, do not let me go! keep me as your servant, I want no clothes nor money, give me a little food and teach me, I want to become a Christian" The Missionary's heart was melted, he longed to have it in his power to gather around him, as the Missionary in foreign lands, those who embrace Christianity, to fan the sacred spark into a flame; but it could not be, and what became of the precious seed, in this case and in many others, an Omniscient God alone can tell He left the Home, and with sorrowful feelings parted from the Missionary, taking with him the Word of Life in his chest, to join the heathen who composed the crew, followed with earnest prayers and hope that the good seed implanted in his heart with prayer and faith might bear fruit in another land, and be blessed to the salvation of his soul

But to return once more to the Hospital—this Bethesda for the suffering seamen of every nation in

the world—the right place for the voice of Jesus to be heard, and for his followers to distribute the Bread of Life. Here are four natives of different nations, which occupied the attention of the Missionary on one of his morning visits A Malay, with frost-bitten toes, one of which had been amputated, a Mohammedan, from Calcutta, who had met with a serious injury from a fall, an Arab, from Juddah, and an African, from Sierra Leone—all confined to their beds

The Malay, like most Asiatics, listens attentively, with, every now and then, an expression of surprise, as the Missionary sat on his bed and, for the first time, read to him the account of the Saviour's death upon the cross, no enquiry, no response, all is stolid apathy —but what more could have been expected from a man without education, who though he had been on several occasions in England, had never before heard of the expiation of sin, much less of Jesus as a Saviour But the Mohammedan had heard of the glad tidings of salvation before, he had been some time in this home of affliction, and had evidently been impressed by the Word read and set before him He now believes himself to be a strange being, the errors of whose life have made him an object of contempt alike to Mohammed and Christ There was a time when he could rejoice and feel that Mohammed's paradise was secure to him—that he could then with conscientiousness tell his brother Moslems that he had bowed reverently towards the East and repeated the prescribed prayers five times a day, he had kept all prohibited food at a scrupulous distance, had diligently

observed the Ramazan, and ceremonial purifications—but now all were neglected, and he felt himself defiled in body and soul, and therefore disqualified for prayer and worship He was also the victim of another delusion to which the heathen mind is very prone He thought God had provided salvation for every one in the world, but each must seek it through the medium of their respective prophets He considered that his only way was through Mohammed, the Christian could only succeed through Christ, and the Hindoo through Vishnoo and other gods—each one through his respective God or prophet (Such, probably, was the delusion of the heathen sailors, tossed about by the tempest, when they anxiously awoke the fugitive prophet, after having invoked their own gods, and shouted in his ears, "*Arise, and call on* THY *God, if so be that God will think on us*" They seemed to believe that Jonah's God was as good as their own, but that the prophet must call on his own God) But the Missionary sets before him the sweet words of Scripture and the titles of Christ, the like of which are nowhere to be found out of the Gospel Christ, the Saviour of the world, "*The only name given under heaven whereby we must be saved*," "*Who came to seek and to save the lost*" These are strange teachings in a pagan's ear, but the Mohammedan, who thought he must be lost, enquires again and again if it is really true. He is assured of God's invitation to a weary and sin-stricken world, "*Come unto Me, all ye that are weary and heavy laden, and I will give you rest*," and, with prayer that the word set before him

might lead to his casting his all on Christ, we leave him, and turn to the Arab, a man somewhat different to any the Missionary had seen before, he is nearly six feet high, with the muscles of a young Samson, with his head shaved all round excepting a patch about the size of a small tea-saucer that bristles up in the centre of his head. He tells the Missionary his name, ship, etc, and being asked if he has any hope of getting to heaven; he refers to the cultivated spot on the top of his head, and gives the following explanation "When I die I shall be buried, and three days afterwards the angel Gabriel will come to my grave, and lift me out by the hair of my head, and ask, 'What is your name?' I shall say 'Sñadut' Then he will ask, 'Who is your prophet?' I will answer, 'Mohammed,' and then he will again demand, 'Who is your God?' and I will shout 'Allah' And, having answered these three questions correctly, Gabriel will pass me on to the happy Paradise'!' The Missionary has since found that this deluded Arab represents a numerous class, who cultivate their hair in the same way, for the same purpose, and, whether the tuft is carefully arranged for the occasion or not, it is the belief of the Mohammedans that the angel Gabriel will so come and act on the third day after death The Arab was very jealous of his tuft of hair, and every effort was made to convince him of the folly of believing in such a delusion for salvation He was pointed to the precious blood of Christ, and left with the hope of an opportunity of seeing him again

"Den de good Lord hab sent his servant to see

de poor sinner again," said Peter, as the Missionary drew near to his bed, for they had known each other some time Peter was an African, who had found the Lord Jesus in Sierra Leone, and was a worthy member of the Wesleyan body. After enquiring about his spiritual hopes and enjoyments, a chord was struck that sounded like the notes of heaven, after leaving the echoes of the heathen land He commenced, with Wesleyan warmth, "Bless de Lord, oh my soul," and then followed a recital of the Lord's mercies, and in his estimation they were numerous. His father and himself were captured slaves, driven to the coast, and sold like a herd of swine to the Portuguese, taken to sea, pursued and captured, and the Portuguese exchanged for the English flag Then followed his description of the knocking off of fetters, feeding the hungry and thirsty, and the landing of about 200 slaves on the free soil of Sierra Leone Then there was the prayer-meeting, the love-feasts, and the class-meeting, rejoicing not only in the liberty of body, but the liberty of soul as well, and he began and finished his narrative, as David did, with the 103rd Psalm, "Bless de Lord, oh my soul" He was told of the man who hoped to be saved by the hair of his head, and remarked, "Like de world everywhere—some by deir prayer, some by deir works, and toders because dey read de blessed Book Dey might as well trust to de hair of de head as trust to anything but de blessed Lord Jesus." Yes,

> "None but Jesus
> Can do helpless sinners good "

"Friend, you are on the right side of the pillar," said the Missionary "What does massa mean?" In reply the Missionary read, "And it (the pillar of fire) came between the camp of the Egyptians and the camp of Israel, and it *was a cloud and darkness to them*, BUT IT GAVE LIGHT BY NIGHT TO THESE" This is illustrative both of God's providence and of His Word. Each is a dark cloud to the unconverted, because they are on the wrong side of the pillar, but Providence, like the pillar that was darkness and confusion to the Egyptians, yet gave light to the Israelites, has shone with glorious light about your path So, too, with God's word, it is a blank to the ungodly, but to you it is all light and glory "Let me say it again—Brother, you are on the right side of the pillar"

"Now I sees it," he said with satisfaction, "but I should neber hab been on de right side of de pillar if de Lord had not taken me out from among de wicked Egyptians and put me among de Israelites"

Our African was commended in prayer to the Lord, and the Missionary, after contending with the darkness of Paganism, felt thankful that a ray of heavenly light had shone on him

But how many come and go in quick succession from within the wooden walls of the old ship? The sick of ALL nations come in for relief, but all soon depart and pass away. some to rejoin their ships, and to live on a little longer, others to another world, dying within sound of the church or chapel bell, dying with a veil over the mental vision, seemingly impenetrable did we not admit the invincible power of divine grace

and love; dying with delusions and heathen follies petrifying the soul, hearing only of Jesus on one or two occasions, or perhaps on only one short visit of the Missionary, during an hour or two. Who is sufficient for these things? The Missionary's only hope and confident trust are in the energizing and life-giving power of the Gospel, and he feels it his duty and privilege to plant and "sow beside all waters," leaving the increase to Him who alone can give it.

"A form of words, tho' ne'er so sound,
Can never save the soul,
The Holy Ghost must give the wound,
And make the wounded whole."

"Why has the padre come to me now?" said Mohammed Khan the day before he died, several Asiatics residing in St. Giles's had gathered round his bed; "will you not allow me to recite my *Kulma** and die?"

It was night; the Missionary had passed along the main artery of traffic and found his way among the narrow streets of the locality, till in a court, in a miserable room, was found the sick man he was in search of. The Missionary has sometimes felt how utterly helpless he would be, in such a place and at such an hour, if set on by the debased and lost who resided in this neighbourhood of moral darkness. But he doubted not the presence and protecting care of Him who "ordereth our steps." Once indeed a doorway was closed by three sturdy Irishmen, who

* Kulma, an article of faith.

demanded "footing" before the Missionary should be permitted to retire from the house, he carried on his work of love, intending in due time to make his escape by a window which he had been informed led to the main artery before alluded to But there was no occasion for it, the men had left ere he had completed his work

"Why should I leave you to recite your Kulma and die? your Kulma will not change your heart and make you fit to dwell in the presence of a sinless, holy being, you are dying with your sins, and your Arabic recital cannot take them away, but I have come to tell you who can" And as these remarks were uttered, the natives of the distant land urged the dying man to listen to what the Padre had to say

A light was brought and held by a Mohammedan while the Missionary read of Christ, the Good Shepherd, and pointed out the Saviour as the Chief Shepherd, who left heaven to seek the wandering, erring sheep, and has sought them ever since by his servants, who are ever endeavouring to find out and lead back the lost sheep to Jesus The audience was a singular one, collected in a dismal room, almost filled with Asiatics, and with females too from the adjacent houses, for whose benefit the words spoken in Hindostanee were expressed also in English

The sick man was in a sad state of destitution and wretchedness, to remedy this the Missionary left home early the next morning for his benefit, and having obtained an order for his admittance into the Middlesex Hospital, went at once to remove him, but on reaching

his room it was found that the poor man had passed into eternity

"He died like a lamb, sir," said one of the females who was present last night, "he died quite like a Christian; calling out 'Allah! Allah! Allah!' before he died, and they say, sir, that in his country that is the name of his God"

CHAPTER VIII

THE LASCAR AFLOAT

CHANG WOO GOW, the giant of Fuchau, and his diminutive companion, Ching Maw, of Shanghae, were inmates of the Home for a short time on their arrival in England they resided in the metropolis for several months, and their extremes of stature attracted the admiration of Englishmen, from royalty to the wonder-seeking plebeian of our streets The curiosities of the world, from the savage to the sage, be they presented to us in the grotesque character of the New Zealand chiefs, or the more pleasing queen from the Pacific, the cunning Chinese jugglers, or the manufactured savages supposed to be imported from the island of Formosa---all find a long line of wondering admirers and a ready market in this far-famed city The curious may find in them a rich treat, and the ethnologist, who never travelled farther from his native land than I have, may regard them with higher motives and greater advantages, but the Christian man, though he may share largely in the feelings of all these, soars infinitely above them, and

looks at the representatives of the human race in the light that comes from the cross of Calvary Few, however, of the thousands who pay to see these singular visitors from the antipodes, or meet with them elsewhere under more or less favourable circumstances, are ever influenced by a thought about their spiritual state The monstrous errors by which the Prince of this world binds the heathen down to darkness and death are numerous indeed, and some of these strange visitors, were our sympathies in that direction, and their language at our command, would not only supply us with apt specimens of the heathen class from which they are drawn, but would also suggest powerful motives for prayer and liberality, that the Gospel may be introduced among the nations of the earth to which they belong

The individuals noticed above are but a few prominent characters who come to view, floating, as it were, on the surface of society, and though as objects of attraction they may be regarded as scarce, yet as types of the families of mankind, and representatives of deluding systems of religion moving about in our mighty metropolis, they are by no means scarce And the reflection is forced upon us that if London were only so evangelized as to make its spiritual influence tell upon the foreign population so largely existing in our midst, in no part of the world would its sacred influence be unfelt? There is not a continent, and scarcely an island, that would not more or less be brought in contact with the powerful energy of our faith, and with such a power at home, what success

might we not expect from the faithful labours of our brethren abroad?

Spain, Cuba, Rome, and Turkey have had their ports shut like the gates of old Rome against Hannibal, to keep the invasion of evangelical teachers from their towns and cities, and Turkey is so still, in spite of all her boasted treaties for liberty of conscience—the purchase of English gold and blood at the Crimea But representatives of these countries have visited us in great numbers, and the Word of God has been secretly conveyed into the interior of these nations by their own sons None can tell what have been the powerful agencies at work at the various ports of England to aid in bringing about the stupendous crisis the present generation has seen The Missionary of the Home is happy in being a humble assistant in the noble work, but, leaving these, we are now about to follow him among the crews that visit this port from the eastern part of the world

Let us enter St Katherine's Docks Here is a vessel whose name is "The Royal Shepherd" It has a crew of about twenty-two men, chiefly Javanese They know nothing of the English language, and but one or two can be approached through the Hindostanee, but these are very glad to find some one who will talk with them in a friendly way From them we glean the information that four of their number can read, and that the language in which these few of their comrades can read is the Dutch One, however, can read both in the Dutch and Malay While this inquiry is going on, the crew gather round with

inquiring countenances and eyes, attracted to one centre, and are anxious to know the nature of this unexpected visit Looking round, we find ourselves in the centre of a Polynesian group, half-clad, the better to perform their duty One is looking over another's shoulder, and the most remote mount whatever elevation is handy, that they may observe all that is going on in their midst Having made all the secular inquiries necessary, we next inquire if there be the Word of God on board, and seek to be familiar with their spiritual state and their knowledge of the Redeemer The man to whom we address ourselves then tells his shipmates that a Missionary has come to see them Their curiosity is now in a great measure satisfied, and some return to their work or their cabin, but these five men who can read Dutch have been taught in missionary schools, under Dutch patronage, in Java and Sumatra, and being pleased to see a Missionary in a Christian land—a sight they have never seen before—are anxious to show the Missionary what they have accomplished under missionary superintendence at home. Their books in Dutch are brought, and they read to us in an unknown tongue We search in the little books for the name of Christ or God, and we are glad to see "God" in pure English form, and "Christus" in Latin shape Through our interpreter, we ask, in Hindostanee, what they think of Christ? and we rejoice to find that they at least are taught to look to Him for everlasting life We are sorry to find they have no Word of God on board, and, on their repeated solici-

tations, we promise to bring them a copy, but we search in the "Home," and at the Mission House, and can find no Dutch Scriptures there On another visit, we take a copy of the Javanese Scriptures, but this they cannot read, we, however, take a copy of the Dutch Psalms with us whenever we go, and so get a portion of Scripture read to the crew We also furnish those who can read with a good supply of matter in the form of tracts These simple-minded men think all missionaries must be alike, and some eight or ten request to be taught to read English while they remain in dock Books of instruction are supplied from the Home, and we employ what time we can in directing those who are the most advanced to assist those who know nothing. We have been well received here, and that, too, under disadvantages

Let us visit one more ship in the same dock, but of a very different class It is a calm evening in July, and we discover, by the unusual loud clatter of voices, something like the birds in a rookery, that there must be Bengalees on board the "Scutari" We go on board, and find twelve men, five of whom are Madrasees We are met by an English mate and his friend, both from another ship He asks what we want We state our object He says with surprise "What! you go and talk about religion to those black fellows why, they will kick you off the ship!" "No," we reply, "they will not, we will read a portion of Scripture to them, and explain it, we will talk to them about Christ, and they will be very glad to see me." "Why," he answers, "they are all

Mohammedans, let me see and hear, I shall be amused" We salute them as friends, and inquire who can read Tamil tracts are in requisition, and we supply their wishes One, who pretends to be a Roman Catholic, refuses the tract, but, on telling him that Roman Catholics profess to love the Lord Jesus Christ, he takes a tract with the rest These men have never read the Word of God, so we unfold to them the lessons of eternal truth, and call their attention to the first chapter of John's Gospel We choose this because our European observers are wanting to see the result of the test The first thing that meets us in this chapter is the Deity of Christ, which we do not avoid, but announce it as a heaven-born truth We speak of the importance of His person being Divine, that He may render an acceptable sacrifice to his Father for the sin of the world. Our duty on this occasion, we believe, is performed, although we leave with the promise and invitation of seeing them again But, before leaving, we ask the mate why these black fellows did not kick us off the ship? He declares himself undeceived and gratified, and he bestows on us a burden of praises, especially when he hears that we had never visited India, to become familiar with their speech Without regarding his commendation, we tell him it is for the Gospel's sake, to the value of which we call his attention

"Is this," it may be asked, "a fair specimen of visitation among the Lascars afloat? Tell me how you were received among the most dissolute." Then I will take you on board the "Dominion," lying in

the London Docks. Here is a crew entering our docks with bosoms full of anger and revenge. The crew appears to have been badly used, either with or without cause One Lascar is walking about bent, he declares he has been belaboured with a thick stick Another reports his teeth to have been knocked out by the cruel use of a chain A third declares he was knocked down, and blood flowed from the wound, but the mate declares he obtained the blood from a hen which he killed Five men were reported to be ill in the "Dreadnought" The crew and officers have the worst feelings towards each other Two trials at the Old Bailey are the result of the ill-feeling, in which, however, the captain and mate escape without penalty Some of the exasperated crew, finding they are defeated in their object, take the law into their own hands, and attack the mate, so as to place his life in danger The result is, that four of those men find their way to Coldbath-fields prison, where we again have the satisfaction of calling their attention to Christ This is stony ground, indeed, but, nevertheless, we go among them, and, although their minds are absorbed by the importance of the trial of the following day, we call their attention to Christ, we read to them a portion of Scripture, and tell them of the great object of Christ's coming into the world Our remarks were listened to without an observation, —the sign, no doubt, of a restless and discontented feeling Our reception, however, is marked with nothing worse, only one man in this crew could read, and he was the steward

In the remaining three docks the cases of interest are so numerous, that the difficulty is rather to select a case to illustrate the work, than to find one But what has been written of St Katherine's Dock applies equally to visitation in the other docks.

Lascar crews have sometimes very much reason for complaint, and when in London they very naturally look to the Asiatic Home for redress. Their chief or only remedy was to leave the ship, sacrificing their clothes and wages, making themselves deserters, and running the risk of destitution while far from home Strange it seems that men can be found who seem to think that the coloured part of mankind exists only to be used like brute beasts, and to have the most insulting names language can supply heaped upon them The Home is a medium to secure right between the Asiatic and his employer During the first few years of its history, many and expensive were the struggles to secure the rights of the oppressed, rights which now are seldom disputed, as they have received the sanction of all concerned, and are established by law.

On one occasion a ship reached the river Thames, and the Lascar crew deserted *en masse* and crowded round the doors of the Asiatic Home They had startling revelations to make concerning the captain and his first mate Thirty Mohammedans from India, Malacca, and Arabia, all clamorous for justice, and praying that the inhumanity of their officers might be investigated, to this end every facility was afforded them, and the strange evidence they gave was fully corroborated by the European portion of the crew.

The men had been hung up with weights tied to their feet, flogged with a rope, pork, the horror of the Mohammedan, served out to them to eat, and the insult carried further by violently ramming the tail of a pig into their mouths, and twisting the entrails of the pig round their necks, they were forced up aloft at the point of the bayonet, and a shirt all gory with Lascar blood was exhibited on the trial, and all this proved in evidence One man leaped overboard to escape his tormentor a boat was about to be lowered to save the drowning man, but it was prohibited, and he was left to perish The captain escaped out of the country, forfeiting his bail and abandoning his ship, leaving his chief officer to be brought to trial, and to undergo punishment for his share of this cruel transaction This trial not only gave satisfaction to the oppressed, who found their wrongs avenged in a London court of justice, but convinced them and their fellow-countrymen that such ill-treatment, when proved, would never be tolerated or passed over with impunity

And now let us visit the "Chatham" in the West India Docks, presenting very different features She had a crew of above thirty men, ten of whom were Arabs, considered the most bigoted of all the Orientals, and, therefore, the most dangerous to approach on religious matters They told us that one man died on his passage, and another was taken to the "Dreadnought" ill We inquired if they could read, and found an Arab and several Indians who could; but, as the Mahrathee and the Arabic were required,

we could not supply them with the Word of God in their own tongue until a subsequent visit We told them, however, that although we could give them no books to read just then, we would read to them from the Gospel of God which we had with us. They listened while we read of Jesus Christ, the Word; and when we told them that those words had reference to Christ, they wanted to know why He was styled "the Word" We told them that one of the objects of his coming into the world was to teach us the will, law, and desires of God God spoke to us through Him Hence He is the Word of God That He was not only "the Word of God," but, in his divine person, or his spirit, He was God himself They seemed to regard us as putting forth an enigma too difficult for them to solve, but they simply replied, "Your statement is not correct" On leaving this ship, an Indian walked some distance with us Death had deprived him of father, mother, wife, and child. We told him of the Christian's hope, and the anticipations which he indulged—in laying his dear ones in the grave—of meeting them again in a happier and better world We inquired if he had hope like that He gave the favourite but indirect reply, "Allah hai!" which is, "There is a God" The next visit paid to this ship was on a Sunday morning We spent the morning with the crew, and took tracts of various languages with us One man read a portion of a Mahrathee tract aloud for about a quarter of an hour while others listened, and he left off only at our request, as we were anxious to read before we left the

vessel. We did so, and endeavoured to fix their minds on the Lord Jesus Christ They would have detained us longer, but we told them our dinner and wife were waiting for us They offered the best of their fare if we would stay and partake of dinner with them, but we thought it better to dine at home, and therefore thanked them for their kindness, and retired

We pass over the East India Dock, not because it is wanting in interest, for at one period recently there were in it nearly three hundred Lascars from various parts of the world, but if we attempt to enter those docks at the present time, we shall not know when to come out again.

We will, however, visit for a short time the Victoria Docks Here is a crew which presents some features different to the preceding The vessel is a steamer, about to go out with the Government mail Its name is the "Armenian" It has upwards of sixty hands on board, all of them shipped from the Strangers' Home Some of them are part of a large crew often visited in the East India Docks on board "Her Majesty," but here are thirty or forty of the London beggars, relieved from mendicity, want, and vice of the worst description, in which some of them have lived for years They are chiefly Indians and Chinese, who have long been thronging our streets, prisons, and workhouses, and swelling our taxation and parish rates Many of them, inured to privation and punishment, have long hoped for the year of jubilee to come, but have given up in despair, and ceased to hope for better times But they are now

emancipated. They have put off their rags, which once classed them with the dirtiest of beggars, and are equipped for a voyage. No disconsolate cloud broods on their face, as when they walked our streets, but a smile is on every feature, for every heart is merry, and full of hope that the fine ship in which they are about to steam, in three months will land them in the place of their birth and the bosom of their friends, and that, too, creditably, for they will have money in their pockets, having been shipped at good wages.

Shall we linger to state the reception the Missionary experienced in a crew like this? Surely we cannot do better than let these very pleasing circumstances speak for themselves. One would naturally ask, What kind of sailors did a crew like this make? The captain, on arriving at the Cape of Good Hope, was so gratified with the conduct of the men, that he wrote a letter to the Honorary Secretary, expressing his thanks for the able crew supplied to him from the Strangers' Home.

On one occasion, after visiting a crew of Spanish Manillas, among whom I had read the Scriptures and circulated Gospels, I met a man who said, "Why do you not come to my berth, I have been here seven days and no one has been to me." On inquiry I found he was the cook of a ship I had just left. "Why do you want me to come to your ship?" I asked. "Because I want you to read that book to me, and I want the book myself." The man seemed unusually earnest, and anxious about his soul. He said he had never read the Word of God, but he was anxious to read it, and when it was given to him he desired to be

directed to those portions which spoke most about the Saviour and the way of salvation, and as long as he remained in London, his anxiety for instruction and salvation continued

It might occur to some, that among the representatives of so many nations, and men of every temperament, to proclaim to them a faith hostile to their commonly-received ideas, would be to exasperate them, and incur the risk of personal danger Such an idea, however, will vanish with the experiment We have spent much time in the midst of large crews, some of them numbering upwards of one hundred, proclaiming the most prominent doctrines of the Cross, with a full assurance of security Only once were anger and violence manifested An intoxicated Arab, hearing his ideas of the Divine Unity assailed by the proclamation of the divinity of Christ, rushed towards us with something in his hand, which the obscure evening light, and the darkness of the Lascars' quarters, did not allow us to see, but his angry vociferations gave the crew timely notice of his intentions, and we left him in the hands of his countrymen, who successfully disposed of the indignant Arab somewhere, while we proceeded with the publication of divine truth

The "Clarence," in the London Docks, received several visits, and was a vessel of peculiar interest from a combination of circumstances There were five men on board this ship whom we had attended in the "Dreadnought" hospital-ship, and who seemed to value our attempts to instruct them in spiritual things One was a Chinese, to whom we had

often spoken of spiritual things on shore, and who was eventually shipped by the shipping agent of the Home; there was also another, who was convicted and sentenced to four months' imprisonment, but liberated, after three weeks, through an application from the Home to the Secretary of State, and we had the pleasure of taking him from the prison to his ship There were three others who had been convicted before the magistrate, and, through our appeal, were fined instead of imprisoned, and so had the opportunity of leaving in their vessel No wonder, therefore, we were warmly saluted on visiting the ship for the last time "This is the padre sahib," said one, "who visited me when I was sick, and read out of the good book" "Sahib, you came and took me out of prison," said another "Salam, sahib," said voices more remote, "you spoke well to the magistrate for us, we will be ruled by what you say" Who could doubt but this would be a good opportunity to make an impression for Christ? Once more we took a seat among them, read from the Word of eternal truth, endeavoured to lead them to Christ, as the sinner's refuge, and reminded them of the great day of account

We will visit another vessel, the "Clive" Here are Arabs, Indians, and Malays Three of these men immediately come forward and ask, "Sahib, do you know us?" "Where have I seen you before—on shore?" "No, you came to us last year on board the 'Gosforth,' and read to us in the Gospel." "And," added one of them, "you gave me the book of Luke,

and I have got it by me still" "I remember well, you had a drunken Arab on board, who wanted to expel me, and you would not let him Well, I have come to you again with the same book, and the subject is 'Christ the way, the truth, and the life'" The serang, who is an Arab, interrupts, and asks who Christ was We tell him he was a man sent of God, for no man could do the miracles He did, except God was with Him He was a prophet, for He foretold events He was the Son of God and the Saviour of world, for He came into the world not to condemn the world, but that the world through Him might be saved He proposes some more important questions, "How can He save us?" and again we answer him as nearly as possible in the language of Scripture

Sixty Lascars were required to work the ship "Thunder" to India, where can they be obtained? We took our walk in Blue-gate-fields again, where a short time past we could have collected two hundred at short notice, but such had been the result of our work among these suffering outcasts, that we could not muster ten The 'Royal Sovereign" was still closed The prisons and workhouses were visited, and though some few were found in them, they were only such as refused to work for their living

Information was obtained that an entire crew had deserted a ship at Liverpool, and the men were begging about the streets It was felt to be an act of mercy to save those Arabs from the chilling winds that began to blow, and from a vagrant life With this object we proceeded to Liverpool, to induce them to take service

in London But unexpected difficulties were in the way We found the men suspicious,—fearing that instead of taking them to London to put them on board a new ship, we intended to kidnap them, and put them on board the ship they had deserted from. The offer to take a lot of ragged beggars to London, free of expense, strengthened their suspicions Some of them had already left for Manchester, and all who were willing to go were sent to London Manchester was visited, hoping to catch some of the fugitives Indeed, some of those we visited in Liverpool reached Manchester first, and spread our fame to the effect that an officer from the Indian Government had arrived to compel all the Asiatics to leave England The consequence was that Manchester was nearly cleared of such men A few, however, we met, and endeavoured o dispel their fears They were resolved, however, to valk up to London, rather than place themselves in ur custody. We, therefore, returned to Liverpool, nd found the Arabs there had adopted the same ourse. We all reached London about the same me

This visit to Liverpool was fraught with deep terest, not only for having rescued these Asiatic endicants from the severity of the winter in a rthern port, but also for a development of the rid crimp system, which rules like the lord of the t, owing, no doubt, to the fact that Liverpool is ost an American and Spanish port But as a sionary visit, it was fraught with deep interest. out one hundred strangers heard the Gospel—Arabs

Malays, East Indians, and Chinese We saw Deena, a native Indian cook, on his death-bed, a dying Manilla in the same room, and a young Frenchman from Havre, confined to his bed, reaping the reward of his own sin, all in the Liverpool workhouse We saw, too, in the house of Meer Ján, some thirteen or fourteen Eastern lodgers, and the lodging-house of Josef Filipe, was filled with Manillas and Malays This excursion, with all its attendant facts, will live long in our memory, but we are again in London, and on board the "Thunder" The picture presented to the mind would perhaps be better imagined than drawn by the pen The black Arab, lately shivering in the port of Liverpool, is now a stoker on board the "Thunder," and he salutes us from the side of his warm fire The Malay, who was a ragged, hungry object at that distant port, has a smile upon his face, and warm clothing on his back The East Indians, too, come round, and with their hands to their heads, say, "Salám, sáhib, salám, tum hamará dost hai, tum sach bát bolá," "*You are our friend, you spoke truly*" The natives of Zanzibar and one from Madagascar are among the number of those who are round us while we speak of the Friend of sinners, and as many of these men are engaged in cleaning the deck, we speak of the Holy Spirit's power to cleanse the heart They were soon ploughing the ocean towards an Eastern port, and had reason to tell in a distant land of the kindness they received in this Christian country

On another occasion, when on a visit at Liverpool, we ascertained that there was a Turkish brig

in the Graving Dock, named the سيار بهاخ *Syár Baháḱt.* This war-brig was manned entirely by Arabs, thirty-eight in number Two weeks passed away before we found an opportunity to visit this crew. Our desire to see these men had considerably increased during that period, because we had encountered two of the men, but more especially because the Rev T. Dawson, chaplain of the Necropolis, had conducted us to the centre of the Cemetery, and pointed out the graves of thirty, who, three years past, came in a Turkish frigate, and died in that port The centre stone bore an inscription to that effect. On entering the Graving Dock, we found that the brig was cut in half, and undergoing thorough alterations and repairs, and the whole of the crew were living in a wooden house on shore in the dock We gave them a Mohammedan salutation in Arabic, such as Mohammedans only give one to another The salutation was responded to by a roar of laughter from one end of the wooden house to the other They began to talk in Arabic, and we were anxious to change this language for another, but, unlike the Arabs of trading-vessels, they knew but their own language We displayed the Scriptures and tracts to their notice, all of which were taken with avidity, a very few declined them, indeed, there was not enough to satisfy the wishes of all who would take them

They observed some Arabic writing in our pocket-book, and they declared that we could both read, and write Arabic, and they assailed us with a volley of unintelligible Arabic, and then waited for a reply. We

assured them we knew but little Arabic, though we could write the alphabet. We were now told to write their names, many of which we wrote—علي Ali; متولي Matwállee; and ابراهيم Abraheem. One man wrote محمد Mohammed, and told me that that name was very good for Arabs I wrote عيسى مسيح 'Isá Museeh, Jesus Christ, to which was added رسول الله "the prophet of God," and told them in similar terms that that was very good for Arabs, Turks, and English This was handed about for inspection, some few displayed a passing displeasure, whilst others made various observations on it In this way we endeavoured to make our visit agreeable, and impart some portion of sacred truth, and were requested to call again on the following day, but were sorry at being unable to accept the invitation

Arabs, Malays, Chinese, and even Turks, though forbidden by the Sultan's firman to have anything to do with the Christian's faith, have all willingly listened to the Truth, and carried away with them very many copies of the Divine Word Spanish Manillas have likewise received some attention, and given much encouragement

There are some ships which make their periodical visits with such regularity that they are anticipated. Those that pass through the Suez Canal are expected every three or four months One ship that goes round the Cape has made its annual visit for years with about fifty Lascars on board A vivid recollection still remains of the occasion when she first came under our notice. A crew of Lascars was on board, and the ship having

in

discharged her cargo, was proceeding in ballast up the river to another dock, when she suddenly turned over and sank in the Thames ,—six Asiatics found a watery grave, one of them a native doctor, who died reading a book, and when the ship was raised the book was still in his hand It has been wisely said that "he who regards Providence shall never lack a providence to regard" Our whole history is an illustration of the same truth, and though the loss of six lives is a terrible thought, what a mercy so many escaped It has proved a very interesting ship for mission-work, not a year has it left London without some evidence of the Divine favour We visited it in 1868 when there were fifty Lascars on board, and had several opportunities of reading the Word of God, and pointing out the way to eternal life This led to a request on the part of *some of the Malays that they might have the Scriptures*, on which we made an arrangement with them to meet us one Sabbath morning at our residence, when we promised to supply them The Serang and others came, and thankfully took a Malay Testament, but they were not permitted to go before an exposition of a portion of it had been given In 1870 the ship returned to England, but with almost an entirely different crew On again visiting the ship we were told by one man (who spoke for others) that he had seen Mohammed (the former Malay Serang of the ship) constantly reading a book which was very good, and that he would not part with it, but told him he might get one like it at the Strangers' Home in London. They had now come to London, and they wanted the book.

We invited them to our house, and promised to supply their wants, and not a Sabbath passed while the ship was in London but we had a visit from some of this crew, when Bibles were solicited and portions given away after the reading and exposition of the Word. This proved the most interesting crew we have visited. Thirteen copies and portions of the Divine Word in Hindostanee, Bengalee, Malay, and Javanese were circulated at these pleasing Bible-readings and expositions, at our own house and on board ship. It seems scarcely to be expected that a copy of the Scriptures sent off to the extreme East should be heard of again; but in this case it produced much fruit. Only a few weeks ago a large ship came into London with a crew of Malays and Javanese, who had seen some of the Scriptures given to the crew of the ship referred to, and these, with no ordinary degree of earnestness, pressed their request for a similar supply, which was given them. Thus, a Malay Testament, given away in 1868, has produced important results, and probably the gift will lead other crews and individuals to seek for a further supply of the Bread of Life.

How far we shall see the effect in the future, we cannot tell. Christian knowledge is multiplying, and, like the river in its progress to the sea, gathers strength as it goes. The last heard of the ship was about three years after the Testament was given. A Javanese came to the Missionary's house, and solicited a Testament like the one the Serang Mohammed possessed. We were not desirous of giving away such a large volume without some evidence of the probability of

its usefulness, and he received an evasive answer; but the man was in earnest, and we finally gave him the precious treasure. For weeks we saw this man almost daily, but always with his Testament, in the perusal of which he was almost entirely absorbed He received spiritual instruction with much pleasure Some friends, who spoke only English, pleased with his apparent regard for the Book, asked him how he liked it, and in his limited English, he replied, "Good, God Book," and then, putting his hand on the Book and on his breast, and pointing up, said with beaming eyes, "Heaven! heaven!" The explanation he desired to give was that the truths contained in the Book would lead him to heaven

Such are a few illustrations selected from the record of our endeavours to promulgate the ever-blessed Gospel among the sons of the sea May these unworthy attempts be washed in the Redeemer's blood, and be acceptable to the Lord of the harvest, and may increasing grace and faith be supplied, that our future work among them may be blessed to the salvation of many souls, and the extension of the Redeemer's kingdom "*Surely the isles shall wait for me, and the ships of Tarshish first, to bring my sons from far, their silver and their gold with them, unto the name of the Lord thy God, and to the Holy One of Israel*"

CHAPTER IX

CHRISTIAN TEACHERS

How mysterious are the Lord's ways in his dealings with his people Saul left Jerusalem "breathing out threatenings and slaughter against the disciples of the Lord," with letters from the high priest, but ere he could carry out the instructions conveyed in them or the object of his journey, the Saviour met him on the road to Damascus, where he preached the very Gospel he had formerly blasphemed, and associated with those whom he went forth to persecute.

Onesimus ran away from Philemon at Colosse, and found his way to Rome, and there, among the crowd, listened to a prisoner preaching the everlasting Gospel He had heard the same voice before at Colosse, but the words which had no effect then, touched his stubborn heart at Rome, where he had come to hide himself in the great metropolis of the world, and by them was drawn to confess his sinful history to the Apostle, who had thus "begotten him in his bonds"

Thus are the mysterious dealings of Divine Providence with the children of men continually brought to

light, and none can more beautifully illustrate this than the history of several monuments of grace who have passed through and been sheltered in the Home for Asiatics

Here is a young Burmese, who finds his way from his native country in the far-distant East, first to the City of Palaces, and from thence to the great metropolis of the West, "in search of knowledge" On arriving at Calcutta he seeks instruction at a Church Missionary School, where he obtains gratuitously an elementary education in the English language, and ere long, through grace and mercy, his heart is opened to embrace the precious truths of the Gospel, and to cast himself on Jesus as his Saviour and Redeemer

Anxious to see a Christian country, and to obtain a higher stage of education, which he believed was only attainable in England — without means — he works his passage as a common sailor-boy on board a merchant-vessel to London On reaching our shores and receiving his discharge from the ship, he is brought by a British sailor to the office of the Home for Asiatics (which was then being built) He tells his history, desires, and hopes to the Honorary Secretary, who, feeling a deep interest in the lad, promises to exert himself in his behalf, and eventually introduces him to the Secretary of the Church Missionary Society, and, after a few months' probation, he is placed by the Committee as a student in the Church Missionary Society's College, at Islington Here he remained, prosecuting his studies, from September, 1857, till October, 1860, when he was sent out to Calcutta, where he arrived on the 10th February, 1861.

Previously to leaving England he sent his portrait, with many expressions of gratitude, to the Honorary Secretary of the Strangers' Home, having written on the back of it —

"*I am crucified with Christ, nevertheless I live, yet not I, but Christ liveth in me and the life which I now live in the flesh I live by the faith of the Son of God, who loved me, and gave Himself for me*" (Gal ii. 20)

"WILLIAM S SANDYS

"October 2nd, 1860

"Proceeding (D V) to Benares, per ship 'Lady Melville'"

He is next heard of at Meerut, from whence the Rev C T Hærnle writes "Our hands have been strengthened by the appointment of Mr W S Sandys to our Anglo-vernacular school in the city Mr Sandys is a Burmese by birth, but has received a sound and Christian education in England,' and in the following year Mr Hærnle reports "that he has three very efficient native helpers [one of whom is] Mr Sandys, trained in the Society's College at Islington, who is head master of the English school"

He was afterwards transferred to the Church Missionary Society's Mission at Kotighur, where he laboured, beloved and respected by all, till, his heart having long yearned to set the Gospel before his own countrymen in Burmah, he was permitted to retire, and disconnect himself from the Church Missionary Society The result of this step may be learnt from the following gratifying intelligence, which is extracted from the report of the late deeply lamented

Archdeacon of Calcutta's visitation in Burmah, in October, 1869 —

"On my return from Moulmein on my way to Akyab, I spent another day at Rangoon, and was glad to visit Mr Sandys' school, of which I had not heard before Mr Sandys was a Burmese lad, who adopted the name of our senior missionary, the Rev T Sandys, by whom he was baptized some years ago in Calcutta He was educated in the Church Missionary Society Institution at Islington, and came out to be a schoolmaster at Meerut, where I saw him in charge of the Church Missionary Society's town school, in 1863 He afterwards went to Kotighur, but having a strong desire to come to his native land, he came He has got up at Rangoon a school of his own 200 Burman boys on his books, 150 average attendance The answers of the first class in Scripture, and their good pronunciation of English, were surprising Mr Sandys is a regular communicant at the English Church, and is much respected This is a most interesting instance of a pure native Burman, an intelligent and well-informed Christian, maintaining an independent position, adorning his Christian profession, and devoting himself to the Christian enlightenment of his countrymen May God keep him steadfast, and greatly promote his usefulness"

There is scarcely a case with which the Asiatic Home has been connected, in which the mysterious hand of Providence is more fully illustrated, than in the singular history of Achuen Grace Amoy. Girls in China can be bought at a very low price from poor

parents, and Achuen Amoy was so purchased by a set of Chinese speculators, and trained for public amusement. Immense gain was anticipated, but all the projects of her owners ended in disappointment, for, being brought to England, she was, through unforeseen and unexpected circumstances, rescued from the grasp of these "Celestial" slaveowners, brought up and educated in the family of a devoted Christian minister, and as she grew in years and became acquainted with the English language, she grew also in grace, and in the knowledge of Jesus as her Saviour and her all in all, and at length the Master of the vineyard was pleased to select her for the work of evangelization in Amoy An extract from one of her letters, written in English, will best speak of her Christian hope and expectation —

"On board the ship 'Jason'

"Dear Sir,—I got on board quite safe this morning, the vessel is a splendid and large one I need not tell you how very sad and sorry I am at leaving dear old England, because she contains all I love best in the world, although at the same time I am thankful to think that I am going out to be useful to many of my poor deluded countrymen, and I hope with the blessing of God I may be the means of leading many to that knowledge which alone can give us real consolation in this and in another world, and I am greatly cheered by the bright hope that we shall all meet one day in another land, where there will be no parting, when we have faithfully done our work below."

And again she wrote, "This news was so unex-

pected and sudden that I scarcely know how to feel. I am glad in going, because I can and may be useful to my country, with God's help and blessing, but I am exceedingly sorry at leaving England, because here I have found so many dear kind friends, and above all in finding my very best and dearest friend, Jesus Christ our blessed Saviour"

The same pleasing spirit runs through her many well-written letters she is a monument of grace, and a happy illustration of the wonderful means by which Jesus brings the stranger to a knowledge of Himself.

The Asiatic Home has thus been highly honoured in sheltering and affording aid to many heathen strangers, reaching London in their blindness, who, after a short residence on our shores, like the eunuch of old, have obtained the bread of life, the glad tidings of salvation, and have taken it to the land of their nativity Here is another illustration, drawn by the Missionary's pen in the year 1867 —

"JHULEE KHAN, a native of Calcutta, came to England as a Lascar, in 1841, and having left his ship, obtained a living, mostly in tap-rooms, with his fiddle, playing hornpipes and singing English songs In this way he passed through most of the provincial towns of England and Scotland In 1857, a lady at Tottenham became acquainted with him, and made him the subject of her earnest prayers and teaching, which he gratefully acknowledges were blessed to his soul. From this time he took the Christian name of John Carr, gave up hornpipe-playing, song-singing, and tap-room visiting, and learnt a number of hymns, which he sang

in the streets, and in this way secured large audiences, which he seldom allowed to retire without hearing something about the Gospel, and the Saviour he had found. Although his addresses were in bad English, he was very earnest, and there are evidences that God blessed his efforts One gentleman who was brought to the Saviour by this Asiatic's preaching, showed his sympathy by paying the rent of his humble dwelling. In 1865 he became very desirous of being useful to his own countrymen in India, and declared his wishes to the Missionary, soliciting his aid and prayers His case was made a subject of prayer, there was room, however, for faith, for John Carr had a wife and five children, and a large sum for passage-money was necessary But all the obstacles rapidly vanished, a ship was found in which a passage at a reduced rate was obtained, the amount required, upwards of £100, was sent in by friends from various quarters, and John Carr was engaged as an agent of the Foreign Evangelists' Society, to labour in connection with an European missionary in the north-west of India The family was entertained at the Strangers' Home for a few days before going on board the 'Andromeda,' for Calcutta, in December, 1865, and eventually sailed from Portsmouth in January, 1866"

Several interesting cases of Christian strangers who have visited our shores, recur to my memory and might here be placed on record It will, however, be interesting to know that the native Christians who have passed through London have belonged to every evangelical section of the Church, and it is no small pleasure

to welcome these in the metropolis of Christendom in their Master's name. Among those who resided in the Home during the year 1865, five were converts connected with the Church Missionary Society, four with the London, two with the Wesleyan, one with the Baptist, and three with American Missionary Societies Many have come from the East, who, had it not been for the friendly hand extended to them through the Strangers' Home, might have perished or at best suffered greatly, just as previously to the establishment of the Home many came to Christian England, and heard less of their Redeemer than in their own land, and not a few, like the unfortunate Jew when journeying from Jerusalem to Jericho, fell among thieves, and had nothing on their return home to show for their journey, but it has ever been the principal object of the Strangers' Home to act up to its motto—"*Be not forgetful to entertain strangers*," and in striving to fulfil this precept the effort has been largely blessed, for many a follower of Jesus has been entertained and gone on his way rejoicing, thankful for the Christian sympathy and assistance shown to him, of which the following is another remarkable instance —

Yohanan and Yusef, natives of Oroomiah on the north-western frontier of Persia, arrived in England in 1862 Yohanan was sixty-two years of age, and had been a presbyter for thirty years, in the misnamed Nestorian church. He had, however, only been a converted man for fifteen years, which happy change he owed, under Divine grace, to the zealous and

successful American missionary, the Rev Mr. Stoddard. Yohanan disregarded the many superstitious ceremonies of his ancient church as soon as he entered into the merits and enjoyments of a precious Saviour, and thus he sacrificed his position in the unreformed church The desolation of the wild Kurds, the extortion of the Persian Khans, and the scarcity of the harvest for several years, reduced this ancient people to a wretched and miserable plight The Syrian Relief Fund had attracted their notice, and it was hoped that if Protestants in the west could show such sympathy for the sufferers of the Roman Church, less sympathy could scarcely be expected for a people more like themselves both in faith and church constitution Armed with a letter from the bishop, and assisted by the patriarch's brother, Yohanan and Yusef started off on foot to reach their distant brethren in the west The incidents of their journey are touching, but cannot be introduced here They crossed the classical Araxes, and threaded their way across the mountain ranges of the snowy Caucasus, among the Cossacks of the Don, and nearly found a grave among the snow-drifts and beneath the wintry sky of Moscow. Faith triumphant, prayers answered, and Divine aid under desperate circumstances, make up the entire journey. They reached London, *viâ* St Petersburg, Konigsburg, and Hamburg, after a year of heavy toil. They hallowed the spot where they landed with prayer, and asked God to send them to a Shleeha, or missionary, who would receive them, and to a house where they might find rest. This prayer was an-

swered in a few short hours, when they found themselves seated in the hall of the Strangers' Home. The Missionary was taxed to the uttermost of his ability to discover the birthplace of these mysterious visitors. Their dress gave no clue, being made up of a *melange de tous* of Europe, their native clothes being worn out on the road, and every language with which they were plied failed When the Missionary had succeeded in fixing their language, and their home, a fruitless correspondence followed, to find a friend who could speak the modern Syriac tongue, but it seemed that no one in England could speak it, and certainly we have no books in that language, not even a dictionary —though there is a grammar by Stoddard in the British Museum The presbyter fortunately knew the ancient Syriac, being the language of the church liturgy of his people Out of many correspondents the Missionary could only find one person who would undertake to correspond with the presbyter, who not only corresponded with him as long as he was in England, but manifested a deep solicitude to accomplish the object of their visit this was Mr B Cowper, of Hackney

They had now been one month in London, and the Missionary was making gratifying progress in the modern tongue, which he found was composed principally of Hebrew, Arabic, and Persian words, many of which he understood as soon as he heard them. Before they left the Home the Missionary could converse with them with tolerable ease Mr Cassell was the first who kindly noticed them in his *Quiver* The

Illustrated London News and most of the religious and secular papers followed The *Daily Telegraph* was the last, but by no means the least The Rev. C H. Spurgeon took a deep interest in them, and his church kindly invited them to the Lord's table at the Metropolitan Tabernacle Rev E Clay, of St Margaret's, Brighton, also invited them to a meeting at his schoolroom, where Yohanan gave an account of his perilous journey from Oroomiah to London which the Missionary had the pleasure of putting into English At this delightful meeting upwards of £50 was raised There are many other friends whose names could be mentioned if space admitted At the time the Nestorian Committee met to dispose of the money collected, £254 7s 11d was in hand A committee was also named, to be formed in Oroomiah by Dr Perkins, who was providentially passing through London at this important crisis *en route* for Oroomiah, the scene of his missionary labours The object of the committee formed in Oroomiah was to dispose of the money sent to them by the committee in London for the relief of the Christians of Persia A valedictory service was held at Cotton-street chapel, Poplar, at which Yohanan, and Yusef, and Dr Perkins were present It was one among many happy meetings These three Christian men started for Oroomiah on the 15th of September, 1862, bearing with them several letters of sympathy and congratulation from clergymen and dissenting churches, among which the salutations and expressions of Christian love from the Bishop of London, to the Bishop of Oroomiah, and the patriarch

of that venerable Persian church, deserve special notice, and there is reason to hope effected much good. The priest wrote from Constantinople a letter which evidently is intended for all his friends He says —

"Brethren in the Lord, all elect of God, the true church that is in the fear of the Lord, true converts, perfect confessors, honourable readers of the words of his doctrines, of the Old and New Testament, that is to say, true brethren of London, I, Presbyter Yohanan, of Chamakia, make known to you the love that there is in us towards you and towards all your churches, and towards all our beloved brethren in the Lord. Truly your love abideth with us all the days of our lives. In this world we are divided one from another, in another world our Lord Jesus Christ will not divide us from one another" The letter is somewhat long. After stating that the Lord Jesus Christ saved him from all the waves of the sea, he salutes many friends by name, among whom are "Mar Cowper, and Hannah our sister, the household of our brother, Mar Salter, Mar Freeman, and all who are in his house, Colonel Hughes, and the house of Dr Cumming;" and he concludes, "Salute all the faithful brethren of London"

"The grace of the Lord be with you Amen.

"Written in the month of Elul, the 21st in it (Oct 3rd), on Friday, the year of Messiah, 1862

"Salutations from Presbyter Yohanan, a faithful brother, from Yusef, a faithful brother, to the faithful brethren of London.

"Fare ye well. Amen."

The antiquity of this style and language cannot fail to impress the readers.

Dr. Perkins also wrote from Trebizond on the first day of the Nestorian new year, Oct 13th, from which we learn that Yohanan addressed the Armenian converts in that town, collected at the Protestant chapel there He spoke to them of what he saw and experienced in London, to the edification and surprise of his hearers Dr Perkins adds, "I trust that what they have seen and heard in England will turn to good account in their own country They will never forget your kindness It was very grateful to me to hear the priest ring the changes on the list of names, as pleasant to him to repeat, in his address yesterday Mr Salter, Mr Freeman, Colonel Hughes, to these good brethren I beg a kind remembrance, as also to your family and other kind friends of these wanderers, in all of which they heartily join" After speaking on more personal matters, he adds, "You are engaged in a very important and interesting work May God strengthen you for it, and give you the joy of seeing the rich spiritual results of your labours for the homeless I know that you and other English friends will never lose your interest in the Nestorians, not only for the two specimens you have seen, but also for the entire people And the substantial proof you have already given of that interest is but an earnest, I trust, of the fervent prayers with which our English friends will help us in our work" A few days after the despatch of this letter, they started on their "great land journey," which occupied them about a month,

among the mountains of Armenia, to the frontier of Persia.

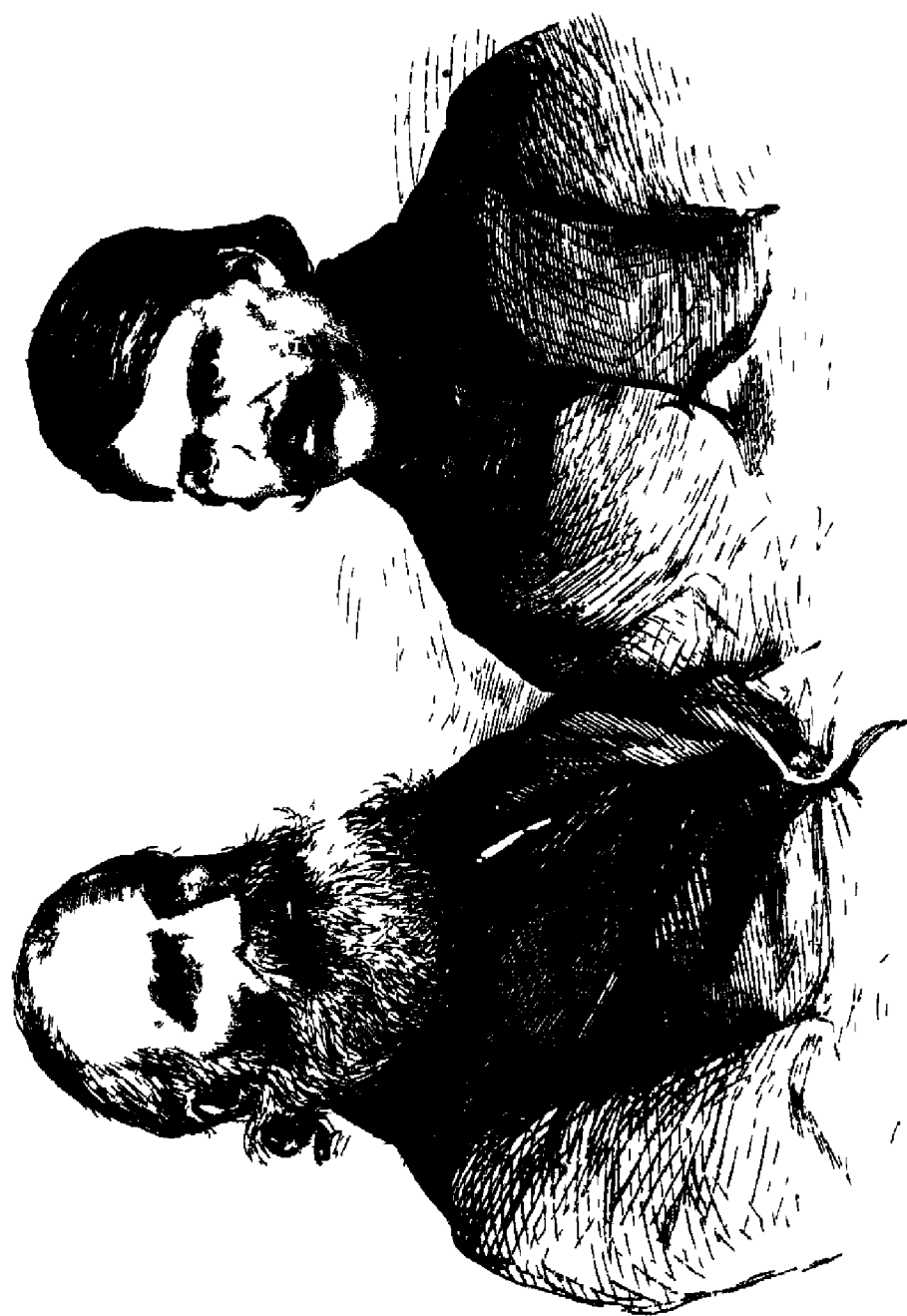
This tedious journey completed, Dr. Perkins, in the following letter, sent intelligence to Colonel Hughes of their safe arrival in their Eastern home.

"OROOMIAH, PERSIA, *Nov.* 26, 1862.

"MY DEAR SIR,—I am happy to report myself once more at my *Persian home* I arrived at Oroomiah on the 15th inst —two months from London. You will be glad to hear that my Nestorian friends came very successfully. They accompanied me all the way, with the exception of a few of the last days of the journey, when I turned off to visit a mission-station, and they reached home before me. During those few days of separation from me, one of the Mohammedan muleteers took the opportunity savagely to beat the Nestorians, and though he inflicted no permanent injury on them, it is but an illustration of what the poor native Christians have to suffer from their brutal Mohammedan masters and fellow-countrymen Would that the strong and benevolent arm of England could reach Persia for their protection—at least for the mitigation of their sufferings

"I would reiterate my sincere thanks to you, Mr. Cowper and Mr Salter, for all your great kindness to the Nestorian wanderers.* They and

* It will be gratifying to learn that the Missionary received a valuable present of a copy of the Old and New Testaments in the Ancient and Modern Syriac, as an acknowledgment of his services to the Nestorians who resided in the Home, with the following inscription,—

"The Old and New Testaments in the Ancient and Modern Syriac,

their friends can never cease to be deeply grateful to you.

"Pray express my thanks to all friends who contributed to the relief of Priest Yohanan and Yusef.—Ever gratefully yours, "J. PERKINS."

The deficiency of effective teaching among the Chinese in London has been somewhat met by taking advantage of the visits of missionaries and evangelists from that distant empire to say a word for the Saviour. Among the number so used was an interesting convert from Singapore a short sketch of his career is worth narrating. Born of parents in a fair position of life, they gave him a thorough English education to fit him for government employ. When a boy at school he showed so much animosity to the name of Christ that he obliterated it everywhere from the pages of his reading-books. He went to the Missionary's school to be fitted for his future work, but the Missionary made the Word of God a daily book for instruction and explanation, and hence O Tye Kim, the future evangelist, became unwillingly acquainted with the truths of the New Testament He was afterwards engaged as a surveyor to the British Government, and while so occupied, the seeds sown in early youth began to show signs of life A terrific storm of unusual description alarmed him, and he drew out his long-neglected

the latter being the spoken language of the Nestorians. Presented to Mr. Salter, of the Strangers' Home, by the American Missionaries at Oroomiah in Persia." "R. M. M.

"16th December, 1862."

Testament, and a few days later, whilst engaged among the nutmeg-trees, which were being cultivated or removed according to their usefulness or uselessness, the fruitless tree cumbering the ground, and the command to cut it down, so graphically told by the divine lips of the Redeemer, came with the force of an arrow drawn from the heavenly quiver and discharged by the Master's hand, so that he found no peace till he found it at the Saviour's feet "*Cast thy bread upon the waters, for thou shalt find it after many days.*"—the Missionary and young disciple rejoiced in the fulfilment of the declaration. O Tye Kim became an itinerant preacher, and by his own energy collected together a native church Having delegated his work in the East to other hands, he came to England, hoping to reach his numerous coolie countrymen in the West It was on this occasion his valuable services were made use of. Two events will illustrate his zeal for his Master's work On a Whit-Monday, when a living stream was pressing towards Victoria Park, a crowd was observed in the chief thoroughfare, and, attracted by curiosity, the Missionary went to see the cause of the gathering; when, to his pleasure, he saw O Tye Kim seated by the wayside in Chinese attire, with flowing pig-tail and the indispensable fan and umbrella, reading the Scriptures, and exhorting his English audience On another occasion he was passing by a country beer-shop; when the rural votaries of the drunken deity tapped at the window and called him in, not expecting that he would obey the summons, but he did, and made it the occasion of pointing his hearers to the Redeemer, one

of whom confessed he found life through that singular event. O Tye Kim was entertained at the Asiatic Home on the same terms as those on which he offered the gospel of peace—"without money and without price." And the Church Missionary Society, although he declined to become their agent, generously paid for his passage to Demerara. His usefulness among his benighted countrymen answered the expectations of his friends, but like Peter and David he fell in the hour of temptation, and to avoid inevitable exposure, disappeared among his countrymen in America.

CHAPTER X.

HIGHWAYS AND HEDGES.

"PADRE, I am a Christian now, I have been in England fifteen years, have married an English woman, and I eat pork and drink beer when I can get it." Thus was the Missionary addressed by Jumal Deen, who was endeavouring to sustain his claim to Christianity, and these are among the reasons he assigned for being one He was standing, at the time he spoke, under the railway arch of the Borough Road, clothed in a white frock, and his two little girls with him, dressed in Indian costume, begging of the passers-by Jumal Deen resided in Westminster, where, he affirmed, many more of his countrymen were to be found

We felt a strong desire to extend our acquaintance among these foreigners, and to break in upon their darkness with the Word of Light Shadwell in the East is but one place out of many in London where the dark stranger may be found. Within a short distance of the Houses of Parliament some twenty Asiatic vagrants are residing. Strange that Dives and Lazarus should live so close together, and yet such a gulf

between. Within five minutes' walk of the splendid edifice in which the Peers and Commons meet to direct the affairs of this great empire, is a vast warren for beggars and thieves, residing in threepenny lodging-houses, in rooms or portions of rooms let off for their accommodation. If you wish to see any who reside in this neighbourhood, they must be sought for at the most uninviting hour—at dusk—when the unscrupulous adventurers usually return home. If we are to fulfil our mission, we must go to their haunts, under the Divine care, with the precaution of taking nothing worth losing, even a pocket-handkerchief of no value some one took from us as a memento of our first visit The prison "crop" is the fashionable style of hair in this neighbourhood, and in the face of each may be seen the manifestation of brute force and animal development, or the shattered system, like an injured bark, about to become a total wreck,—the plague spot of villany, crime, and disease The "slang" of the neighbourhood is a language but half understood, and for which there is neither dictionary nor grammar to help, those who can pronounce the "Shibboleth" are brethren, for the *parole de passe* can only be learnt by practice if not acquired as a mother-tongue. Doors stand open, as though each house was public property, and the uncleaned windows save the expense in many places of blinds and screens, and, except where the broken window-panes have been replaced by paper, afford the residents the opportunity of exercising their talent in drawing, whilst those who can write use them to

express the debasing thoughts that float uppermost in their mind.

Such were our musings as we passed through Old Pye Street, Westminster, though the description, with trifling variation, would apply to the same shifting fraternity in the East,—in Whitechapel, Golden Lane, and Drury Lane, with their tortuous and odorous avenues.

We had already ascertained the names of some of the Asiatics living in these places, having met them in the streets or visited them in hospital or in prison, and had not much difficulty in selecting the house we wanted, our greatest trouble being to find our way in the dark, up a staircase with defective banisters and faulty steps On the first landing we were bewildered, but the vernacular of Hindostan reached our ear from a room above, and a call in the same tongue brought Abdool's wife to the rescue, holding the remains of a candle in her delicate fingers. She fancied that another Asiatic was fumbling his way upstairs to join the three who were already there, and she did not find out her mistake till we are fairly at the door of Abdool's room "Oh, sir," she said in alarm, "who do you want? he's not here, we don't know where he is." It just occurred to our mind that it was only a week since we saw Abdool in prison; and the woman thinks we want to take him there again, but we push our way in, and the eyes of the assembled Asiatics are all turned towards the door, to see who the strange visitor might be, and what he wanted. A salutation altered the anxious countenance

of each; after a simultaneous ejaculation, "Oh, it's the Padre," we shook hands, and even the woman became satisfied that the visit was a peaceful one. Abdool had lived in Old Pye Street for many years, but we did not expect to find all who were present here. One of them was old Shaik Mohammed, a blind Arab, who was accustomed to stand in the east of London, clothed in white, against a wall, with a paper hanging on his breast beneath his large beard, with "BLIND" written in large letters, or he would parade the street aided by a little dog and a string, but Abdool and the old Shaik have entered into partnership Abdool, a native of India, henceforth is to be the affectionate son of the old Arab, who, now more infirm than ever, limps behind his newly-adopted son, with his left hand on his shoulder, and in his right he holds the string and the dog, or kind people would not discover he was really blind The poor old man did not live long after this arrangement. He died somewhat suddenly, in the room we were visiting A coffin was procured somehow, and he was carried to the grave and deposited in his last home by his countrymen, a tribute of respect which all Asiatics, even with the difficulties attending it in England, are always anxious to perform with scrupulosity On the occasion of my visit, Abdool and the Shaik had brought home 6s 9½d., and when they had agreed about the dividend of the cash, we had liberty to speak to them.

"Did you ever hear of a man that was born blind and recovered his sight?" "Can the Padre tell me of one?" was the interrogative reply. "There was a poor

man who spoke an Asiatic language in asking a bakshish of the passers-by; he was born blind in one of the cities of the East, and sat begging all day long outside the gates of his city; he heard talk of a man whose heavenly mission was proved by the miracles he did in raising the dead and causing the blind to see One day this man passed out of the gate of the city, along the road where the blind man sat, and was attended by a great number of followers." "What a fine chance," interrupted Abdool, "to make a few rupees." "What a good opportunity," retorted the blind Arab, "for the poor fellow to seek the restoration of his sight" "Well, onwards the people came, shouting the praise of the prophet, and the blind man wondered who was coming, and when he heard who it was, he sprang to his feet and began to shout out with all his might, not for pence, but to attract the notice of the great prophet, that he might obtain his sight. "The people told him to hold his tongue, and not make such a noise" "But he did not, did he?" again interrupted the blind Shaik, "if they had been blind," he added, "they would not have spoken so foolishly as that" "But the kind prophet stood still and called him, and said, 'Receive thy sight!' and the man opened his eyes for the first time in his life, and looked on the beautiful sun, and trees, and the smiling faces of his fellow-creatures." "Who was he?" inquired all three listeners, and on hearing the name of *Hazrat Isa*, the Lord Jesus, they requested to know a little more about Him. We therefore read the Scripture history of blind Bartimeus, and used it as

an illustration of how spiritual sight or life is secured by the work of the same great Saviour. Abdool was the only one out of the three who manifested any interest in the sacred truth, and asked for a copy of the Scriptures. Finding he could read, we gave him an entire Testament, which he read on every occasion we visited him, and seemed to value.

This band of Asiatics was shortly afterwards broken up. The old Shaik died doubly blind, and Abdool, under the influence of better feelings, returned to India. But there was a third man present, who called our attention to Allah Buksh, who he said was dying in the next street, and was so desirous that we should visit him, that he offered to escort us to the bedside of the sick man, an offer we immediately accepted. With such a guide we found ourselves in the street with comparative ease, but the nearest way round by which he led us to the sick-bed was inexplicable. Allah Buksh was indeed very ill, but the foul odours from want of ventilation, which were rendered worse by men and women crowding into the room, made it impossible for the Missionary, who loved pure air, to stay long that night Already he felt ill, and after reading a portion of the Holy Word, and directing all present, especially the sick man, to the Saviour of the lost, he retired as quickly as possible from the room and neighbourhood to the freer air of Charing Cross, and found welcome relief in a glass of pure cold water. The next morning, however, when most of the occupants of this warren had left their homes, he was again by the bed of the sick and dying man, and

passed some time with him; feeling very thankful for the opportunity of endeavouring to remove some of the heathenish notions that clouded his mind, with the hope and prayer that the light of divine grace might shine on his soul. The visit was so far encouraging that he acknowledged his sins, and said that Christ was the Saviour, and soon afterwards passed into eternity.

We had just read of a colliery explosion. Sixteen men were imbedded in the mine, they were in danger of being starved to death or suffocated, and men with human hearts were working night and day to extract them alive from the terrors of death. We admired their heroism, and wished them success, but why should a stranger call our attention to a death-bed in a neighbourhood like this? It came, as it has often come, though not in precisely the same way, like a voice from above "Descend the dangerous mine, clear away the rubbish, press every hand into the service, let in the fresh air and the Divine light, or they will be suffocated with the foul vapours of heathenism, or starved for want of the bread of life." Here is Allah Buksh, drawn out of the foul pit in time for the Missionary to hear him confess his sins and die.

Raheem was at the bedside of the sick man yesterday, and met us on the following morning with Muttoo and others in Sadiqut's room, to save us from another night visit. The pleasing reason was that Raheem had listened to the truth, he had told his wife, Muttoo, and others about it; we had a happy meeting that morning, rejoicing in the opportunity of setting forth divine truth, and in the hope that

Muttoo, Raheem and his wife were desirous of further instruction.

Since then we have often visited all three, and read and spoken of the better land Muttoo, we have every reason to believe, lived and died trusting in the Saviour to the last. He gave up his spirit in the work-house of Westminster. The wife of Raheem soon obtained a Bible of her own, and, with her husband, looked for our visits with much pleasure, and we trust with profit We naturally avoided night visitation in Old Pye Street and the vicinity, and often had to push our way through a crowd of the most depraved, to reach a doorway to visit some Asiatic in the garret, or in an upper room Fajoo we found in a top room, and while we were talking to him of the peace the Saviour gave, a terrible quarrel below kept us a prisoner in the lodging-house longer than we desired. Having got free, we crossed Old Pye Street, and entered another "lodging-house for travellers," to find old Mohammed, but were compelled to have our first meeting with him in the general room, exposed to the annoying inquisitiveness of the surrounding company, our visit was consequently limited, and anything but profitable "Jim," hallooed one of the women, with a coarse voice, "do come here, here's a man vot talks black" "The gem'man's bin to the East Hinges," said a second. We retired in the midst of their speculations, and sought another opportunity, but we had ascertained that Mohammed had been a long while in England, and had thrown to the bats and to the moles the false prophet and the

Koran, and professed his belief in the Saviour, telling us he was a member and regular attendant at St. Anne's Church in the vicinity.

The Asiatics residing in London, as well as those in all provincial towns, are like the links of a long chain, if one link is found, the others soon come in view It was not difficult, therefore, to extend our visitation to the same classes all over London. Amongst others, we became acquainted with a well-known London character, an Arab from Nubia, six feet high, with a head of black wool, dressed in a white frock, usually selling scents, sometimes with a board in front of him, with the oft-told tale, that "His master was dead, that he came to England when a young man shortly after the Princess Victoria was crowned Queen of England, with some splendid Arabian horses for Her Majesty, was discharged on his master's death, and consequently unable to return to his native country" We have repeatedly seen this young Arab in prison, and the last time the gaoler called our attention to him, he seemed to be in a dying state, stretched out on his prison bed We spoke to him, and he opened his glassy eyes, which revealed the confused state of the brain The doctors did not know what was the disease, but he had unconsciously become an opium-smoker, he had taken the insidious pipe now and then to please a friend, but the enemy unawares had gained possession of the citadel, and was master of the position The prisoner was in this wretched state of prostration from the want of the poisonous pipe. We had hoped he had long ago left England; for

twice was a ship provided for him, and twice his advance-note was cashed, but like a mouse that runs off with the bait unhurt, he enjoyed the benefit of the advance-money, and is still running about London.

Not long after this, our attention was attracted by an announcement that a party of raw savages had been brought over to England from the island of Formosa, who would amuse the public by going through their national antics—the war-songs, the attack, the council, etc Hoping that we might be able to make ourselves understood, and to say a few words to natives of that out-of-the-way island, we visited the proprietor of the raw savages, asking his permission to speak to them, but no attention being paid to our request, we paid our sixpence to know more about these wonderful "raw savages." The war chief and his six followers made their appearance in their outlandish dresses. Now we shall hear the patois of this strange island Why, they are talking in Arabic! that cannot be the language of Formosa Have the natives of that island woolly heads? and such a black skin, so close to China? We look again with suspicion "Why, they are Arabs!" we exclaim involuntarily. The war chief is the young Arab we last saw in prison dying from the effects of opium, and the rest are "raw savages" collected, not in Formosa, but in Drury Lane and St Giles's.

Old Oosman, an Arab, long residing in Drury Lane, was always the source of much anxiety to us. Our first impression on talking with him was favourable, for he had acquired so much spiritual truth, which

he freely used, that we were led to hope he was somewhat under its influence, but we did not know him. We never got into his house except when we entered it by stealth. He had good reasons for keeping us away, his house was a plague-spot even in that locality, and all in it were utterly impervious to our influence. We grieve to think how he lived, but he died as he lived, and the evil was only removed by his death How wonderful has been the divine aid in removing so many authors of Asiatic ruin; some have died, others gone to their own country, whilst the few remaining in England are improved morally and spiritually

Night visitation is not inviting, yet necessary to come in contact with the objects of our search Here is another visit, the account of it stands recorded a few days after the attempt —

I was visiting in the neighbourhood of Drury Lane, when I heard of some four or five Lascars, chiefly deserters from the ship "Dominion" It was after dark, as I was passing down Drury Lane Hurriedly a dark stranger, with a red coat on, and a bundle of tracts under his arm, passed between me and the glare of the gaslight from a shop window. I imagined this man might be a clue to their whereabouts. He turned into Parker Street, and unexpectedly disappeared down an open passage. I looked through the doorway, but could see nothing, I knew I was in the neighbourhood of thieves I had but little to lose, so I entered the dark avenue, and fumbled about for a staircase or a door; but arrived at the yard at

the other end unsuccessful Gazing round the ruinous place, step-ladders were observable by the light of the moon, conducting those who knew the way to various obscure destinations It was a forlorn hope to attempt any of those, but on re-entering the passage I was met by an Irishwoman, and told her the object of my search. She made many inquiries, became insolent, and would give me no information The fact was, she was living with a Lascar in the first-floor back-room, but not the Lascar whom I had seen She soon left me, telling me to find him if I could. I told her I intended to do that before I left, and again resumed my search. At last I hit on the staircase, and, by dint of care in reference to imperfect stairs and absent railings in the banisters, gained the first floor There I heard some one singing, it was evidently some young woman, nursing her little one to sleep What are the words by which these little ones are nursed to sleep? Do they learn to lisp the Saviour's praise as they suck their mother's milk? Let me listen —

'Oh, I got drunk last night,
And I was drunk the night before,
And I'll be —— if I don't get drunk to-night,
If I never get drunk any more"

Impious song! Mad reverie! Better never said or heard! Index of a heart as dark as the stairs on which I stand! Let me cover it with a prayer —

"Oh, God! she sinned last night,
And she sinned the night before,
Oh, God! keep her from sin to-night,
And keep her from sin evermore!"

I should like to have spoken to her, but footsteps were heard coming upstairs, and soon I am speaking with the Irishwoman before mentioned. Wonderful to say, she is now very civil She obtains a light, and promises to conduct me to the object of my search. But all this kindness arises from the fact that I was near her room, and she wants to get rid of me. However, my object is gained This visit added three Orientals to my acquaintance, and afforded me a pleasing opportunity to speak of Christ where He was never spoken of or heard of before

How strange are the misnomers that often fall on the ear Here are *Angel's Place* and *Paradise Gardens*, the residence of squalor, poverty, and dirt Then there is *Golden Lane*,—and if there be a place in London undeserving such a name, this is the spot. The penny, not the sovereign, is the currency here, on the stalls, barrows, tables, carts, there is always something to sell for a penny—from a "gold ring" to a second-hand scrubbing-brush The yell and din of Golden Lane, caused by the vocal competition of men, women, and children endeavouring to claim attention to the superiority in quality and quantity of their wares, are confusing Among these noisy traders we pushed our way to gain access to a lodging-house to which we had the clue, to find out four men—a Burmese, a Hindoo, and two South Sea Islanders We found all four, but the room was full Samboes with their banjoes commingled with tramps, conjurors, and a clown

We were anxious to find out these strangers,

especially the South Sea Islanders, and had walked many miles with this object in view, as we had heard they were in need of assistance, and would be grateful for any it was in our power to give They had not long before lost all their money, clothes, etc., and we had heard of them in the refuges and lodging-houses of this locality, and now they were found All four were offered the privileges of the Home, until an opportunity occurred for their return to the land of their nativity The Hindoo was an old and well-known mendicant, and rejected alike the Home and the gospel The Burmese seemed much pleased with the spiritual visitor, his message, and the offer made to him for his temporal comfort, and promised to come to the Home, but never appeared, but the two South Sea Islanders, like the magnet that is kept from the north by force, but returns as soon as the pressure is removed, left Golden Lane at once, and turned their smiling faces in the direction of the Home Their lodging that night was threepence cheaper than the vagrants' lodging in "Golden Lane," with food included, besides the Saviour's teachings and His love practically illustrated A Testament in their own native tongue was given to each, and finally they obtained employment at fair wages in a ship bound to the East This was a good day's work, thus to rescue two perishing ones from the miseries of pauperism and degradation "A man overboard," said one of the sons of the isles of the Southern Ocean "Yes," answered the Missionary, "we knew you were." "But you threw out the rope before we sank," was

the grateful reply. Thank God we did, and hope to be the honoured instrument of saving many more before our work is completed.

But down a narrow court in this *Golden* thoroughfare, in the first floor back-room of a house on the right, we met a servant of the Lord, a native of Calcutta, and linger at the door, for the good man was singing one of his revival hymns with his children, accompanied with a concertina How bright a solitary star looks when all the heaven around is black, and how sweet the accents of praise to the great Jehovah sound, in a neighbourhood like this! His song will be associated with his memory as long as we live

"I'm a pilgrim and a stranger,
Rough and thorny is the road,
Often in the midst of danger,
But it leads to God

"Clouds and darkness oft distress me,
Great and many are my foes,
Anxious care and thoughts perplex me,
But my Father knows"

Prayer is about to follow, but in that we must join them at the throne of grace, and express with them the same hope and assurance Observing a scarlet coat hanging up, we inquire its use, for we know it forms no part of an Oriental dress, and learn that it is worn when the owner of it preaches to the public. He told us —"It will attract a crowd to hear me, and then I tell them I am a sinner dyed in scarlet sins, and then in the deeper scarlet of the Redeemer's blood."

And before we leave, his favourite hymn is sung by all present —

> "My Jesus, I love Thee, I know Thou art mine,
> My rock and my fortress, my surety divine,
> My gracious Redeemer and Saviour art Thou,
> If ever I lov'd Thee, my Jesus, 'tis now
>
> "I will love Thee in life, I will love Thee in death,
> And praise Thee as long as Thou lendest me breath,
> And say, when the death dew lies cold on my brow,
> If ever I lov'd Thee, my Jesus, 'tis now"

CHAPTER XI

A SABBATH IN BLUE-GATE FIELDS.

ALREADY the bells announce that the time for divine service has well nigh arrived, and the multitude that keep holyday pass along the broad thoroughfares with feelings of joy and praise towards the house of God, and soon will the millions of England join in one grand ascription of praise and thanksgiving at the throne of the triune Jehovah

But how different the scene in Blue-gate Fields, where, alas! amusements and every description of evil attract the Lascars, who have arrived from the ships in the docks, and from other parts of London—here they congregate to while away the leisure hours of the Sabbath

The Missionary, knowing this, thinks it probable he may have some opportunity afforded him of saying a word in season, and of telling some of these Eastern strangers that there is a Saviour who can save to the uttermost all who come unto God by Him

He therefore wends his way to "the Fields," leaving the chief thoroughfare for the narrow streets which lead to that locality His company is soon

changed from those who are on their way to the house of prayer, to the clamorous vendors of everything, who are turning the day of rest into the busiest one of the seven, buyers and sellers uniting to set God at defiance, and sacrificing the eternal interests of the soul for the transitory wants of the body

From all he sees on nearing Blue-gate Fields, it is evident he will not be at a loss for material to work upon Asiatics are to be seen in every direction, passing from house to house, from court to court, all seeming thoroughly acquainted with the locality. Some are carrying their noisy tum-tums with them, to play for the amusement of their audience, others bringing the purchases they have made, whilst some have the coloured offspring of their companions in their arms, dressed out, and giving them sweets and fruit. Every way he turns there appears to be great preparation making for a day of revel

The archway, close to the "Royal Sovereign," forms a little court leading to a yard without thoroughfare, containing twelve three-roomed houses, two of these are opium smoking-rooms, kept by Chinese, which the Missionary proposes to visit before he leaves, but previously to penetrating so far, he pushes open a rickety door to see what is passing, and the cause of such vociferous mirth in the skittle-ground of this famed public-house. "Salám Padre," "Padre Salám," "ao," "baitho," sounds from half-a-dozen voices, words intended as a friendly invitation to "enter and sit down" To do this is difficult, unless we sit down as only tailors and Orientals can,

but how is it possible to describe the scene that is passing? There are about thirty men, dressed in the various hues of Oriental costume, some sitting on the ground smoking their hookahs, drinking from their lotas, others finishing a meal of rice, talking, laughing, and joking. In the centre is a tall, meagre, half-dressed native, with his tum-tum suspended from his neck by a string, standing erect, and endeavouring to bring all the noise he can out of his monotonous instrument with the furious raps he gives it with his fingers, while he shouts out an Indian melody through his nose and mouth, spins round, and tosses up his toes and heels in questionable time, if there be any in his music His attitude is so laughable that Hogarth or Cruikshank might have made a fortune out of such grimaces and gestures, but the chief actor soon became exhausted, and, having received a boisterous acclamation for a reward, sits down to regale himself. Now they want some one to tell them a tale, and by general consent the Padre is honoured and requested to begin. He, therefore, tells them that if they will be quiet and listen, he will do his best "An Eastern Rajah, who lived before the days of the great Arungzeb, called his Wuzeers, and Meers, and all the nobles of his kingdom, together to a sumptuous feast. The food and the entertainment were most inviting The Rajah's son was about to be married, and the king expected to pass a happy day with his nobles, but, to his great surprise, the Wuzeers, Meers, and nobles only laughed at the preparation that was being made; and when they were invited, not only declined to come,

but ill-treated and killed his messengers." "What a shame!" "What did the Rajah do to them?" exclaimed the hearers. "He destroyed those murderers, but the Rajah was determined his son should have a right royal banquet, with company in splendid attire, so he invited the poor of the city, and sent them royal robes to put on 'Clothing of wrought gold,' and 'raiment of needlework,' fragrant with the best scents of the East, and the banqueting chamber was furnished with guests The Rajah came in and looked with pleasure on the shining robes and smiling faces, but up yonder what does he see? There is one miserable fellow sitting at the royal table in his rags,—he has not put on the marriage garment What will be done to him?" "Shame! shame!" uttered some "Off with his head," said others. "He did worse than that, for he was able to do it He said, '*Bind him hand and foot, and take him away and cast him into outer darkness, there shall be weeping and gnashing of teeth*'" Some thought it served him right, but others inquired who the Rajah was, and one among the number professed to have read it, but forgot in what book, the Missionary then read the twenty-second of St Matthew, and endeavoured to press home the sacred teaching of the parable, by pointing out that all who reject Christ, the sacrifice that God has provided for sin, have rejected God's provision, an insult to the great King that must be punished.

But the Missionary moves on, the opium-smoking rooms in this yard are full, no doubt Here is one in the extreme corner, kept by an extraordinary-

looking Chinese, decrepit with old age, so singular in appearance, that a newspaper correspondent, in describing his visit here, and holding, perhaps, the opinions of Darwin, thought he might be the connecting link between the human and the brute, and endeavoured to show that this waif from the Celestial Empire was closely related to the chimpanzee That he only had animal developments is sadly true, but of how many may this be said, who have not yet fled for refuge to lay hold on Jesus, the sinner's only hope The room of this old Chinese is about eight feet by nine, for cooking, eating, sleeping, and for the accommodation of his smoking visitors Whoever wants a change of air is sure to find it here Three men are squeezed together on the little bed to get access to the lamp over which they smoke the opium, others are waiting their turn The Missionary can only drop a few words in the Saviour's name, and leave the owners of this room to their enjoyments, to cross over the way into another of the same description, but here the owner occupies the whole of the house Ten men, mostly Malays, are here, and Chinese Emma and Lascar Sally, who has just risen to a sense of the daylight, for those who turn night into day must, of necessity, turn day into night We were surprised to see her in the attitude for smoking opium, but she said that she was unable to do anything till she had had her morning pipe Emma tells us there are fifteen Chinese at her house, but we have no hope of penetrating so far on such a busy day as this The Missionary, therefore, continues his work, and selects a

portion of the Malay Scriptures, and reads to all who will listen; and by these means endeavours to make himself, as well as others, realize, notwithstanding the surroundings, that it is the Sabbath-day

Thus the morning is passed in "the Fields," and when about leaving for more congenial company and a sweeter atmosphere, the children, let loose from the school, are encountered—such a group! presenting so many nationalities, in one view, as perhaps could be gathered nowhere else These innocent children have often been looked upon with anxiety and pity, having so distinctively the evidence of their foreign parentage The dark little face with the woolly hair of Africa curling above the smiling eyes, or the features, perhaps not quite as dark, with the luxuriant flowing hair of Hindostan Others, too, were observed, whose little prattling lips unconsciously utter the abominations learnt at their own depraved homes, whose eyes and face link them with unmistakable accuracy to the empire of the Celestials

It is now afternoon, and the Missionary's steps are again directed towards "the Fields"

On entering Abdool Rhemon's house, there are twelve men in the lower room, but we pass them by to gain the first floor front Here are thirty, from the docks and other parts of London, endeavouring to pass a Sabbath afternoon according to Oriental taste, and the Missionary is surprised to find here some of the servants of the Queen of Oude from Harley House, for it is the Ramazan with Mohammedans, a fast which they pretend, in the royal suite, strictly to ob-

erve, when eating, drinking, and smoking are prohibited n the daytime, but here they are intoxicated with pium, or smoking and drinking *ad libitum*. An ttempt is made to rebuke them on their own ground, nd they are told they are violating their prophet's ommands in the Koran But those who are sailors mong them excuse themselves with native adroitness, aying that when Mohammed wrote the Koran there vere no sailors, and therefore his commandments could ot refer to men that did not exist They satisfy hemselves with this reply, and those who are not ailors claim for themselves the same exemption, and he fumes of opium rise to the native tune of a well-lressed fiddler that sat in the corner of the room, anon craping and singing, and breaking down in his attempt. The wretched opium slaves are lying about the room, wo of them unconscious, and must lie there till the ffort of nature succeeds in throwing off the stupefy-ng effects of the fatal pipe, here are two others fast esigning their consciousness They will soon reach hat stupid obliviousness, for which others are waiting o take their turn The smoke oozes out of every venue of the head, nose, ears, and mouth, like so nany branch lines leading off from the reservoir of ume within "Sing us a song," shouts one of the isitors to the Padre, as he was musing on the be-vitching influence that leads the way so surely to he destruction of soul and body "How can we ing the Lord's song in a strange land?" "But sten; here is something we will read to you." And we select for perusal and observation the Good

Samaritan, which, with many interruptions, we attempt to explain by the Saviour's sufferings and death. The expiation of sin by the Saviour is by some rejected with warmth, and Mohammed's account of Christ's ascension to heaven given to controvert Christian truth. "Christ did not die," some assert, "He was sent to the wicked Jews by the great Allah, and they intended to crucify Him, but as He was passing out of the gate of Jerusalem, a man just like Him stepped into his place and was led out and crucified, everybody thought it was Jesus, but they were all mistaken, Jesus went to heaven without dying" The Missionary inquired if the Jews were aware that Christ escaped Who found it out, seeing Mohammed was not born till six centuries afterwards, and therefore could know nothing about it? Then the injustice of allowing an innocent man to suffer for him, and the folly of the sufferer in stepping silently into such a position Explanation of all these things is asked, but the meeting was brought to a speedy close The shouts and laughter in the street, and a squib thrown into the room through a broken pane of glass, brought all who could stand to their feet, with a rush into the street, and in five minutes the room was cleared, excepting the Missionary and the stupefied Indians, still lying unconscious on the dirty floor What is the occasion of the riot? A glance through the window shows that it is another Sabbath-evening spree. One hundred men and women, at the least, were assembled in the narrow thoroughfare, and among them about sixty Asiatics, throwing fireworks at each other. The evening bells

had again summoned the worshippers to prayer and praise Darkness was fast casting her deeper shades on the Sabbath rioters, and as the rabble rushed after the Asiatics, the Missionary took the first opportunity to leave the house and the neighbourhood

As we anticipated, the "spree" of yesterday ended in a fight, and the magistrate was occupied the next day for a long time, in investigating the difficult question of cause and responsibility Probably the prisoners were the least guilty, and if justice could speak, they and the witnesses would change places. But the turmoil brought Sampho, a long-lost burglar, to light, whom the police had sought after in every suspected house in the locality without success, and yet he was known to be somewhere in the neighbourhood No one ever suspected that his lurking-place might be possibly under the flooring of the old Baptist Chapel, opposite Abdool Rhemon's house. He was committed to trial, and his career ended in penal servitude

The Missionary thought it strange that he had not seen Abdool Rhemon yesterday, although he was so long in his house Where could he have been? To-day he learnt that he was really on the premises, but lying ill in an adjacent room This agent of sin had ever been an object of solicitude, and has, therefore, received special attention, and with unusual endeavour his sinful life was repeatedly brought before his notice, and the consequences that must result from his wrong-doing At times he confessed his uneasiness, but too often made up his mind to meet the result when it

came. But, a few days after the repetition of such a wicked determination, he had a practical hint of what that determination involved He had found his way to Cold-bath Fields prison. The first opportunity was taken to call and see him, hoping that advice and teaching under altered circumstances might make some impression The police had visited, and found more lodgers in his house than the law permitted, and he was unable to pay the fine imposed It was evident the work of the Asiatic Home in this neighbourhood was beginning to be felt that Abdool Rhemon was unable to pay the fine imposed was good evidence of this The Missionary, on visiting him in gaol, was not sorry to see the tear in his eye, but was not deceived when he returned to his lair to find him still endeavouring to cúltivate his declining trade with Asiatics he had enticed from the Home, and from the three crews of ships that were at this time in the docks The tear was wiped away, his better resolutions forgotten, and his old callous indifference returned. The heart is desperately wicked, and so when the trade of sin promised ruin he would claim some merit for the good intention of resigning it for a better calling, but when, anon, the evil proclivities of his heart flattered him with the hope of better times—when the fumes of the opium-pipes again rose merrily over the flicker of the smoky lamp—when the smoke of the Indian jagree circled in fetid air to the tune of the hubble-bubblé, then he discarded his claim to honesty, and the day following the Sunday referred to in "the Fields," the Missionary again paid him a special visit, and

found him very ill. To ward off the Christian teaching he expected, he referred freely to the changes among his countrymen "Eight men," he said, "had been taken away by a circus, to travel the country and act with elephants and camels Twelve had gone with another, and Abraham of Norwich was dead" "And you will die, too, before long," we added, "and then in what state will your soul exist? How many human beings have you helped to bring to ruin, misery, and death? It is appointed unto man once to die, and after death the judgment," thus we continued speaking of death, and of the judgment and condemnation that awaited the wicked His hard heart seemed somewhat touched, for when he removed the bed-clothes, with which he had covered his face, his eyes were wet with tears He made no reply, but as we retired he said, "Come again soon, do" He was left with the assurance of another visit, hoping it might in some way be made a blessing to him.

As we passed into "the Fields," there was another riot. Disorder and fighting was the element in which the inhabitants of this locality seemed to delight. On this occasion it was a matter in which the Missionary was interested A Lascar had been robbed of money and clothes, and ejected into the street, and his wrongs were not enough in the estimation of his disputers, but, because he presumed to complain, the excited rabble make the wronged Asiatic a target for their mud shots Already he was struck in the face; his bare head and other parts bore evidence of their ill-treatment. The Missionary had acquired some posi-

tion and confidence among these roughs, and might attempt to do what a stranger dared not, though at all times it is a dangerous thing to rob a wild beast of its prey, so he pushed his way in, and spoke to the man in his own language, telling him to leave the scene as quickly as possible, and he would see him righted The Missionary was about to retire, when suddenly he felt himself lifted off his feet, and with a violent blow inflicted by a bystander was thrown into the muddy gutter Whether any more blows were repeated he could not tell, but a cry of "Police!" was raised by some friend, which put the delinquents to flight, and a policeman, the constant need of whom keeps them ever near the spot, was soon in attendance It was then discovered that the leaders of the assault had only left prison that morning after a long imprisonment, and consequently did not know the Missionary, and were excited with drink These redeeming items were put forward so earnestly by the mother of the principal actor in the outrage, that he and his companions were allowed to take the benefit of such a singular apology, but were assured, at the same time, that if ever guilty of a similar assault, the Missionary would appear against them to secure their punishment It was unnecessary "Vengeance is mine, saith the Lord, I will repay" The next time they were heard of, both had been sentenced to penal servitude.

CHAPTER XII.

THE CHINESE

THE law was the schoolmaster to bring us to Christ, in whom the Gospel has its complete development, so that the law was a stepping-stone to the Gospel

In our labours among the Asiatics we have had much to do with law and gospel too, law, however, in another sense to that referred to by the Apostle Paul We trust it is not wrong to say that the Home is the hope of the Asiatics in trouble We have often, yet wrongly, regretted that so large a portion of our time has been occupied with the temporal interests of the stranger For instance —In the month of December, 1871, we were occupied upwards of ten days in attending at police-courts, the jails at Ilford and Chelmsford, and at the Custom House, on behalf of three Lascars who were in custody for smuggling We attended at their trial, consulted the magistrates after their conviction, sent in a memorial, and interceded with the Custom House authorities on their behalf, and at length, after much exertion, succeeded in obtaining their release on their severally paying £10, £5, and £5, instead of £100 each, or six months' imprisonment;

and thus enabled them to join their vessel the day before its departure.

Had not these efforts been made on behalf of these men, they would inevitably have had to undergo six months' imprisonment, and on coming out of jail would have been thrown destitute on our streets.

We can refer to numerous cases of these helpless ones having been thus rescued from prison, workhouse, or beggary, as well as from premature death, and, perhaps, even from the scaffold. Has the time then been spent in vain? Nay, has it not been well spent? We have at least imitated the loving Saviour, who "went about doing good," and that "good" did not consist only in the declaration of His Father's will; for He commiserated mankind in bodily affliction and trouble. He fed the poor and healed the sick, and though we have not the miraculous power to do as He did, yet we have a power of influence, and by employing it we at least show ourselves in sympathy with our risen Lord.

One morning the Missionary received an unexpected visit from Chinese Emma. She had come on behalf of Sequin, a Chinese, who was in custody for stabbing Afong. Though sunken far in depravity, Emma still possessed a sense of right, which sometimes roused her to action against attempted wrong. Sequin had been enticed to Afong's house with £18 in his pocket, but in a short time the £18 had melted away, and his watch and clothes were taken possession of to pay bills for lodging and for articles he had never seen, much less received. It appeared that

Afong was determined to make a beggar of him. He had ruined several of his countrymen, robbed them of all they possessed, and lived on the plunder; but the Asiatic Home had now deprived him of lodgers and gain, and hence a supply from one he had caught in his net was necessary Sequin had, on several occasions, obtained employment at good wages in ships about to leave London, but on each occasion Afong had defeated him, the wretchedness and the exasperation of the helpless Sequin may be imagined, a fight was the result, and the aggressor, Afong, received a wound that proved fatal Such was the sad account Chinese Emma had to tell She had come to the Missionary to solicit help and advice in behalf of the friendless stranger who was in custody for the offence

"Sir, it's the devil's play," she continued, "and God's curse is on it I'll wash my hands ere long on the horrid thing, and you shall see it too" Emma no doubt spoke with feeling, and meant what she said "You don't know, sir, what I have seen and suffered there, stabbing, robbery, etc, are common things. I have been pursued with a knife, and if I had not escaped somehow, and it is a mystery how, I should have been killed long ago, and it would have served me right if I had"

To this she added the details of other narrow escapes with life in various ways We endeavoured to add force to her determination "to come out and be separate," and immediately went off to see Afong, whom we found dying, his evidence had been taken, and the next

day Sequin was committed to Newgate for wilful murder.

Sequin rose from despair to hope on the Missionary's visits to him, first in the House of Detention and then at Newgate Our medium of communication was very defective, as we had to speak in Spanish, which he had acquired during a stay at Havannah But on his trial he was provided with a Chinese interpreter, one who came over in the Chinese junk, so that the prisoner was enabled to tell his own tale with precision There was much evidence collected in Sequin's favour, and L—t—, the chimpanzee-looking opium-smoker, wanted to know how much we would pay him if he gave his evidence, and helped to save the life of his countryman We informed him in reply that we should take him by force, for that purpose, if he would not come without Accordingly, when the morning came, we made our appearance at his opium-smoking room with an officer of the Home, found the reluctant Chinese in bed, and told him to get up, as we had a cab waiting to take him to the court He soon relieved our anxieties by turning nimbly out of bed, but craved five minutes at his opium-pipe, we knew he would be of no use without it, and granted the request The day proved a triumph The deposition of Afong, taken before his death, was rejected on account of several mistatements in it, and it appeared from evidence in Sequin's defence that Afong was wounded while they were struggling for the knife. A verdict of "Not Guilty" was returned, but the judge ordered Sequin to be tried at the following

sessions for "wounding" But the witnesses were not bound over to appear, except the doctor, and the depositions not being considered sufficient evidence by the judge, Sequin was again acquitted, and was afterwards brought to the Asiatic Home

Much of the Missionary's time had been occupied with this affair, but it was thought well-spent, and he thanked God for it It is difficult to tell what the exhilarated Celestial promised to do when he should again come to England with plenty of money in his pocket, but he has never returned, and probably, after such treatment from his own countrymen, he never will He promised to think of that Saviour whose love, though alas! but too faintly reflected, was the real source of the kindness he had experienced

Here is a sketch of the history of a Chinese juggler drawn up by the Missionary —

Awa is a native of Macao He arrived in England in January, 1851, as cook of a vessel. I first discovered him in Blue gate Fields On arriving in London, he engaged himself at a tea-shop in Whitechapel, where he remained nine months He was afterwards engaged in other tea-shops at Westminster, Woolwich, and Marylebone While in the last situation the famous Chinese junk was sold, and taken to Liverpool, and he was solicited to proceed there with it He went with the junk, and remained in it a year. He passed the following year at a tea-shop in Coventry At the close of this year he was invited to Paris, where he remained two years at a tea-firm, but came back to England minus a gold watch, which

his employer had contrived to detain We find him, after this, again engaged by his old master at Coventry for a short time From this period he appears to have entered on a new project with two of his countrymen. Most of the public have been attracted by large bills about the streets, on which are figured two Chinese One is standing by a wall, with knives fixed in it near his head, between his fingers, etc, which have been cast at him by the other Chinese represented in front One of these two is Awa He was in the receipt of £2 weekly for this performance It was at this time I became familiar with him, for he was then residing in Blue-gate Fields His performance, however, did not pay at last, and the proprietor became indebted to Awa for £10, which he never obtained, and, as the sum continued to increase, Awa declined to perform any more Since that time he has entered tea-shops at Bermondsey and Woolwich, but is now residing down a miserable court in the back road, doing nothing He declares the last winter to have been a winter of privation such as he had never passed through before The recommendations and characters he has from various places where he has resided, are good and very interesting

Knives are fearful things to use in play, and although Awa's coadjutor used to throw them with great precision, Awa was nevertheless very much hurt, his fingers and neck gave a fearful proof of the danger of the play Indeed, in Germany a life was sacrificed by it, but Awa had fortunately given up the dangerous play before this, and Chinese wit

and legerdemain supplied other amusement for the pleasure-seeking English Awa could pour beer, milk, coffee, tea, water, and other fluids out of the same vessel, but all this was managed by a spring at the handle, which communicated with the various compartments containing the separate fluids

The amputation-feat secured the greatest applause from the public The Chinese bared his arm, first having sent the sharp chopper into a block, and then, taking the weapon, made a furious blow at his arm, and then he exhibited his limb, with the chopper fixed and the red fluid flowing copiously down, and the people were astonished, and said, "Look at the blood" But it was not blood at all,—it was only red ochre the people were looking at, and the instrument was not the same that he stuck in the block, he had dexterously changed that for another, which had a gap suited to fit his arm, the gap being covered with a thin skin containing ochre, so that, as the Chinese said, "The English paid to see a little red ochre" We might have learnt more of his tricks, but had no use for them, so we allowed him to retain the secret, and gave him a Chinese Testament. The truths of the Gospel were repeatedly set before Awa and his companions

While looking after a Chinese reported to be a Christian, I discovered three interesting Chinese, who had just arrived in London from America Their names were Wang-wai-sang, Lee-a-long, and Ong-soo-choo Two of these were Chinese doctors, and the other was an interpreter. All these had been engaged on Coolie ships from China to Havannah, and

were on their way back to China The two doctors were bigoted heathens, and could speak no language but the dialect of Canton, the interpreter could talk English and Hindostanee The doctors were very bigoted against the religion of Jesus Christ, but the interpreter had obtained a few ideas of sacred truth The doctors would neither accept of a Testament nor a tract, and the only way I had, of getting portions of truth before their notice at all, was to get the interpreter to read portions to me I wanted to take them to the Missionary Museum, to see some of their gods in captivity, but only the interpreter consented to go On several occasions I had a desired opportunity of bringing salvation before the interpreter in English, and sometimes in Hindostanee, which often led the doctors to inquire what we were talking about, but they refused, even to the very last, to receive a Testament or a tract

CHAPTER XIII

THE PROVINCES

"HERE is the Padre come to see us," said Hammed to seven of his companions, with an expression of satisfaction and surprise "What has brought him to Manchester?" Hammed had been in the "Asiatic Home," and had met with Mohammed Ali Khan, who travelled on foot from India to Vienna, and having heard from him that he had walked to England, Hammed had determined to attempt the same feat, and had got as far as Manchester He was much disappointed when he discovered that England was an island, and that his hope of reaching Calcutta on foot was a dreamy vision, not to be realized "What shall I do, Padre? I have run away from the Home, where I might obtain a ship, and now I cannot reach my country on foot" "Return to the Home," was the advice given "Return!" he said with an accent and look of inquiry and hope,—"but I have run away, will they let me in again?" "You do not understand, friend," the reply being intended for all the Asiatics in the room, "we are neither Hindoos

nor Mohammedans at the Home, but sinners saved by grace, and like you and the rest of mankind, we wandered from our best friend and home. Each one of us hopes to get to heaven God has appointed but one way of getting there, and that is by the sacrifice God has provided for sinners in the death and resurrection of the Redeemer We thought we could get to heaven another way, but as the water shuts in England on every side, so we are surrounded by an impassable gulf, and, disappointed and saddened at our failure, we were perplexed to know what to do, till we heard of the precious Saviour, as recorded in God's Holy Word, in which it is written 'I am the way, the truth, and the life, no man cometh unto the Father but by me,' and we returned and were received with open arms, a smiling face, and loving words, and now the great Saviour has received us to His favour so kindly, we wish to repeat the Saviour's kindness as far as we can If you return, you shall find it is so, and I will give you a letter to take with you"

"See, see," said Hammed, as he turned to his countrymen, "did not I tell you he was our Padre and best friend? and I will now let him see I think so"

With these words Hammed disappeared, and left the Missionary to explain the way of salvation to those that remained He was in happy unconsciousness of the form which Hammed's gratitude was about to take Soon, however, he returned with half-a-quartern loaf, a quarter of a pound of butter, some lump sugar, and a red herring, tied up in a dirty hand-

kerchief. "Now, the Padre shall eat," he exclaimed, arranging his provision on an old table covered with tobacco and opium dust, and discoloured with other impurities, and taking the only knife that was visible, he cut the bread into tolerable dimensions, and applied the butter unsparingly At this unexpected outburst of gratitude, the Missionary quite lost the thread of his discourse, and was somewhat embarrassed how to respond, fortunately it was still early in the morning, and he had not long had his breakfast This fact suggested a reasonable hope of escape from the penalty before him, and on this ground he sought to excuse himself in every possible way the Hindostanee language would allow, but by no means to the satisfaction of his Mohammedan host, who in a tone of disappointment appealed to his countrymen, "See," he said, "what I have got for the Padre, and now he will not eat" The red herring, fresh butter, etc, were finally pushed up to the end of the table, to the relief of the visitor Pen, ink, and paper were obtained, and a letter was written for Hammed to take to London, and next morning he started on the return journey The Missionary and he met again at Limehouse, and a few days afterwards he formed part of a crew proceeding to India "Don't forget," were among the last words Hammed heard, "there is only one way to heaven, there is water all round, we must come to Christ, who is the way"

At this period about 250 Asiatics, like birds of passage from a foreign land, were constantly visiting the provincial towns, and especially the autumn retreats

at the sea-side, to come in contact with the English Sahib, and extract a backshish from the friend of the black man. Artifice and deception are too often the common modes of procedure with the cringing mendicant from the sunny land; they have an eye as keen as the eagle to detect the sympathetic nature, and a keen recollection of the residence of such in the suburbs of the great towns. "All the gentry in this part of England," said Meer Jan of Liverpool, "go to the Isle of Man in summer, and I go too; it always pays me to go where the Sahibs go." Most of these have their associations in the towns where their innocent half-caste representatives are; and perhaps a wife, who is reconciled to the absence of her swarthy lord by the remittances of cash, like any other travelling agent, in a *bonâ fide* post-office order weekly, for five or ten shillings, or even more, as he may succeed. Shaik Abdoolah, whose residence is mostly in Bedford, generally leaves that town in debt. "But," said the proprietor of the house where he lived, and he said it with assurance, "I always trust him with confidence, for he never went his round yet, but he sent me every farthing he owed." The liberal and widespread sympathy of English and Scottish hearts has for many years made it sufficiently remunerative to these disciples of the prophet of Mecca to wander from Plymouth to Ben Lomond, and from Aberdeen to Hastings, with as much change of air as any in better means could wish. They thread their way among the mountains of Wales, encompass Snowdon, sniff up the sea breeze with the recruiting tourist at

the Menai Strait. They have measured with their eye the frowning rocks of Scarborough, and the mountain of stone that, lion like, guards the romantic Scotch capital, returning like a bee that sips of every flower, laden with the produce, to their little homes But what have they heard of the Christians' Saviour? How many between Perth and Portsmouth have attempted to open up the way of salvation to these wandering heathens? The language, again, is no doubt the barrier against so doing, for we are sure they have often been aided by loving Christian hearts, who, perhaps, under false representations, have paid their railway fare to London or elsewhere, where too frequently they have never arrived The touching but deceptive appeal of the stranger in half-broken English, has repeatedly set free the purse-strings of the Christian listener, who has paid his expenses from Liverpool or elsewhere to the Asiatic Home, that he might obtain a ship, but he did not arrive, and never had even the least purpose of doing so Still it was hoped the influence of the Home for their temporal and spiritual good might be extended with beneficial results to these bedouins of England And for many years the trial has been annually made with much encouragement. The impression produced on the Missionary's mind by the value of such visits, may be gleaned from the following record which he again desires to attest "Such has been the result of my visits on these special occasions, as to leave the indelible impression on my mind that they were under the influence and direction of the Holy Spirit"

A rumour of a native Christian with his wife and family in destitute circumstances, once attracted the Missionary to Staines to see them. The information supplied respecting them was, that the man, wife, and two children, baptized at Cawnpore, were brought to England in the suite of the Queen of Oude, and left in a state of destitution, a generous, noble-minded, titled lady sent this account, and desired that it should be confirmed, before she afforded the help she intended to supply The Missionary was well acquainted with all the retinue of the Queen of Oude, but knew of no native Christian among them, and thought it very unlikely that such should be found among the attaches of the Queen When the Missionary saw the man, he immediately identified him as an Asiatic of no favourable reputation He was certainly among the many followers of the Queen of Oude, but he never came with her Majesty from India, being one of the many London vagrants who succeeded in finding his way in among those natives of Lucknow from his retreat in Drury Lane, and was finally dismissed for peculation! But at that time he had neither wife nor child, and only three years had passed, and he is married and has children seven years old But these are only some of the smaller difficulties in Oriental life, which a few words will explain, the woman was not his wife, and the children belonged to neither of them They were the relicts of other Asiatic parents, and had been extracted from the poor-house Such were the components of this Christian family! It may be well doubted if he succeeded with the kind lady whose sympathy he had

awakened The Missionary did not see him again for about four years, and then it was in bed at a lodging house in Manchester, but under the unexpected circumstances, he was not at first identified, besides, "he was a single man and had never been married," his wife and children were as unreal as a dream of the night. We have often wondered what has become of the wives of these single men, but could seldom trace them far, and where we have, the information obtained has only distressed us, and reminded us of the earthworm which burrows farther into mud away from the pure air and light of the sun

This was the Missionary's first visit to Manchester, and being a stranger in that town, he engaged the services of this "native Christian" to conduct him to the various Orientals in it In the course of that dirty day the human sewers of Manchester and Salford were overhauled, the warrens of twenty were entered, and the imperishable bread of heaven set before the starving wanderers The visit was repeated the next day with pleasing success He went down one dirty little avenue in Salford, that seemed very much like squeezing into the neck of a glass bottle, which extended in similar proportions when the orifice, which was dignified by the "right of way," was passed, but here Jan Abdoolah kept a lodging-house, and five Asiatics were with him Among these a candle was lighted for the Lord, with an effect that will not be easily forgotten. A Javanese and five natives of India constituted the audience, one of the latter had been brought up in a Missionary school in India,

and had been taught the truth, and perhaps valued it, but the cares of his shifting life had choked it, or it was found to have no root and was therefore scorched up. But as the Brazen Serpent was held up to their imaginations, with its history and glorious type of the suffering Lord on behalf of sin, his mind became fixed, and he ejaculated, "Why, that is the truth I heard when I was at the Missionary's school in India, and I have not heard it since" He disentangled himself by God's help from this mesh of degradation, and improved in position and piety A hallowed influence seemed to pervade that gathering, of which the European vagrants partook, the history of the Brazen Serpent being again rehearsed in the Saxon tongue

Another man is noteworthy, because he was famed in Manchester, a tall old man, whose body had wasted in the western sun, leaving little more than skin and bone Like the patriarch's son, he wore a coat of many colours, which were contrasted with evident design, a large ring hung round his neck, made of silver, and a number of smaller ones of the same metal, hanging one in the other, depending from each ear, and he rejoiced in a name as singular as his appearance "Monkey Abraham" It was a name not chosen but earned and any one who saw the ape-like attitude he assumed, with his ridiculous ornaments, could never doubt how well he merited the appellation But as we miss a singular flower plucked from our garden, so suddenly Abraham was missed from Manchester, and the Missionary saw no more of him till he turned up again in the Whitechapel Road in the

East of London, with coat, rings, and paraphernalia entire; but he had obtained a board with a printed paper on it, which was suspended from his neck, telling the piteous tale of his master's death and his destitution in consequence The Missionary spoke to him, expecting to be identified, but Manchester was a long way off, and probably both the Missionary and his teachings were quickly banished from his mind, and he sought to defend the statement on the board by giving name, and place, and other invented particulars. "Why, Abraham! don't you know me?" said the Missionary, indignant at his plain falsehood. "Oh, Padre, is it you? I didn't know you Pardon what I said." His deceit was commented on and condemned But he conceived the falsehood to be necessitated and justified by his want of means

Hussain, with some others, had been attracted from the Asiatic Home to join a circus travelling through England, but had been dismissed from his engagement soon after he left London, for it was found that he could furl a mainsail or climb a rope-ladder better than he could turn a somersault or ride an elephant He had begged his way to Hastings, and was endeavouring to find his way from that place to Brighton, when he encountered the Missionary near Pevensey. "Don't the Sahib know me?" he said, for he was not recognized at first, "you spoke and read to me at the 'Strangers' Home,' which I left and walked to Hastings and this town." His project was happily nipped in the bud, he was willing but afraid to return to London, but a note from the Mis-

sionary restored confidence, and he reached the Home *via* Brighton, hearing, at the same time, once more of the precious blood that saves guilty souls

At Hove, near Brighton, Sanger's circus was pitched, and twelve Arabs were announced to take part in the performances The Missionary accordingly paid his entrance fee Who could the twelve Arabs be?—He was not left long in doubt, for as the rope dancing, horsemanship, and leaping proceeded, old friends came to view Young Peroo and his brother leaped over two horses, and the sons of old Ossman ran round the arena on alternate hands and feet like a cart-wheel running away, and Rozan had charge of the elephant, which attempted a clumsy dance on an inverted tub The Missionary's time was limited, and as soon as the Arabs had completed their tasks he quitted the sight-seers and entered a tent in the rear, where the guttural accent of Arabians and Indians was distinctly heard He was well received, for he was among old friends, and once more among the din and bustle (for animals and materials had to be transferred to Eastbourne that night), he attempted to raise his voice for Jesus Young Peroo, who had passed through the ragged school in Blue-gate Fields and spent some time in France, declined to speak except in French, and sent a message by the Missionary to his anxious mother.

Old Mohammed and Raheem were also seen at Brighton. "My sins are great and many, but the Padre knows the remedy," said the former in reply to questions put to him, he knew the remedy too, and

has since proved it by associating himself with a Christian church. The latter was uninfluenced by Divine truth, and attempted to reject the claims of the Saviour by assailing the doctrine of the Trinity Few Mohammedans know more of that mysterious doctrine than their ignorant prophet taught them, who drew his ideas of the Christian Trinity, not from the Word of God, but from the corrupt Christian age in which he lived, a period in which the Holy Spirit was ignored, and Mary was exalted to Divine honour Thus Mohammed made the Christian Trinity to consist of God the Father, Mary the mother, and Christ the Son hence the objection continues to be urged by the followers of the Arabian prophet "How can God have a son, He never was married?" Such is the impression Christianity made of its doctrine, with all the power of Rome, in the seventh century, which will not die out till the crescent of Mohammed shall grow less and finally pass away

"Padre, I have been watching the sun We Sikhs like to pray to the sun as it rises, it has been dull this morning, but I have just seen it shining out beautifully, and you have come and interrupted me at my prayers" "Shall I retire, Baba?" said the Missionary to the devout Sikh, but he remained, at the Sikh's request, and both looked out of the casement window at the lovely morning sun, as it seemed to rise, in all its power and glory, on the other side of the Southampton Water "But why do you pray to the sun?" "Look at its beauty," he said; "its grandeur, the advantages we gain from it—life,

light, food, and heat" "True, Baba, you are right; but think, it is still only a created thing,—only one of the choice things that my heavenly Father has made, but if these things be so great, what must He be who made them all? The sun can neither hear nor see you, but God can and will, if you pray to Him in the name of his son Jesus I never pray to created things, but to the great Creator only" The Sikh thoughtfully replied, "You Englishmen are wiser than the Sikhs" The sun seemed to increase in beauty and effulgence as they spoke, and reflected itself with pleasing effect on the slightly-ruffled water before them "And yet such a lovely created thing is doomed to perish," ejaculated the Missionary, "for it is written, 'The sun shall be turned into darkness, and the moon into blood, before that great and notable *day of the Lord come' 'They (in heaven) need* no light of the sun, for the Lord God giveth them light'" The Sikh then suggested his native idea of salvation, but the Missionary soon convinced him that his system was without a Saviour,—the great want of the human race That morning the Sikh and his Christian friend were to part, the latter on his return to London, and the former hoped ere long to breathe his native air in a southern hemisphere The fine mail-steamer in which he was to proceed to India lay out in the Southampton Water, to which they were conveyed in a small vessel, and the Missionary, soon after his arrival on board, parted with his charge, and retired The Sikh gave his last farewell by a flourish of his red and white turban in the air, to

which his friend responded, and followed him with his prayers

Southampton is the chief port between London and India, and Orientals of every shade of faith are constantly met there and spoken to on eternal things. Jews, returning to their beloved city Jerusalem, have been greeted on board these ships, and pointed to the true Messiah and the New Jerusalem Ayahs, and other female servants, professing faith in Kalee, or Mohammed, and some few evangelical Christians, the fruit of missionary work in far distant lands, have been reminded of the Saviour Some scoff at his pretensions to save, others listen with pleasure, and others rejoice with manifest delight at hearing the Saviour's name, in the land from whence the missions they knew were sent forth

In LIVERPOOL the natives of the distant East have been visited frequently, and found in larger numbers than in any other provincial town. On one occasion a shipwrecked crew of thirteen men, who had escaped the perils of the deep, were safely landed at that port; and the Missionary had the pleasing duty of proceeding thither in their interests, and of bringing them in safety to London, taking the opportunity to warn them of a greater danger—the spiritual shipwreck of their souls, to which they were still exposed

In 1866 the Missionary found the Turkish frigate "Ruseed" in dock at Liverpool, with 450 Egyptians on board, and thus records his visit — "I had with me a good supply of Turkish and Arabic tracts and Scriptures, but, I asked my-

self, "Will these Moslems, under the eye of their officers, accept them?" I determined to try There was a long gangway leading from the shore to the deck, guarded by an Egyptian with fixed bayonet, and a notice was posted up, "No admittance except on business" Still I determined to make the attempt, and I asked God to remove all difficulties. I passed along the gangway, but was met by the guard, who held up his hand in a forbidding attitude, and then pointed me to the notice referred to I presented him with a book, and called out in Arabic "Arabic books." In a moment the musket was grounded, and the book was seized Others near the gangway accepted of the same offer The interest increased, till the guard was lost in the numbers that surrounded him, and an officer was attracted to the spot He came with all the air of a zealous Moslem, seized the books right and left, and declared that they were prohibited He then attempted to thrust them back upon me I knew enough of Arabic to say to him in that language, "These are the Psalms of David, and the Psalms are *not* prohibited" I then inquired for the captain. How mysterious are the ways of God! An interpreter was brought to me It was no other than my old friend Kadir, who had himself passed through the Strangers' Home We shook hands, and conversed freely in Hindostanee I was now introduced to the captain, to whom I presented the papers of the Home, and informed him if he had men he wished taken care of we should be glad to do so in London, or if he wanted men we should be happy to supply

them. He exclaimed, "A Home for Mohammedans in the Christian capital!" The fact interested him, which led me to ask him if he had a home for poor Christians in Constantinople, but he replied with a shrug of the shoulders Having thus far interested him, I asked permission to visit the ship, which was given without hesitation, and Kadir was told to attend me as interpreter Now the Lord had opened the way, the books and Scriptures were circulated by me all over the ship in a very short time The officer who opposed my visit accepted the book of Psalms What a pleasing sight it was, seated on guns, coils of rope, and blocks of wood about the ship, were officers and men perusing the word of God But they were not all supplied, and an invitation was given me to come again on Friday, as this would be their day of rest, and they would then be glad of another visit, and more books—an invitation, I need scarcely say, that met with a suitable response on my part

Among the many Eastern celebrities at Liverpool, is Zaid, an Arab, to whom the Missionary had paid much attention, hoping for some results in the future. This Arab met the Missionary on one occasion with what he naturally thought would be joyful intelligence "I'm a true Christian now, and mean to remain one" "Yes," chimed in an Irish woman, with such a broad accent, from the land of Erin, that it made her declaration somewhat difficult to understand, "yes, he's a Christian now, and the priest who made him so says so; and I says to him, 'Sure and I won't marry you till

you be a Christian, so long as my name's Driscol.'"
All this was true excepting what concerned Christianity.
This worthy Romanist would marry none but a
Christian, so the Arab consented to the *modus operandi*
by which he was to be made one, and the priest
sprinkled some water on his face, and pronounced him
to be such, to the satisfaction of both We have
often heard of the arduous works of Xavier and others,
who, mechanically, made hundreds of Christians in a
day, from among the heathen where they laboured
We may safely regard Zaid as a specimen His
zealous wife did not live long, and Zaid then refused
to be a Christian any longer

The Missionary, after having passed a Sunday
in happy fellowship with the children of God, on
returning home at night saw a figure lying on the
steps of the Custom-House at Liverpool, gathered up
in the smallest possible compass The figure seemed
to be settled for the night, when the Missionary
aroused him from his slumber, and saw by the glimmer
of the gas-light that the stranger was a South Sea
Islander. He was, indeed, a native of Tahiti, and had
besides all the evidence, as far as could be gathered,
of belonging to the church of Christ He listened to
the names of some of the missionaries who had carried
the truth to his island, and he knew them well,
and seemed gladdened at the mention of their
names The first portion of the Lord's Prayer was
then repeated—"E to metou Mutua i te ao ra"—
when he took it up and went through it. These were
unmistakable proofs that he was no stranger to Chris-

tianity The colloquial communication was but imperfect, but sufficient to discover that he had been to a missionary school, and professed love to the Saviour, in his own island, but in England he had been robbed by a crimp, and cast forth destitute. "Where is London?" he inquired, when he heard that there was a Home and kind Christian hearts waiting to receive him there, and, springing to his feet, declared his intention to proceed there at once "Is it there?" he said, pointing to the north, and, hearing that was not right, he pointed in the opposite direction. He was put in the right way, and a piece of paper was given to aid him, on which was written, "Strangers' Home, Limehouse, London," his immediate wants were relieved, and, wishing him "God speed," and hoping to see him again in London, with nimble step he disappeared in the dark in the direction indicated. He was followed by the Missionary's best wishes and prayers, but he never saw him again

Even in Scotland Asiatics are to be found, especially in the autumn-months. They have been met and spoken to at Dundee, Glasgow, Perth, Greenock, and Edinburgh, and the everlasting Gospel set before them Chinese are often met with The Missionary crossed the path of Chang, the celebrated giant, near St. Andrew's Chang had reason to know him, for his wife, and full-grown companion of about 2 feet 10 inches, were all accommodated at the Asiatic Home on reaching England, and had been supplied while there with the words of Eternal Life in their own tongue. His interpreter, too, was a child of the Celestial Empire in

reality; for he loved the Lord Jesus. Near the Waverley railway-station, at Edinburgh, we found another old acquaintance of the same nation, of whom we had lost sight for four years He gave his address in the Grassmarket, and we let him proceed in his traffic of scents, intending to visit him again in the evening, but he cleverly disposed of us, and we apprehend that as soon as we retired he followed our example, for it was the last time he appeared at the Waverley railway-station. Probably he thought we had work for him in London

Not so Roshun Khan, who, with his wife and children, have always received Christian visits and teaching with every mark of pleasure He is a well-known character, and long resident at the Scotch capital He has long enjoyed the fame of supplying savoury pipes to the lovers of smoke, and he attends at High Street, near the Castle hill, every Friday for that purpose He had returned from Musselburgh races when I first accosted him in the Hindostanee tongue, which made him smile as though he had seen a long-lost friend He had no objection, like most of his countrymen, to salvation by the cross, and approved of it as God's arrangement to save lost sinners I entered his room one September evening—and call it his room only because he was found there, for it was occupied by twenty others as destitute as himself. I read a portion of the Word, and set Jesus before him This could scarcely have been done in any lodging-house about Old Pye Street, Westminster, or in Golden Lane, London, but whatever the vagrant

Scotch may be, they manifest a respect for the sacred Word, so decidedly that I was encouraged to speak to them in English, and their evident respect for the message of love excites a feeling in their favour

In the autumn of 1869, I went, in charge of a crew of twenty-two men, to Dumbarton, to man a steamer on the Clyde I found them as manageable as children, and pleased at my reading the Scriptures to them; some having Testaments which had been supplied at the Home,—we took leave of each other at that distant port From this Scotch town my tour commenced in search of the wandering Asiatic Passing a short time in Glasgow, Stirling, Leith, and Edinburgh, I passed on to Sunderland, Durham, and Hull, on the east, and Liverpool, Manchester, Birmingham, Bath and Bristol, on the west, and Southampton, Portsmouth, the Isle of Wight, and Brighton, in the south On this journey I met with, and spoke to, eighty-one Asiatics At Stirling I had an interesting conversation with a native who had come from Aberdeen, where he had seen others He was a stranger to me, never having met him before, and he was an equal stranger to the truth, and seemed very much surprised when I told him of the great truths of the Bible At Edinburgh and Leith I found Shaik Roshan and Meer Jan, and two others, the latter had not long come over from the Isle of Man I had not seen him for about eight years. My periodical visits are probably the only occasions on which these wanderers hear the Word of Life in their own tongue, and, as I might

not see them again for many years, I brought, as earnestly as I could, the subject of salvation before their notice again. At Hull I found Roshan standing in the market-place, with a printed paper on a board, telling a tale of distress, the contents of which, however, he said he did not know, some other Lascar, who had got a living by it, had died, so he used the board for the same purpose Many years had passed since I last saw him, and I spoke to him of the Saviour as long as the pressure of the crowd which had gathered round us allowed me At Liverpool I met with eighteen Asiatics, and among them were several of the Nutbars, some of whom had given me so much trouble in former years They were very ignorant, and did not know whether they were Mohammedans or Hindoos They, however, listened very attentively while I occupied their attention about the Saviour At Manchester I met with fourteen natives of India, and lingered there two days, that I might see them all One or two faces were new to me Four had died since my last visit, and I fear they had no other spiritual light than what my annual visits supplied After this I passed a week along the south coast in the same work, and humbly pray that the seed that has thus been broadly scattered may be followed by the Divine blessing.

On visiting Birmingham, the gospel of the Redeemer was proclaimed, and its claims urged on the Orientals of that large town Every ear addressed was attentive, and one whom the Missionary had not seen before, but who had rambled about England for some

years, listened with much joy, saying he had not heard the Gospel in his own tongue for a long time, though he had treasured up many of its saving truths in his heart. Dádá Bhai is one of three who keep lodging-houses for their countrymen in Birmingham. He has been repeatedly visited, and possesses the Word of God. The last time I read the Scriptures in his house, he told me there were others of his countrymen sleeping upstairs, whom he should like to hear the Word, they were accordingly called down, and listened with much attention.

Some of the towns in the west,—Bath, Bristol, Cardiff, and Salisbury, were visited for the first time. I arrived at Bath in the after-part of the day, and soon found that Avon-street must be the chief place of my search, but wending my way down there, I found that long, low street in a state of commotion. A fight had taken place, a man had been stabbed, and was taken to the hospital. Among such excitement of Irish and English, including men, women, and boys, I thought it better to defer my visit until the morning. I speak of this to illustrate some of the spots I have repeatedly visited in various parts of England, yet without any insult. Those who are acquainted with such spots as Pitsey and Gloucester-lane, Bristol, Lichfield-street and London Apprentice-street, Birmingham, Pockthorp, Norwich, and Ann-street, Cardiff, cannot but be sensible of the Divine care in such a work. And yet in these localities of want and vice there are Asiatics living who never hear of the truth but by such a visit. In Bristol I met with three who had resided

n the Home, and spoke of its advantages. In Cardiff were two others who had resided in the Home. One of them had left London some weeks before I did, and had only arrived there a few days. He was very glad to see me, and said he had been a burden on the funds of the Home a long time, and was sorry to feel that he had been one of the number of destitute cases that had incurred so large a debt to the establishment He had already obtained a ship, and once more pointing him to the Saviour, we parted

These are some of the attempts to make the Saviour known among the Asiatic heathen out of London May God abundantly bless the seed thus scattered, to the honour and glory of His great name, and the salvation of the poor benighted natives of the East!

CHAPTER XIV.

PILGRIMS, MOHAMMEDAN AND ROMAN.

"MECCA! Mecca! going to Mecca on pilgrimage, to march with the thousands of the servants of God and the prophet, gathered from all parts of the world to the most holy spot on earth, to drink of the sacred spring of which Adam drank, kiss the black stone, and obtain the forgiveness of all my sins" Such was the burden of a Moslem's song, exulting with delight, as he spoke to the Asiatic Missionary in the large hall of the Home He had brought gold with him enough and to spare, to accomplish the one darling object of Islamism The Ramadan, the great Mohammedan fast, was just past, and he had observed it to his satisfaction. The Dhul Hajah, the last month of the Mohammedan year, in which the pilgrimage can alone be made, was fast approaching "What are you going to do at Mecca?" was a very reasonable inquiry to make in one's ignorance But the Mohammedan, though courteous, was not very willing to reveal the secrets of the pilgrimage "Is not God as ready to pardon sin in London as at Mecca? Can we not pray to and adore the same God in England as in Arabia?" All

this was not doubted, but nothing would persuade the enthusiast that Mecca was not the appointed spot to confess sin, receive pardon, and offer the *Eed Al Kurban* in memory of Abraham's attempt to offer up his son Isaac This last idea opened the way to bring to his notice the true sacrifice typified by that on Mount Moriah, to which he listened with much attention and varied emotion, but at the end of the exposition of the type, his enthusiasm, which had been suspended for barely twenty minutes, returned "Mecca! Mecca!" he again exclaimed "Off to Mecca, to worship God, and confess belief in the prophet there" Pilgrims going to, and coming from, the holy places have often arrived at the Home, and have supplied us with much information relating to pilgrimages Some have brought with them into the centre of Christendom, precious drops of water from the "holy well," hermetically sealed in flat circular tin-cans of various sizes, to meet the pecuniary capacity of the pilgrims to whom they are sold A visit to Mecca is the Mohammedan's remedy for everything He goes there to thank God for his riches, or to ask the speedy possession of wealth anticipated, the restoration of family estates, or success in any intended undertaking, and finally to confess his sin, and promise the renunciation of it The well, the water of which brings in a good revenue, is said to be the very well of which Ishmael and Hagar drank when dying with thirst, and the temple that stands over it, it is affirmed, was first built by Adam, and is the same that remains to the present day, *excepting* the new walls and foundations supplied at various times by

devout Khaliffs and Sultans who have extended and enriched it, to meet the dignity and taste of the lovers of Islamism. As the pilgrim-month approaches, the ardent devotees land at Juddah bare-footed, and tread Arabia's wilds with faces towards the enchanted spot

> See, on the sands ten thousands Moslems tread,
> With eyes upraised they count the sacred bead,
> And move with anxious and with tearful eye,
> And hearts nigh broken with a contrite sigh;
> Confessing loud with accents sharp and wild
> The sins that mar us from the early child,
> And shout with arms outstretch'd to gen'rous heav'n,
> That ev'ry treach'rous sin may be forgiv'n,
> And now sincere, tho', in delusion make
> Vain promises, alas, too soon to break
> A contrite heart, a heart from sin at rest,
> With Satan banish'd from the human breast
> Vain bargain! struck with God for sins forgiv'n,
> That treach'rous pathway leads to hell—not heav'n
> 'Tis God's high work to form a heart renew'd,
> By nature man's an enemy to good
> See, yonder Moslems at the Caaba bow,
> And rise to break the sacrilegious vow
> They promis'd God a heart renew'd, and lo,
> A sinful heart they carry where they go
>
> And now, the venerated mosque around,
> Full seven times they circumvent the ground,
> And kiss the blacken'd stone with pious zeal,
> And drink the holy water from the well
> Now, see yon Moslems with assum'd despair,
> Run to and fro, and wail upon the air,
> The tear flows freely at their own behest,
> And harden'd hands smite on a sadden'd breast
> In wild embarrassment they rush and roar
> As tho' old "legion" from Capernaum's shore
> Had seiz'd the Caaba and the Moslem host,
> To drive them madden'd to the rocky coast.

> But no! 'tis play, a sacred drama this
> To mock poor Hagar in her sad distress,
> As on the sward her panting Ishmael lay,
> Like a parch'd flower about to die away,
> When, Moslems say, on fleet and friendly wing,
> Gabriel descending, show'd the auspicious spring

We will not follow the details of their pilgrimage any further, except it be to notice the negative God has put upon such a false hope Haji Mean came to England to present a petition for the consideration of the Council for India, having first sought to make his success secure at Mecca, but instead of attaining his object, returned with the Word of God in his own language, and some idea of the sinful heart he had brought away from Mecca Kaloo also failed in a similar attempt, but then he had not been to Mecca, and a thorough Mohammedan could scarcely expect to succeed while he lived in the violation of such an essential rite His expectations, perhaps, may sound somewhat strange to an English ear, but they are only common-place matters in India and under native rule His father had sold a considerable estate in the Punjaub for its real value in hard cash, and our Punjaubee wanted the estates restored to him Unfortunately for him, perhaps, since the sale referred to took place, the legal and political administration of the Punjaub had passed into British hands, and were conducted according to English law Kaloo went home unsuccessful, but immediately after his return to India repaired to Mecca to better his prospects, and after six years again landed in England with the full assurance

of seeing Her Majesty, and presenting his petition with success He, however, returned again with no better result, except that his attention was called to a more enduring inheritance,—

"Sweet fields beyond the swelling flood,"

and the title-deeds were put into his possession, if he could by grace only spell out his name therein

In this way the family and principal officers in the suite of the Queen of Oude, in the midst of their failures in London, went to Arabia, kissed the black stone, and drank of Ishmael's imaginary well, and returned to bury the king's brother, and shortly after the Queen herself God has thus made the rashness of trust in human things conspicuous by failure, that man may learn to trust in Him and in His revelation So it was when the Roman Pontiff blessed the *rosa aurea*, and sent it to the Queen of Spain just before she was driven from the throne And so the Armada was blessed, that perished on the coast of the British Isles, when they came to enslave the inhabitants But providences, let them be ever so severe and disappointing, bring no light to a darkened soul, till the Holy Spirit works a gracious, transforming change in the heart, and hence so many reject the spiritual truths of the grace of God when offered to them, and prefer clinging with tenacity to the old superstitions in which they were bred, and thus many a Mohammedan leaves the shores of Christian England to die on what they regard as the holiest spot on earth, where alone their sins can be forgiven them

Mohammed Ali Khan wished to go and die at Mecca, after seven adventurous years of endeavour by all the various means of which a Mohammedan is capable, to gain the unreasonable ends for which he came to England He was a native of an independent state in India, and had been what he called a perpetual servant, but Mahâls, or palaces, in India change their inmates, under native rule, sometimes as often as in London, and perpetual servants and favourites are very fortunate if they are only sent away Mohammed Ali was fortunate to escape with his life, yet he expected his arrears of pay, and sought his ends in London with fanatical determination Without money he left India on foot, determining to travel to London, he traversed Persia from east to west, and found his way across Turkey to Vienna, at which city he found a brother of the same faith, who assisted him on his journey to London by paying his fare on a steam-boat from Trieste His petition was inadmissible, and he was sent back to India, but, like the swallow that returns in spring, he was soon in London again He sought satisfaction in starving himself nigh unto death on the steps of the old East India House, and would have died but hunger overcame his perseverance On one occasion he attempted to cut his throat during the procession to open Parliament, and again in the House of Parliament, and if the attempt had been painless he might have succeeded, but it being only the means to an end, he was generally well in three days It was no wonder he found his way to the lunatic asylum But it was, perhaps, more aberration of faith than of mind.

To die at a persecutor's door is a species of Mohammedan revenge, which entitles the dying man to believe that all the wrongs of that death will be visited on the head of him who has caused those wrongs Hence these incipient and dangerous attempts at suicide were but some of the fruit that grows on the same corrupt tree It was an error of faith, not an error of mind. Often was the work of Christ proclaimed with earnest affection in the ears of this unhappy man Under varied circumstances he was invited to rest his aching head on the bosom of Christ, and repose his weary soul on the work of Calvary In prison, in the hospital, on the India House steps, — where he said he intended to die,—in the lunatic asylum, and at the Asiatic Home, unceasing efforts were made to soothe the aching breast of this distracted Asiatic, and it was not all in vain "Padre," he said to the Missionary, "where should I have been if it had not been for you, and yet I have brought so much disgrace on you by my wild acts? You must ask the people of England to forgive me, and I hope God will forgive me too" This was said in review of the attention he had received from the Missionary, notwithstanding the trouble he had given to him He had consoled him in the hospital, assisted him on his defence, was interpreter at his trial, was a constant visitor at the lunatic asylum, and prepared the way for his coming to the Asiatic Home, and finally escorted him to Southampton and saw him safely out of England

"I have been to Mecca, even within the sacred enclosure," said a Haji on his return to London, con-

gratulating himself on his success, but he spoke to a mixed Oriental audience that could boast of rival holy places. "I have been to the holy sepulchre, the most holy spot on earth," retorted a votary of Rome, in contempt of the Haji's assertion, and to fully substantiate his claim to the visionary sanctity, he bared his arm and exhibited the tattoo marks of the gates of the "holy city" leading to the Via Dolorosa Which of the two would ultimately have established the pre-eminence of their place of pilgrimage for veneration is questionable, but their mutual acrimony was divided by a third party,—a young Bengalee, made an infidel by English education, who spoke in contempt of both "I have been to Benares," he said, "more holy than Jerusalem or Mecca," and then the shrewd Bengalee gave wholesome instruction, which, if he could have added the gospel, would have been complete, but that devolved on the Missionary who had hitherto taken little part in the debate "Holy persons, holy water, and holy things are the badges of a false faith, the instruments of bigotry, the offspring of error and delusion The sacred ghats and springs of Benares, and the sources of the Ganges, are sacred places for the Hindoos, Mecca and Medina for the Moslem, Rome and Jerusalem, with the graves of the saints, for the Romish Christian, holy water for all, from Rome, Mecca, or the Ganges, and relics from the coloured papers and pretty flowers thrown down by the devotee, swinging on the churuk puja, the tooth of Buddha, to the skull of John the Baptist, and mouldering bones of imaginary saints, and—" but it was dangerous to let him go

farther, so far, he had done essential service, but Infidelity was looming in the distance. "And these are all false, you have proved beyond a doubt?" interrupted the Missionary, "but what are the evidences of the true faith?" These things prove two truths man is created a religious being, and worship is a part of his inner self, and they also prove that without a divine revelation, man will create an erroneous system for himself These aspirations after holy places and holy things, are but the ceaseless cravings of man's real want. The seeking of them in things that are material, and therefore perishable, and under the curse of sin, is the delusion of a perverted mind and a corrupt nature God has not only implanted that universal desire in the human heart, but knowing the certainty of man's perverted nature seeking satisfaction in wrong objects, He has given a revelation to correspond to his real wants and lead him right He seeks the forgiveness of his sins at Mecca, Rome, Benares The forgiveness of sin is a common want of humanity, and God responds to it, and He calls us from these imaginary holy places and points to Calvary; —not to the locality, but to the satisfaction rendered to the law of God on behalf of sinners, by the Saviour of the world

The soul redeemed becomes in joyous resurrection-life a delighted tenant of the New Jerusalem, "wherein dwelleth righteousness" the city which hath foundations, whose builder and maker is God, "for we know that if our earthly house of this tabernacle were dissolved, we have a building of God, an house not made

with hands, eternal in the heavens." Here are the holy places and the holy things, the right aspirations of the heart, and the real wants of man, centering in the death and resurrection of the Sinner's Friend. "Where do you find all that?" said the Bengalee, who had been educated in an English school at Calcutta, from which the Bible was excluded, and he therefore knew more about the writings and arguments of Paine and Voltaire, than the contents of God's Word "The subject pervades this precious book," was the reply, and the following and other passages were read "And I John saw the holy city, New Jerusalem, coming down from God out of heaven, prepared as a bride adorned for her husband, and I heard a great voice out of heaven, saying, Behold the tabernacle of God is with men, and He will dwell with them, and they shall be his people, and God Himself shall be with them and be their God" "Blessed are they that do his commandments, that they may have right to the tree of life, and may enter in through the gates into the city" "That is grand —if true," he replied, moodily "It is grand," was the retort, "and as true as grand, for the mouth of Deity has spoken it," and He that said these things, saith, "Behold, I come quickly, and my reward is with me, to give every man according as his work shall be" "I am wrong if that be true," said the Oriental sceptic, "but you have made one great mistake, you said, that 'God created man a religious being, with a desire to worship Him, and that this is a part of his inner self.' I worship nothing, believe in no holy places, and regard all systems of religion as foolish and human, so

your statement must be wrong as far as I am concerned, and has no application to those who are like me." "But it does refer to you," was the earnest reply, "and you are the best proof of its truth You were not born an unbeliever,—no one is, you grew up like the rest of mankind, having the common cravings for worship and propitiation for sin Infidelity is acquired, it is not born with us, it is an usurper sitting like a black tyrant in the heart of man, banishing those better convictions which were the dying embers of brighter things" This was a bow drawn at a venture, but like the arrow that smote Ahab, it went into a sure place Confession followed, he had been a Hindoo, but no man can learn English science and remain a true Hindoo, and hence for policy he assumed to be a Mussulman This young man, a native doctor by profession, had been for several years employed in attending coolies to the West Indies, and returning to Calcutta *via* London, and thus came under the influence of the truth of the Divine Word on six different occasions at the Asiatic Home, the result is, he has resigned his pretensions to infidelity, and receives the Bible as a Divine revelation, but declines to make a public avowal of it, because his interests are at stake He was pointed to the history of Christianity in every nation; the struggles and perils it had encountered, to attain its ascendancy, that God requires the same consistency and faithfulness in India as in Rome or Madagascar, he was reminded of our Saviour's words, who had said He would not confess those before his Father

at the last great day who did not confess Him on earth. He had since associated with Christians in India, from whom he had obtained some good. In his last visit to London, he was furnished with a letter to Sujat Ali, a successful native Evangelist at Intally, near Calcutta, but Sujat Ali entered his eternal rest on the Wednesday before the letter arrived The young man knew Sujat Ali well, and bore testimony to his earnestness and usefulness, which was valuable as coming from one of such tendencies "Never," he said, "was I in the presence of that man but he made me feel the power of the gospel and sorrow for sin" May the Lord of the vineyard raise up many like Sujat Ali, endowed with the Master's spirit, who will have no less influence among their countrymen

Remarkable also was the history, and pleasing was the result of the Missionary's exposition of holy places and holy things, to the pilgrim who had been to the holy sepulchre, and had the gates of the holy city tattooed on his arm He was very much attracted by the declaration of truth, and after a few days sought private conversation with the Missionary at his own house, and confessed the dark sins of his life and sought pardon at the throne of grace. He was educated at Beyrout, and believed himself to be a good Christian of the Roman Church He prayed to his patron saint, he made vows to "Mary, the holy mother of God," which he hoped some day to fulfil He suffered from weak eyes, he sought a remedy at the church, he kissed the relic and rubbed some of the

"sacred dust" that had accumulated on the holy pictures of the pious saints into his inflamed eyes for their benefit, and left a gold ring on the old picture-frame to pay expenses, and then there was his confession and prayer at the holy sepulchre, and the gates of Jerusalem branded on his very flesh—if any one was sure of salvation by works and under the patronage of the Roman Church, Nicholas was undoubtedly the man, and he often thought so. But the new birth and conformity to Christ were things foreign to his creed and thought. With others of his deluded friends he returned home one night half intoxicated, a quarrel ensued, and a man was killed. It was not gleaned from this gratuitous confession that Nicholas was the chief actor in this sad tragedy, but endeavouring, through the consul of Beyrout, to open up communication between the fugitive son and his unhappy widowed mother, no doubt remained of the enormity of his guilt He had fled along the coast of the Red Sea to Bushire, and there formed part of a Lascar crew to Calcutta, at that port he joined another ship that brought him to London, which was manned by a Mohammedan crew of Arab Lascars, and to accommodate himself to the wants of these new circumstances he had assumed the name of, and declared himself to be, a Mohammedan, the gates of Jerusalem tattooed on his arm were henceforth exhibited as the gates of the holy Caaba at Mecca So he came to London, sustaining the falsehood at the peril of his life, such is the treachery of sin; driven, like the poor hunted beast, from one dangerous refuge to another.

At the Home he was isolated, at his own request, from the rest of the crew, and began a new career. He became a student of the Word of God, which he appeared to love, confessed, with evident bitterness of spirit, his past life, abandoned his hope in saints and pilgrimage, and expressed his trust in the Saviour for pardon

Thus the Lord's chosen ones are found in strange places and under singular circumstances Saul was hidden among the stuff when he was chosen King of Israel, David was selected from among his brethren and taken from the sheep-cotes to lead forth the Lord's hosts to battle and victory, and Amos was sent from the fields to be prophet in Israel. Thus the crescent has yielded trophies to the cross, the disciples of the venerated Buddha and the ancient fire-worshippers have touched the hem of the Saviour's garment and been saved "The world by wisdom knew not God, it pleased God by the foolishness of preaching to save them that believe," and yet knowledge and worldly wisdom God has often made tributary to His great work of salvation. "How can I remain a Hindoo?" has been said repeatedly, "when the sacred shasters affirm that the earth is a vast plane, and that the coal-beds of India are the remains of the large fires used by rajahs at their royal sacrifices; and I find that the world is a globe, and coal-beds exist where rajahs never trod; and then the thought flashes across the mind, that as the Feringhee is right in his science he may be right in his religion too. The winds and the waves are obedient to him, his ships float on every sea,

he drives onward against wind and tide, and outsteps the time and the daylight by the lightning's flash that conveys his wishes on wings more rapid than the wild tornado or the blast of the hurricane Teach us these things and you will make us infidels, give us the Bible, and India must soon become Christian"

"How is it," said a young Parsee, who was educated in the strict orthodoxy of the fire-worshipper, and was therefore taught to consider fire and water as simple elements and representatives of the deity, as he made the inquiry of his spiritual teacher, having previously, by English science, ascertained the truth that water was compound and divisible, moreover, he had noticed that water was used to extinguish the raging fire, and he could not understand how one of his gods could be employed for the destruction of the others,—he therefore asked his spiritual teacher to explain and solve the difficult question, "Andiaroo, how is it that one of your gods destroys the other like this? the water which we call a simple element, the Christians can separate into three different parts?"

"Hold your tongue, boy!" was the sharp reply of the angry teacher, "stop till your whiskers grow before you ask such questions"

The young Parsee did not trouble the Andiaroo any farther, but took the Word of God for his guide and a servant of Christ for his teacher, and now he is a devout and earnest follower of the Lord Jesus, and a preacher of the everlasting gospel.

CHAPTER XV

WEST-END VISITATION

SINCE the Queen of Oude came to England with her numerous retinue, natives of the highest rank have found their way from India to the metropolis of the West, and sojourned for long and short periods in our midst The aged Rajah of Coorg ended his days in the British capital The Rajah of Kolapoor, after spending the summer months in London, ended his earthly career in Florence, on his return journey to India The Nawab Nazim of Bengal, with his two sons, and a large suite, have now for some years been residing in our midst Several wealthy merchants, learned Moulvies, the expositors of Mohammedan law and faith, the celebrated Hindoo reformer Keshub Chunder Sen, and a number of young men of wealthy parentage studying for the Civil Service, at the Inns of Court, or in the medical schools, have for various periods resided in the metropolis These form an attractive element in London life, their means and position placing all the amusements and social enjoyments of London within their reach.

"You repeat your prayers five times a day, and

then go to the theatre and dance, what honour do such prayers bring to God?"

This was addressed to one who had just concluded his evening vespers, and was preparing for Drury Lane Theatre It was, however, explained with Eastern adroitness by showing,—and there can be no room to doubt it,—that the first was a duty, the second was pleasure A tacit acknowledgment that prayer was no pleasure, and that the heart was in Drury Lane while he performed the onerous duty of prayer.

"But what does God care for articulated prayers when the heart is not in sympathy with them? it is easy to deceive man, but God is not deceived by a few hurried words and a bended knee It is written in my book, '*God is a spirit, and they that worship Him must worship Him in spirit and in truth*'"

"I think perhaps you are right," he replied, as he retired in his glittering dress,—a subordinate having announced that the carriage was ready, and he left his prayers for a more congenial pursuit.

Among the nobles and learned men of India, various grades are distinguished by such titles as Meers, Wazeers, Wakeels, Nawabs, Ameers, and Moonshees; but whatever their rank and position, almost all appear from interchange of thought to bear ample evidence that their existence is centred in worldly pleasure; so much so that the Missionary was led to ask, "What constitutes the highest object of Mohammedan life? From what you state, my impression is, that the theatre, the race-course, and the satisfaction of every sinful desire, is the highest object."

This was regarded as a gentle reproof.

"Pleasure," replied one "Money," said another, and as they hesitated, others asked, "What do you say it is?"

"Holiness," was the reply, and to enforce the declaration some explanation followed "All the world is seeking pleasure, and they all get it in degree, millions amass gold, but does gold secure the approbation of God? See, the judgment-day has come, the Meer will stand before God and say, 'I have seen all the pleasure that England and India can afford' the Wazeer may next come before the judgment-seat and say, 'I have heaped up gold like dust from an Eastern road, or sand from the desert' Will God care about the Wazeer's gold or the pleasures of the Meer? but let God see His own holy character reflected in His creature, and He will admire it and bless it, for He has said, '*Be ye holy, for I am holy*'"

This speech, which was studiously adapted to the Oriental mind, caused laughter from the absurdity of the proposition, who would be so foolish as to talk about his pleasures, or think about his gold, in the judgment-day? Then why are men so foolish? was the natural inquiry, as to make those things the object of life, as though they were to command God's approval, on the great day of account? The vivacity of the Asiatic mind soon found means of returning the fire upon the Christian "Where is the holy man who will presume to take refuge under his holiness, on that great day? if he does, he will be like the bird that has built his nest on the twig,—when the hurricane comes

it will take tree and all away, and then where will the nest be?" "What will you do," said others, "when holy Moslems, though the prophet *Rusal Al Allah* be at their side, shall quake with the terrors of that day; tell me how the Christians will appear?"

"I can answer all your questions with one fact which you all believe," was the reply, "See, there was the wicked world which God intended to punish with a flood, but He provided a remedy and gave timely notice of the danger. The divine remedy was the ark that Noah built by the express command of God, but the rest of the people mocked and laughed at the old man's fears and, as they thought, needless preparation. These men were like the bird that built its nest on the twig, and what did they do when the hurricane came? They were carried away with the flood, and Noah was saved, because he believed God and accepted His remedy against the general destruction. We are all like the bird on the twig, when we ought to be like Noah in the ark God has provided a remedy against the hurricane that shall sweep over the world and carry off the wicked on the judgment-day, that remedy is the Saviour of the human race, who died, the just for the unjust, and became a curse that believing sinner might escape Accept God's remedy, and you shall safely float above the destructive element, and be prepared for the destroying hurricane."

"Come to the ark, the waters rise,
The seas their billows rear
While darkness gathers o'er the skies,
Behold a refuge near"

It would be tedious to travel over the ground occupied by the objectors to these divine truths. The death of the Saviour was disputed, and the authority of the Gospel doubted, but some of those present were spoken to separately on subsequent occasions, and of these we will bring a few to notice.

A Wazeer, one afternoon, wishing to take advantage of the presence of his English friend, said, "Give me a few English sentences to learn" The Missionary wrote the sound of the words in Persian characters, and then put the meaning in Hindostanee The first sentence passed off all right, but the second was, "Love your enemies," the sound of which was committed to paper, but when he asked for the meaning, he dropped his hand and looking earnestly said, "How can I do that?" "It is the Christian's duty to do it," was the reply, "and Christ has done it most perfectly on the cross when He died for sinners" "How so?" replied the Wazeer, gathering his silken dress around him as he listened for the reply "You and I are sinful," was the explanation offered "God hates sin, and ha threatened to punish it Man may forgive sin, but tha is an abuse of justice, God never sacrifices one grea attribute to another, but while He hates sin, He s loves the sinner, that He provided a sacrifice for sin i the person of Jesus Christ, who came into this wor to accept the sinner's guilt, and die in the sinne place.

"'Deep on His breast engrav'd He bore
Our names, with every penal score;
When press'd to earth He prostrate lay,
Shock'd at the sum, yet prompt to pay'

Was ever love like this? Christ indeed loved His enemies." "That is good, if true," he replied, admiringly, "but do you know our holy book tells us that Christ never died; and that we believe your Gospel to be corrupted, what do you say to that?" "There are two things to be said to that. If Christ did not die we have no sacrifice for sin, and then no one can tell how God can be just and yet pardon the sinner. We are also afraid that Mohammedans say that the Gospel is corrupted, because it contradicts the Koran in this essential particular. What other proof have you? Who corrupted it? And when was it done?" The moody Mussulman threw himself back on the settee, and thought a little, and replied approvingly, "I have heard of your Gospel in Central India, and now I am glad to hear it again in the city of London." Such inquiries after truth by this Indian nobleman were frequent, and occasioned very much hope. Indeed, such was the influence of his sense of right that he presumed to rebuke his superior for immorality, and lost a lucrative position in consequence.

"A very fine doctrine, indeed," said another, surrounded by his Eastern friends. "The way of salvation which you supply by the substitution of the merits of Christ, is a very rotten one, and, like a decayed staff, will break when one leans upon it. You Christians expect to live all your life-time in sin, and when you are about to die and to account to God for your misdeeds, you expect to roll all your transgressions on Christ, and stand before God as sinless. Here is one such, gasping in the arms of the angel of death, and

dying with the bright hope of heaven before him See, he has just escaped from the body, and he turns round to direct his course heavenward, but to his astonishment Satan taps him on the shoulder, and says, 'Friend, you have made a mistake, you are going the wrong way, you belong to me, and must come this way,' and then the satellites of the dark regions come at their master's nod, and bear the disappointed soul off in triumph to its proper abode" This graphic and really earnest appeal, which is much weakened in its English garb, secured the approbation of every Eastern listener, and there was very much in it which the Christian had to applaud as well Such, indeed, is the abuse, and not the use of God's plan "Do you remember Noah?" "Yes," responded several, and some of them proceeded at once to give Mohammed's description of it "He had two wives, one of them perished in the flood because she was an unbeliever and came too late, and the other was saved in the ark with Noah" "That is just it," replied the Missionary, receiving the account as given, "and it will be so at death, those who refuse God's mode of escape till the evil comes, will most probably perish in the same way Noah acted in conformity to God's will, and made the ark, and we by our actions and lives must show that we, too, desire to live in conformity with God's will. To expect the atonement of Christ to avail without a change of heart and life will produce just the result the Mean has pourtrayed" One of them muttered his Kulma as a charm against the infection of the Christian teaching Another spoke of his prophet,

whose heart Gabriel cut out, washed clean, and put back again, but a third said, "We will hear you again on this subject"

"Come this way and kindly help us," said an Indian gentleman, as he conducted the Missionary to the bedside of a sick and distinguished sufferer. Some six or seven Indian nobles, dressed in embroidered silk, sat anxiously round the bed, with an English doctor unable to communicate with any of them ! The help solicited was to interpret between the sick man and the doctor, and such were the incessant inquiries in English and Hindostanee that the interpreter was fully occupied Among the advice given by the doctor, the sick man was told to keep himself quiet and composed and he might get better. He answered, to the only Christian who could speak to him, "That is strange advice to give to a dying man—to be composed" But recollecting that he was a Moslem in the midst of Moslems, he summoned up courage to appear a worthy one in the estimation of his countrymen, and, as though he recollected himself, he quickly added, "But why should I be afraid to die? I have been a good Mohammedan, and therefore need not fear death"

Such an expression as this sentence terminated with, the labourer in the great vineyard is always on the alert to hear, as being the key to unlock the door to admit sacred truth, but no advantage could be taken of it on this occasion, it was therefore reluctantly left for future use.

A few days had passed when the interpreter in the

above scene, with his mind much occupied with thoughts of the sick man, found his way to the extreme north-west of the metropolis, and, taking advantage of his previous unceremonious introduction, called to inquire after the health of the sick Meer. Two servants were present, and six titled sahibs were sitting with the sick man, nine immortal beings from a heathen land! a desirable audience for an evangelist After friendly inquiries had been interchanged, the last utterances of the sick man were called to mind.

"You said you were not afraid to die. I have heard Christians say so, and they have given me good reason for their hope, but you are not a Christian, and I should like to know what your hope is"

"What did they say when they were dying?" inquired one, with some curiosity

"One man some years before he died, said, '*We know that if our house of this tabernacle were dissolved, we have a building of God, a house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens*,' and the same man, just before he died, said, '*The time of my departure is at hand I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith, henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness*' I knew a woman well, for I often saw her whilst lying on her death-bed; there was little food in her house and no money in her pocket, but she told me that her prospects after death were so good and bright she would not change positions with a Queen. Now give me your reason for your hope of a happy death, and then I will give you mine."

All he had to urge, however, was anticipated. He

had been a good Mohammedan; he had prayed the prescribed five times a day, except when something reasonable interfered, he had cheated no one, and the chokeedar (the policeman of India) had never had him in custody

"But you and I are sinners, are you going to offer these things as an atonement for your sins?"

"Not an atonement," he said, doubtfully, "but on account of these may He not pardon the rest?"

"You cannot expect that," was the answer. Here is a man who comes to his friend and says, Lend me five hundred rupees, he gets the cash, and after two years he comes again and borrows twenty more, after a little time he calls and pays the twenty, and says, Now you will forgive me the five hundred, because I have paid the twenty, what should we say to such an application?"

The response came in various forms, "I should ask him if I were a fool" "I should put him in prison," etc

"Well, then, apply that to yourselves and God, and tell me what reason you have to expect forgiveness, or die happy with such a plea?"

This was answered by a shrug of the shoulders, and a request to proceed with the Christian's reason for anticipating a happy death

"The explanation of the great work is this," and every ear was attracted to the proffered remedy,—"we are all sinners, Mussulmans and Christians, and sin merits death, and the only way to get rid of this fearful penalty is to get rid of the sin. Christ was sent by

God into the world to accomplish this great work, and being sinless He could do it. God put our sins on Him, and for our sins He died. Man has nothing to fear but sin, and if that be taken away, tell me what cause there remains for fear even on a dying bed?"

"Is that the assurance with which the Christian dies?"

"That is the sole secret of his happiness," replied the visitor "Hence it is written in our holy book, '*Death is swallowed up in victory Thanks be to God who giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ,*' and happy in the belief of this truth thousands of Christians sing in life and death—

> 'Fill'd with delight, my raptur'd soul
> Would here no longer stay
> Though death's dark waves around me roll,
> Fearless I launch away'"

This argument seemed complete, and could not fail to secure the listeners' approval "That is good," was the verdict, "and, if true, is a better reason than Moslems can supply"

This grand truth, which is the key-stone of Protestantism and the kernel of the Christian faith, was often enforced, and the hostility which the declaration at first excited, gradually subsided, and gave place to a calm and pleasing attention to revealed truth. The sick man recovered, and with the rest of the grandees of another hemisphere returned to his home in the East. We know nothing of them in that distant land, and can only follow them with hope and prayer. But the

sick man and those who were with him can scarcely forget the ground of a Christian's hope in death.

Salvation by substitution, found in the work of the Redeemer, is declared in the sacrifices of propitiation all over the world, and yet how slow the world is to accept the substitutionary work of Christ. "I don't believe in your dogma of substitution, it is in fault," said a learned Moulvie, who had really studied the subject, and had even written a commentary on the Bible

(This remarkable work is written in English and Hindostanee, the original Arabic and Hebrew are freely quoted, and Christian as well as Mohammedan expositors brought closely together, the author shows a large acquaintance with Old and New Testament truths, and seems to quote from them as though he regarded them as the Word of God In dealing with Genesis he comes into collision with Dr Colenso, to whom he devotes twenty-seven pages of his interesting work, and in it he vigorously and ably defends the Bible against the attacks of the Reverend Doctor, and finally censures him severely for approaching the Word of God with such irreverence, he then consoles himself that Mohammedans have a greater respect for divine truth The thought, however, is an amazing one.—The Bible defended by a Mohammedan against the attacks of an Anglican Bishop!)

"Where is it at fault?" inquired the Missionary.

"It is at fault two ways If you are very hungry and I eat a good dinner, tell me what good will it do you?"

"No good," answered the Missionary, "but if you mean that as an illustration of the work of Christ, you have put it wrongly Let me state it — I owe you a thousand rupees and cannot pay you one. What is to be done? You threaten to put me in prison, but my friend, the rich Baboo, comes and says, 'Don't put him in prison, I'll pay the money for him;' would not that satisfy you?"

"It would, indeed," replied the Moulvie, smiling.

"And it would satisfy me, too," added the Missionary, "and that is just what Christ has done."

"But I farther object that an innocent person suffering for the guilty can neither be pleasing nor acceptable to God"

"Then you would really refuse the Baboo's cash with that excuse, would you?"

"No, I would not, if the Baboo was fool enough to pay it."

"That is it," was still urged in explanation, "just put 'had love enough' for 'was fool enough' and you will be right God accepts the payment if Christ has love enough to pay it And He has done it, He says, 'I lay down my life for the sheep' Now if Christ is willing to pay the debt, and the Father is satisfied with the payment, why should we cavil at it, who derive all the benefit?" (See John x 15—17.)

The Moulvie objected no farther, but desired information relative to the Asiatic Home Some papers regarding the Institution and the work carried on were put into his hands. On the front page was a picture of the Institution, this was introduced to his

notice as an expression of Christian love, and a feeble reciprocation of the profound love of the Lord Jesus

Another illustration also required explanation—it was the stained window over the door of the dining-room of the Home, called the Albert Memorial, showing the armorial bearings of Queen Victoria and Prince Albert, to both of whom the natives of India who enjoy

THE ALBERT MEMORIAL,

OVER THE ENTRANCE OF THE VICTORIA AND ALBERT DINING HALL.
(PRESENTED BY A FRIEND OF THE HELPLESS STRANGER)

the benefits of the Institution are so much indebted. On either side of the royal arms are the words of our Saviour, arranged in pleasing relief, "*I was an hungered and ye gave me meat, I was thirsty and ye gave me drink; I was a stranger and ye took me in.*" In this memorial the national emblems, the rose, the shamrock, and the thistle are gracefully entwined, and at the

base of the entire device, in bold letters, is recorded the nation's prayer, "God save the Queen"

This sketch claimed the attention of the Moulvie, but the application of our Saviour's words needed an explanation—viz, the idea of SUBSTITUTION PROTRACTED, Christ before God, representing His people on earth, and they on earth in all their sufferings and employments representing their risen Head in heaven The learned Moulvie had learned a lesson "These Christians act in the spirit of their Master, and what they do to their fellow-creatures they do under the impression that they are doing it to Jesus himself"

Oppressed with a sense of sin, and longing for pardon, one of the Asiatic subordinates of Lord Napier of Magdala, shortly after his lordship's return from Africa, was visited by the Missionary. The Mohammedan arrangement for the removal of sin was too much *in nubibus* to satisfy this anxious child of earth. To be forgiven the past, because he has done something he ought to do, may still a careless mind, but, What is that something? Where is the balance to be struck? To these questions the anxious soul wants a reply, and cannot wait for it with calm indifference till the judgment-day shall come to reveal the important truth Such inquiries are divinely inspired, and God has supplied the answer in the person of His Son "Striking the balance" is a delusion, there is none to strike Pardon for the past in return for something good in the future is but a shadow. We are lost, all of us, but Jesus came to seek and to save the lost. He took the consequences of our sins on Himself, and bore the heavy penalty in our

place when He died on the cross The debtor's debt is paid, the prisoner escapes from the prison, the dead man rises to a new life, and the sinner is clear of his guilt

> "Think of what thy Saviour bore,
> In the gloomy garden,
> Sweating blood at every pore,
> To procure thy pardon
> See Him stretched upon the wood,
> Bleeding, grieving, crying,
> Suffering all the wrath of God,
> Groaning, gasping, dying"

"That's just the salvation and pardon I want," said the delighted Mussulman "If I had to strike the balance for myself, I fear even then the balance would be against me, but when God strikes the balance, what man can have hope? A man who took a prominent part in the mutiny was taken prisoner and sentenced to death, they said he was a good fellow, he paid his debts and loved his children,—but that did not prove he was not guilty of mutiny, so they shot him How, therefore, can one act of obedience be urged in extenuation of sins? But if Jesus takes all sin away, that is sure work, and secures the prisoner's release, if he pays the entire debt, then there is nothing left to pay, it is like the tempests that come sweeping down from the high mountains of the East, which drive the air laden with disease and death from the plains, and leave an atmosphere of life behind"

He paused for awhile, and in the meantime he was assured he had not in the least over-estimated the value of the substitutionary work of Christ. "Jesus came to

save *sinners*," he added, "'He came to seek and save the *lost*,' 'His blood takes away *all* sin.' I am a sinner, my sins are many. I am lost, and if He will, He shall save me"

> " Angels, take your harps again,
> Raise aloud the happy strain
> Earth, responsive to the song,
> Raise the chorus loud and long,
> For the long-lost son has come
> Back unto his Father's home "

CHAPTER XVI.

DISSOLUTION OF THE OPIUM-SMOKING ROOMS

A CONVERT to the Christian faith, the fruit of missionary labour in India, came to the Strangers' Home with only two articles of dress on him—his shirt and trousers—the very image of distress, want, and disappointment He had tasted of the glorious truths of the revealed word, sent from the far-famed isle in the west, and he longed to see the happy people who could call themselves a Christian nation, and were so blessed with the energy of the divine life, that they could raise princely sums for the spread of the Gospel, and send forth missionaries to the whole world England, in his imagination, was a little heaven, happily surrounded by the sea, that kept unconverted mankind at a distance It was his ambition to breathe the English atmosphere, and to plant his foot on the *terra firma* made precious by the footprints of the followers of Christ. He had amassed some money to accomplish his *beau ideal*, and, having an offer to reach the happy land, he embraced it without scruple But the master of an opium-smoking room was one of the first to board the ship when it entered the dock, and the young convert

with his money and clothes, was safely escorted to Bluegate Fields, to be first fleeced and then turned out by the opium-dealer's emissaries, hence the dejected appearance and ruined condition of the applicant "I thought I was in a Christian country," were his words. The explanation given astonished him, and soon, like Nebuchadnezzar's image when smitten by the stone, his exalted ideas of a nation devoted to God vanished "like the chaff of the summer threshing-floors"

Having the temporal and spiritual interests of the young man at heart, a visit was made to our old acquaintances in "the Fields" Nobody knew anything about the poor fellow's money—£20 had evaporated,—nobody had taken it—and as there was no evidence to the contrary, it was useless to dispute about it. It was known, however, who had had dealings with his clothes, and they were soon brought to account on being told they would be held responsible for every article. One of the women in these regions of darkness then conducted the Missionary to a son of Abraham, who kept what is known in such localities by the name of a "leaving-shop" Being unlicensed, they are exposed to a penalty if they advance money on a pledge, so everything is "left" for cash, and can be called for again by paying an advance In cases of inquiry, this transaction, to bring it within the sanction of law, is coloured by the terms "buying and selling" So the knights of "the three balls" are cheated, the revenue defrauded, and the public robbed. Levi pretended to be very generous, a qualification which with some difficulty is given to a Jew in the East-end of London—

he "bought them to save the poor fellow from starving, they were only rags, too, and not worth having." The latter was a happy announcement, and, conceding the Jewish generosity, he was asked for the rags to be given to the poor fellow But that was not the turn he intended his Hebrew logic to take, and, therefore, the Missionary had to resort to harsher means, and threaten desperate things if these rags did not turn up in "right good condition" within half-an-hour, and a list, including boots, overcoat, woollen shirts, etc , was left with him The Missionary then returned to the opium-smoking room , for the owner's wife had been the chief agent in this transaction The gigantic combination for sin, ruin, thieving, and all the dark list of sins that end in starvation or death, had had a long possession of this benighted encampment , but its poisonous influence was passing away, and its declining power threatened, like a ruinous building on a decayed foundation, to envelope its inhabitants in its ruin The evil still existed, but with weakened energies, at the mercy of a few contingent circumstances , the harpies hoped for a return of prosperous days, but they were to be disappointed , this gigantic evil—like Dagon before the ark—was soon to fall.

Levi, with Jewish credulity, found he had made a "slight mistake," he had mistaken the man, and, of course, the clothes too The Indian convert ultimately recovered his clothes for a nominal value, was cared for at the Home, and ere long sent back to India —we trust with a grateful heart, for he could say that

he had fallen among thieves, but had found the good Samaritan to pour in the oil and wine and extricate him out of his difficulties.

The Missionary's position in this sinful locality was strange, and perhaps dangerous, and though he went with the word of eternal life, and with the heavenly object of mercy and love, still there were those who regarded him as the cause of their misfortune and ruin He had so often stepped into the lions' den, and snatched the prey from their grasp, that it is wonderful some of the irritated inmates did not turn round on him in revenge At most hours of the night, and under the most exciting circumstances, he has entered into the midst of the ruined and the lost in the full enjoyment of their sin and merriment, and has, to a great extent, accomplished his object "Why don't you turn that fellow out, and kick him into the highway?" said the master of one opium-smoking establishment, addressing the owner of another house, where the Missionary had just entered, in a language which perhaps he thought was not understood, or imagined was beyond the reach of hearing "He is ruining our trade altogether I kept three houses in this neighbourhood once, and now I can hardly keep one, and if I take care of a man's money and clothes for him, he comes into my house and wants to know what has become of them; as though they belonged to him. What is it to him?" "If you want to kick him out," was the reply, "you had better do it in your own house, and not in mine,—he came to see me in prison, he came to my sick-bed when I thought I was dying, and

he spoke kindly, and yet I have as much reason to complain as you. *I have been eighteen years in the place*, and never wanted a full house, besides, you must remember, it is not so much him, as the Home to which he belongs, his reading that Book, and talking to us about his Prophet, which is very good, would do us no harm if it were not for that Home, where they gather everybody in and feed them for nothing How can we expect to fill our houses while it is so?" This called down imprecations on the Home, with Oriental earnestness, with a declaration of profound joy could he only see it burnt to the ground But what was to be done to remedy the coming ruin? That was the knell the Missionary had waited some years to hear, and the thought must have occupied all minds, on both sides the question, concerned in the movement, but the thought which had been hitherto nursed in silence, began now to find expression and reciprocal utterance Abdool Rhemon, the principal of the two speakers, had gone farther into the subject than his angry rival, and *there was a lingering hope in his mind to which he hesitated* to give utterance; and this hope, perhaps, might account in some measure for his favourable reasonings on behalf of the Missionary. This idea finally culminated into expression thus "Look here," he said, with a sobered accent and earnest look, "how are you and I, and Peroo, and Bokhsoo, and Latau, and several others of us, to live? The streets are nearly cleared of cadgers, there are few in the prisons, and none in the workhouses, they are nearly all sent away. *I wonder if they would send me away, too*" The suggestion met

with an unqualified condemnation from the listener, but the more it was opposed, so much the more was the policy of such a course defended by the speaker. The chief argument against such a step, was the enmity that existed between them and the Home, and the continual endeavours of each to ruin the other, and the doubt whether any such proposal would be attended to Abdool Rhemon, however, had surmounted these scruples, and announced his decision to put it to the test Before they parted, Abdool's rival in the evil commerce came round to his opinion, and resolved that if the Home would entertain their application, they would resign their evil employment to the remaining competitors

"Padre," said Abdool Rhemon—and a tear was in his eye at the thoughts of coming to it—"do you want any men? Could you find me a berth to India?" and, musing over the wreck of his past success, he added, "It's no use, I'd better go. I used to clear £5 a week for opium alone, and now it's hard work to clear 5s" His thought was warmly commended, and soon the news spread, with Eastern celerity, that Abdool Rhemon, after eighteen years of success, had succumbed to circumstances, and intended to redeem the blighted past in another land Abdool in this locality, like the key-stone of an arch, affected all that was near to him, for the Oriental mind runs in a channel, and is prone to follow an example So Peroo, who had done great things in the application of his special art of ruin, offered himself for employment in the first ship that could be found to take him to the

ry land; and Janoo, whose opposition and ill-feeling
he Missionary in every possible way, had put him-
almost out of communication with him, employed
car Sally as an agent on his behalf, to ask the man
om, but a few days before, he wanted to kick out of a
ise into the highway, if he might find his way to the
it This was a subject upon which the Missionary
l Janoo could once more shake hands, and pardon
offences of the past Bokhsoo, also, made a like
plication, and found the same encouragement

Not many weeks elapsed when applications came
for crews The number of inmates in the Home
as not nearly equal to the demand, the Missionary
ent to the ordinary rendezvous to summon the
mnant of the vagrant class to the Oriental centre—
ie Home, at Limehouse—to meet the captains who
equired Lascar crews, and to arrange for their wages,
tc He visited that night the "Royal Sovereign" for the
ast time Music and dancing, as usual, were heard,
but not for the prodigal's return, though the last glean-
ings of the unwilling vagrant class were in reality about
to return to their long-lost home in a far-off region.
Fifteen Lascars were in the little tap-room, five of
whom had come from a ship in the dock, and paid the
expenses of the fiddler, and something extra to com-
plete the evening's enjoyment Men and women were
dancing violently to the miserable tones of a defective
fiddle, the prattling offspring of the East were present
on this occasion, and the pleasure of each seemed to be
enhanced in proportion to the noise they made. But
the vivacity of the past seemed absent in this revelry; a

least the Missionary thought so. The old fiddle lost two strings out of the four. Some of the wind in the old tap-room had been broken for some time, it would seem that the declining profits did not admi their being repaired The Lascars themselves seer to keep up the spirit of the wake with forced ene They had hoped to see the Missionary again soon, they expected his visit would be the signal for the co mencement of a new era in their experience A entered the tap-room the dance was suspended, and fiddler, finding he was left to scrape to himself, played his ability no longer Half-a-dozen var questions, all meaning the same thing, were directe the welcome visitor, who, in their own vernacu told every man to come to the Home on the follow day Then there was a joyful ejaculation, and a la that had a greater meaning than human tongue or can describe Rightly interpreted, it meant the en a long career of wrongs, and sufferings, and privati It meant restoration to father, mother, sisters, brothers, and a home in the long-lost land of t nativity It was the *finale* of a galling bondage, a begging life exchanged for honest wage, the frui willing toil so long denied Only the tongue of rescued from such misery, with the happy pros before him, could tell its full meaning, and the hear such was too full and agitated to tell it out O bosoms cold as an iceberg could fail to apprec the once languid eye, animated by the bright spark originally possessed, and the involuntary laugh, wh to all present was the death-knell of the evil.

there were still many in the vicinity who had not yet received the joyful intelligence, by degrees, however, the tap-room became crowded with anxious inquirers, and the Missionary was soon surrounded by a compact mass of foreign life, all desirous of ascertaining the truth of the announcement, and of learning all the particulars, for in their anxiety and joy no one was content with the good news at second hand The breath of more than thirty, to whom Providence had given a birthplace between the Ganges and the Indus, formed an oven-like temperature, with an indescribable odour which even the broken panes did not relieve. The audience had been unexpectedly increased by some of the women and men passing out to the smoking-rooms in the vicinity, so that in fifteen minutes there was not a house under Oriental patronage that had not been visited by some herald bearing the glad information Shoeless Lascars, whose variegated pugree had given place to an English cap, or remained unsupplied altogether, others, with the remains of what was once a white handkerchief round their heads, an apology for a turban, all begrimed with suburban dust, the result of a toilsome day's work seeking the beggar's pence at the villa of the sahib and among them the masters of the opium-smoking rooms themselves, in the midst of the subjects of their ruin, seeking participation in the promised boon, and even Janoo, who so recently would have kicked the Missionary out of the locality, now reminds him of his newly-acquired friendship and promise, which under the circumstances were willingly accorded, hoping soon

to see the much-desired words "TO BE LET" on the window of his iniquitous house

The Missionary attempted to claim the attention of his audience to better things, and alluded to the brazen serpent in the wilderness,—the only hope of the sinner dying under a sense of sin and punishment, and its analogy in the work of grace and the sinner's salvation. But he could not proceed far. These Asiatics, familiar with his system of connecting the spiritual with the temporal, took the application of his discourse for granted —moreover their minds were so absorbed in the events of the morrow that few listeners could be secured No one but the Missionary seemed to care about getting listeners, all the rest could talk, without caring for being heard. "The Padre is our friend," "Colonel Hughes is our father," "Victoria is our Queen," were uttered in various forms by the lips of the elated Moslems Their reference to Her Majesty meant more than the words expressed It was uttered with an emphasis, and incorporated the idea that Prince Albert had laid the foundation-stone, and that His Royal Highness had given a handsome donation, with Her Majesty, towards building the Home, which was about to give them hope, and liberty from a distasteful life Hence, "Victoria is our Queen" in that emphatic sense, to be echoed on another shore when they reach home

On the following day all the remaining Asiatics in the vicinity were present, excepting those who were reconciled to the vagrant life and resolved to continue in it. About one hundred from various nations of the East

and West assembled in the hall of the Home that morning—a befitting time in which to erect the standard of the Redeemer in the midst of the sin-stricken people of the heathen world Peruvians, Chilians, besides Manillas and others, had assembled, hoping they might be wanted, and all thus heard of the Saviour of the world, and became possessed of at least a portion of His precious word But Asiatics alone were required, and the name of every available man was enrolled in the ship's articles, which transformed beggars into Lascars, with wages for honest toil Abdool Rhemon, the master of the most notorious opium-smoking rooms, and his rival in the late game of ruin, Janoo, were appointed Serangs, or head-men, the rest fell into various subordinate positions Out of these final gleanings of Blue-gate Fields only one deserted —Bokhsoo, one of the ruined lodging-house keepers, and he has since become a country tramp These crews were afterwards visited on board, how marked the change!—from a miserable Lascar, wandering about in beggar's rags,—now respectable, dressed in warm clothing purchased with the cash of their advance-notes Their once naked feet, encased in stockings and boots, their worthless rags (a questionable prize even for the seeker after rags and bones) gladly thrown away.

"See, Padre," said one of the crew, smilingly, to prove that he had been no willing mendicant, "I am more handy at the rope-ladder than in collecting the beggar's penny," and he flew up the stranded pathway with the celerity of one who knew his work, treading on tested ground. "Look at my hands," ejaculated

others, as they exposed their horny fingers to view, "they are more fit to grasp a rope than to beg" "Do you see where we are once more?" said another with an air of triumph and satisfaction, pointing to the British flag, which was gracefully disporting itself at the stern of the ship, "all right," he continued, "when that floats over our head"

"You give me a thought," was the reply, "about which I want to speak to you We all want protection, you feel satisfied now you see the English flag float over your head, now what that flag is to your body, that the work of Christ is to your soul We are in ourselves ruined and helpless, because the wages of sin is death, and if we are judged for our sins, nothing can save us from paying the penalty in everlasting death Now Christ has done two things for us, which gave us all we need—He has suffered in our place, so that our penalty falls on Him, and then to qualify us for heaven, He, by his Holy Spirit, gives us a new nature and covers us with his holy obedience. The soul wants protection against eternal death, the penalty and consequence of sin You see that flag, and you say 'I am under the protection of Queen Victoria,' but your soul should look to the cross and say, 'I am safe, I am under the protection of the risen Saviour'" This important doctrine seemed to be understood and commended All who could read were supplied with portions of God's Word.

The morning at length arrived when the ship, manned by these sons of the sunny East, was to pass out of the dock into the river, and proceed on

its way to the dark blue ocean. As the ship entered the river the crew arranged for a final and unexpected salute; at a given signal every available man flew up the rigging to man the yards, and gave an English hurrah, and again were the names of Queen Victoria and the Asiatic Home blended together, till the vessel passed out of hearing on its voyage to the East.

It was not long after this that the Missionary received a message from Chinese Emma, begging him to call as soon as convenient, as she wished particularly to see him; he consequently went, and was surprised and pleased to find the house destitute of the rabble he had so often met there, and unusually clean.

"I am glad you are come," said Emma, "I have been wishing to see you for some time; Appoo and myself are married now," she continued, "and here are the lines," showing the certificate. "We mean to begin a new life now, and as to these things," as she turned out before the Missionary her Chinese cards, dice, and other implements of ruin, "these things belong to the devil—will you take them all away?—I hate the sight of them—they have ruined hundreds of Chinese, and they have nearly ruined us."

They were accepted and carried off by the Missionary, and are still preserved among his many souvenirs of missionary work. On making inquiry into her prospects, he learnt that she hoped to go as stewardess in the ship in which her husband Appoo was to be cook; in this she succeeded; they went several voyages between Liverpool and America, and have finally settled at New York. Before parting, the Mis-

sionary gave Emma a copy of the Word in English, and Appoo a Testament in Chinese, directing their attention once more to the Sacrifice for sin.

A month or two had passed when the Missionary again walked through "the Fields," more for survey than for missionary work, to note what the Lord had done, after several years of perilous and anxious labour, and he saw more than he expected The "Royal Sovereign," had ceased its traffic, the skittle-ground and the tap-room, which had for years resounded with the fiddle, the tum-tum, and the *patois* of the East, were all silent as the grave, the shutters were up, the doors were locked, and innocent children were playing and singing their school ditties on the steps where the senseless drunkard had so often trod The masters of the opium-smoking dens and other houses that lived by Oriental ruin were gone, the voices from the open doors of these lairs and dens gave evidence of new occupants seeking a livelihood by some other means All the Asiatics who had once known the place where fourteen houses were kept in bustling activity by their vices, were gone, except Old Latou, the Chinese, who alone was found the last survivor of the gang, but, too old for work, he shortly afterwards finished his days in the Union.

> "What though the gates of hell withstood,
> Yet must this building rise,
> 'Tis thine own work, Almighty God,
> And wond'rous in our eyes "

CHAPTER XVII.

THE CONTRAST

"FOUND DEAD!" Who? Where? Not an Asiatic, surely! No—not one of the sons of the East has perished in the streets of London since the foundation-stone of the Asiatic Home was laid. It is the coroner's verdict of the past! the echo of dark days in the history of the Lascars, when they were allowed to perish unknown and uncared-for, when no European voice broke the monotony of Oriental gloom, save that of the policeman, or the inexorable landlord when he called for his rent, when no Christian effort was made to check their ruin and sin, by suggesting God's remedy for it. The evil had grown, like an over-gorged hydra, to gigantic proportions, with vigorous energies, and seemed likely to grow, unless some powerful influence could be discovered to weaken the constitution of the monster, and finally dislodge him from his den. The Magistrates at the police-courts were continually occupied in punishing those who had been tempted into evil, so that the prisons were never free from natives of the East. It was merely [illegible]h the effect, while the cause remained [illegible]

its vital activity The noble hospitals which grace the East of London were ready to attend to, and alleviate, any amount of Asiatic sickness, and their liberality was sadly taxed, but this outstretched arm of mercy only dealt with the destructive effects of the evil, which still remained, and gave both prison and hospital a continuous supply.

The very essence of Christian faith leads those influenced by it not only to mourn over the effects of evil, but to grapple with it in its own strongholds The remedy in this case was the establishment of, and the work carried on through, the Home, which stands a monument of Royal patronage, and past usefulness, and the *semper paratus* for the growing work of the future The clouds that so frequently overshadowed the work of the past are now breaking, and we trust the bright sun will inspire the labourers with vigour and new life as the day of toil advances

But what of the night? Watchman, what of the night? The sum of £15,000 for the site and building was no small amount to raise, often did the threatening clouds forebode ruin, and the breaking up of the undertaking, even in the midst of prayer, labour, and hope. Something like Paul, perhaps, when he said, "*When neither sun nor stars in many days appeared, and no small tempest lay on us, all hope that we should be saved was taken away.*" But after sixteen years of continuous struggle, the doors of the Home are still open for its original purpose, and hence, with much reason for thankfulness, we quote the apostle again, "*Having therefore obtained help of God, I continue unto this day.*"

The past, truly, has been an uninterrupted warfare against sin, ofttimes with trembling for the ultimate issue But, thanks be to God, the principal causes of the evil have disappeared, one by one, leaving the Christian soldier master of the field Fourteen opium-smoking and Asiatic gambling-rooms, with all those implements of destruction that shrink from public gaze, and possess an equal immunity from description, have been removed, or, like the reptile that has lost its sting, have no more power for evil

The enormous loss sustained by Lascars during past years of oppression and wrong, independent of loss of character, life, and soul, rises far beyond all attempts at calculation, there is no doubt many thousands of pounds must have been absorbed by the hungry greed of Satan's emissaries It is painful to contemplate the votaries of crime realizing such enormous gains to encourage their continuance in the work of death, while works of Christian faith and love are permitted to live a struggling life It is well said, "Prevention is better than cure," and that, we trust, will be exemplified in the future history of the Home. But prevention does not furnish us with any statistics of persons and property preserved, it is unknown how many would have been ruined if the evil had existed to the present day, very probably few of the East London Asiatics would have escaped It is, however, on record that upwards of sixteen thousand pounds in cash and property have been taken care of in safe deposit at the Home during the past sixteen years, with which the thankful Asiatic has returned to his

home and his family. All this has been rescued from the spoiler's grasp; and probably no trifling additional amount has been preserved by the Lascar himself whilst residing in the Home. The whole constitutes a large sum contrasted with the worse than nothing with which the Lascar returned home in years gone by,—if ever he returned at all

"I was robbed the last time I was in England, and returned to India a beggar," exclaimed an Oriental, stowing away eighteen golden coins in a place of security with a smile He remembered the time of his adversity, and acknowledged that better days were come.

But the rescue from moral degradation and from an initiation into the various forms of evil, is of greater importance than the preservation of the Lascar's gold. Call to mind the wild revels in "the Fields" during the Sabbath the Missionary spent there,—the orgies of the Lascars in the skittle-ground and in the tap-room Think of them in prison, in hospital, or in the stifling opium-smoking rooms, and contrast those distressing scenes with the events of the year 1872, when, on one occasion, seventy-three of the same swarthy sons of the East, well-dressed, with money in their pockets, were taken in three vans, accompanied by the officers of the Home, to spend a day at the Crystal Palace, where they were met by the Honorary Secretary, and spent a happy day, making various purchases to take to their families in India, or, on other occasions, when they were escorted by the Missionary to a fête given by a benevolent gentleman to all the foreigners

in London—to places of art and amusement, or to catch a glimpse of and make their salams to her Majesty when returning to Windsor from Buckingham Palace. This is a transformation indeed from the noisome retreats of dirt, disease, and death, to the position of men claiming and enjoying their common share of God's gifts in nature, bright sunshine and pure air; with their thoughts withdrawn from the abominations of Blue-gate Fields, and fixed on the wonders of art, science, and civilization, to all who have had anything to do with the Lascars, the great change that has taken place for the better in their conduct and behaviour is most remarkable

Another contrast, perhaps more important than any yet referred to,—consists in human life saved The coroners' verdicts of forty "found dead," or "died of starvation and cold," added to the numbers who died uncared for and unknown during the few years before the opening of the Asiatic Home, formed an appalling list, against which, during the sixteen years through which these records run, *not one* inquest has been held! The coroner's silence on that subject has remained unbroken during that period, and we trust will still continue so

But the coroner's verdict had no reference to the death of the Lascars from natural causes, yet, under this head, VERY FEW among them have died

What a contrast again between the hundreds of helpless and destitute in former days, to the few remaining at the present day! Nearly thirteen hundred individuals have, for various periods, been gratuitously

housed and fed, and finally provided with employment at honest wages Christian curiosity and love naturally ask, Who were these? Were they fathers, whose anxious wives and children had long thought them dead and buried in the great deep? Were they sons, whose heart-broken parents had had their days darkened by the loss of their son, the hope of ever seeing him again having, perhaps, passed away? We cannot tell, but they were one or the other, and in either case their return home must have been like life from the dead Mourning hearts must unexpectedly have been filled with joy at the sight of the long-lost one, when the mother kissed her boy again and the father pressed his child once more to his bosom The wanderer had come home, and had returned safe and sound to the family roof The prodigal's return to his father's house was the key-note of joy that caused merriment to every heart in that dwelling, and the return of these thirteen hundred lost ones from their Western exile must in like manner have been the signal of joy in each Eastern home to which they belonged

But there remains another contrast, and by no means the least, and that is seen in the change from the dense moral and spiritual darkness that brooded around these Eastern exiles, to the gospel light which has for the last sixteen years illuminated the sojourn of the Asiatic in London They were, indeed, people that sat in darkness, and, uninterruptedly, ran the race of death; uninvited to come to a loving Saviour. Happy, and how honoured, was the instrument selected to break this unhallowed spell, and to carry

the light of the gospel to show to these benighted ones their way to heaven. Strange it may seem that such a feeble instrumentality should have been used to put down such monstrous evil, but the Lord's ways are not our ways, "*and God has chosen the weak things of the world to confound the things that are mighty*," and has graciously permitted His servant to set the gospel of His dear Son, *viva voce*, before many thousand benighted ones, who had never heard it before,—to teach the ignorant to read and search the Scriptures,—and, besides this, to distribute 10,892 Testaments and portions of the Divine Word and 72,800 tracts in twenty different languages, in hospitals, in workhouses, in smoking-rooms, on board ship, at the Home, and elsewhere

Thus from this centre, THE STRANGERS' HOME FOR ASIATICS, the Word of Truth has been conveyed to the distant parts of the earth, and it may be hoped with some success But when we think of the Hindoo, the Mohammedan, the African, the Maori, the Chinese, the Arab, and the Malay, who have listened to the Gospel, the Christian mind instinctively flies forward to the happy period when all the trophies of grace shall be gathered together in one, from the islands of the sea—from the banks of the Ganges and Niger—from the plains of Hindostan and China—from the busy cities of Europe and Africa—and from the untutored tribes of the frigid and torrid zones, a glorious company, having washed their robes and made them white in the blood of the Lamb, who shall stand before the throne of God, singing the new song,

"Thou art worthy, for Thou wast slain and hast redeemed us to God by Thy blood, out of every kindred, and tongue, and people, and nation."

On a board that hangs in the hall of the Home is an expression of praise in review of the past, assigning all the glory to the only true source of help and success It was the sweet song of the angelic host as they hovered over the field by Bethlehem at our Saviour's birth, and is now the song of a thanksgiving people .—

"GLORY TO GOD IN THE HIGHEST, AND ON EARTH PEACE, GOOD WILL TOWARDS MEN"

That the natives of far-distant nations visiting the Home may learn something of that song, it is written in Ten Languages, that all who can may read it

In English

Hindee.	Chinese	Hindustanee.
Bengalee.		Persian.
Tamil		Arabic
Portuguese		Malay.

But not only is it an ascription of praise in the light of the past, it is the anticipated song of the redeemed from every kingdom, tribe, and tongue, for the work of salvation, and it is therefore the text for the introduction of that exalted theme to the heathen's notice as he reads it

"What does it mean?" is the frequent interrogation, as the angels' song is read in one or more of th

languages in which it is written The explanation follows, "That Christ came from heaven to earth 'to seek and to save that which was lost,'—it is the angels' song, giving glory to God because He devised the plan of salvation and sent the Saviour to secure its results; and now that the great work is done, saved souls reiterate the song—

'Glory to our gracious God be given,
For countless mercies from above,
For peace on earth sent down from heaven,
Good will to man, and boundless love'"

GLORY TO GOD IN THE HIGHEST

AND ON EARTH PEACE

GOOD WILL TOWARD MEN

ऊंचे स्थानोंमें ईश्वरको गौरव, पृथ्वीपर शान्ति और मनुष्योंमें प्रसन्नता होवे

সর্ব্বোপরিস্থ স্বর্গে ঈশ্বরের প্রশংসা, এবং পৃথিবীতে শান্তিভোগ হউক, মনুষ্যদিগেতে সন্তোষ হয়

உன்னதத்திலே தேவனுக்கு மகிமையும் பூமியிலே சமாதானமும் மனுஷரிடத்தில் பிரியமும் உண்டாவதாக

Gloria a Deus nas altissimas ceos e na terra pax, benignidade para com os homens

上則榮歸上帝下則和平人亦恩澤矣

خدا کو آسمان پر عزت اور زمین پر سلامتی اور آدمیوں سے رضامندی ہووے

ملکیند که خدا رب در عالم بالا جلال و در زمین آرام و در میان انسان رضامندی

[illegible]

الحمد لله في العلى وعلى الأرض السلام للناس ذوي ارادة صالحة

CONCLUSION

The Missionary to the Asiatics having completed his Sketches of Sixteen years' work amongst Orientals in England, though much remains untold, the Hon. Secretary cannot allow the work to issue from the press without a few words bearing testimony to the facts and statements which have been so graphically told

Mr Salter has abstained from obtruding his own personal merits on the reader, and it is only an act of justice to him to state that his indefatigable industry, aptitude in acquiring languages, and earnest zeal to win souls to Christ, have all combined to render him peculiarly fitted for the arduous post he has so long and ably filled, with singular satisfaction to the Directors of the Strangers' Home for Asiatics.

It is also desirable to place on record the correspondence which took place between the Parsee firm of Messrs. Cama & Co and myself, as well as the very remarkable providence whereby the debt,—which those gentlemen proposed to pay off on conditions to which the Directors of the Strangers' Home could not for a moment listen—was speedily effaced, and that, not by an appeal to the benevolence of Christians at home, but almost exclusively by the unsought liberality of natives residing in India.

In September, 1863, Messrs. Cama and Co. requested and obtained permission to look over the Trust-deed of the Strangers' Home for Asiatics. The following correspondence was the result —

21, GRESHAM HOUSE, LONDON,
September 15th, 1863.

Dear Sir,—Upon condition of the present Rule (No 1)* of the above Institution (so far as it provides for communicating Christian instruction to Asiatics who require its protection and aid) being now and for ever abolished, and subject to our being satisfied as to the effectual and final abolition of the same, and as to any interference for the future being prevented with the religion of persons enjoying the benefits of the Institution, we are prepared to discharge the sum of £4,000 of the mortgage to which the building of the Home is at present subject

We understand that the Institution has power to alter any Rule, and that no difficulty can therefore arise in this respect —We are, dear sir, your obedient servants,

CAMA & COMPANY

LIEUT -COLONEL HUGHES,
Honorary Secretary,
STRANGERS' HOME FOR ASIATICS.

* Rule No 1 in Trust-deed, referred to in the above letter —"The said Society shall be designated THE STRANGERS' HOME SOCIETY, and the objects of the Society shall be to provide, at a moderate charge, a temporary home, or lodging and board, under adequate superintendence, for strangers in any part of the United Kingdom, being natives of any part of the continent or islands of Africa (including Madagascar), of any part of the continent or islands of Asia, of New Zealand, or any of the islands of the China Sea, or Indian, or North or South Pacific Oceans; and in other ways to offer protection and aid, with Christian instruction, to such natives occasionally resident in this country"

STRANGERS' HOME FOR ASIATICS,
WEST INDIA DOCK ROAD, LIMEHOUSE,
LONDON, *September 22nd*, 1863.

Dear Sirs,—Having submitted your letter of the 15th inst. to the Board of Directors, at a Special General Meeting held this day, the President and Directors of the Strangers' Home for Asiatics cannot but feel gratified and encouraged that their endeavours for the welfare and comfort of the natives of the East, as well as to ameliorate the condition of the friendless and destitute Asiatics, should have met with your approval, and induced you to offer such a princely donation in aid of the funds of this Institution

They request me to inform you that the words in the Trust-Deed to which you object, do not enforce upon foreigners Christian instruction, but *offer* it to those *willing* to receive it, and the working and regulations of the Society, with the principles for its government, are explicitly stated in their Report, read and adopted by a large Meeting of Subscribers on the 7th of June, 1857, at the opening of the Home, viz —

"It is not the intention or wish of the Directors to interfere with the prejudices of the natives of the East, but they feel it their duty as Christians to set the Gospel before those who are willing to listen, and to give some portion of the Holy Scriptures to those who can read, and desire to have a copy in their own language, and with this object in view, a Scripture Reader, conversant with their language, habits, and customs, has been engaged "

and with every Annual Report issued during the past six years these intentions have been reiterated, in the following words among the "Objects of the Institution "—

"To present to all who can read, and *desire* it, a copy of the Holy Scriptures in their own language, and to provide means for instructing those who are *willing* to be taught, in the truths of the Gospel, and in the English language "

The Directors trust that this explanation of that portion of the Trust Deed you object to will satisfactorily prove that it never was or is their intention to interfere with the religion of the persons enjoying the benefits of the Institution, and induce you to remove the stipulations contained in your letter of the 15th instant, for they cannot believe that you wish a body of Christian gentlemen to set aside and act contrary to the principles which induced them to establish a Home, and to set apart the only spot in the United Kingdom where the natives of the East can reside in comfort without their prejudices or religion being interfered with, and in proof of this, not a single complaint has been heard from any individual of an attempt to influence him contrary to his wishes, since the Home was opened.—I am, dear sir, yours very faithfully,

R M HUGHES, LT-COL.

Honorary Secretary S H A.

TO MESSRS CAMA & CO

LONDON, *September 23rd*, 1863.

Dear Sir,—We are in receipt of your letter of the 22nd, and which (we cannot but say) contains a very unsatisfactory reply to our communication

We have, moreover, learned from other sources that the religious interference to which we object is carried on, and is likely to continue, under the sanction of your Institution

Under these circumstances we are sorry to say that we are obliged to withdraw the conditional offer which we made in our first letter —We are, dear sir, yours faithfully,

CAMA & COMPANY.

LIEUT.-COLONEL HUGHES,

Honorary Secretary,

STRANGERS' HOME FOR ASIATICS.

Scarcely had the above correspondence closed, when the following munificent donations towards paying off the mortgage-debt of £5,000 were unexpectedly received, a token of our gracious Master's approval of the work, and a proof of the estimation in which the Institution was held by many of the native Princes, merchants, and gentlemen of India —

Kursundas Madhovadas, Esq Goverdhundas Purshotumdas, Esq Manucklal Purshotumdas, Esq Davidas Purshotumdas, Esq (*Hindoo gentlemen of Bombay*)		£1,018 4s 7d
His Highness the Nawab of Tonk, Wuzeer-oo-Dowla Mahomed Wuzeer Khan Bahadoor	Rupees	3,000
His Highness Maharajah Ram Singh, of *Jyepore*, K S I	"	1,000
His Highness Maharajah Tukht Singh, of *Marwar*	"	1,000
His Highness Maharajah Jeswunt Singh, of *Bhurtpore*	"	1,000
His Highness the Maharajah Mudan Pal, of *Kerowlee*	"	5,000
Sir Jamsetjee Jeejeebhoy, Bart, the Hon Jugonauth Sunkersett, Cowasjee Jehanghier, Esq, and other Parsee and Hindoo gentlemen of Bombay	"	5,000

A Donation of £1,000 also was received from a native of India who wished to be known only as "A Servant of God," £50 from a lady who expresses herself most anxious to see the mortgage-debt liquidated, and a remittance of £655 from Major-Gen. G. St. P. Lawrence, C.B., Agent to the Governor-General

of India in Rajpootana, and within six months a munificent benefaction of £500 was presented in aid of the funds of the Institution by the Hon. Rustomjee Jamsetjee Jeejeebhoy, Member of the Legislative Council of Bombay, through R W Crawford, Esq, M.P; and the following letters were received from some of the donors

The Hon Jugonauth Sunkersett, Member of Council, wrote to James Farish, Esq, from Bombay:—

The object in establishing the Strangers' Home is highly commendable, and all cannot but feel greatly interested therein It will afford a home to the natives of India, and I feel that it will be the means of doing much good for the class of persons for whom it is intended, and, under its able management, there can be but little doubt that ere long it will be placed on such a footing that great success will assuredly attend it I shall be happy to lend my aid in furtherance of the views of the committee, by endeavouring to enlist the co-operation of my friends in the work, myself joining in it

In a letter to the Honorary Secretary of the House, Mr. Kursundas Madhovadus thus expressed himself:—

In sending the donation to the Strangers' Home, in conjunction with my cousins, I did nothing more than my duty. Your institution is a noble one, and it deserves the support of all, especially of my countrymen. It is certainly most praiseworthy of you Englishmen that you should have spent so much labour and money for providing a *Home* for the poor Asiatics visiting your shores. I am sure that by so doing you have been the means of doing immense good to those poor people in a strange land, but for such a place they might have suffered incalculable evil, morally as well as physically

And two years afterwards the following letters were received —

Extract of a Letter, dated Bombay, February 2nd, 1865, *from* Cursetjee Jamsetjee, Esq , *Son of* Sir Jamsetjee Jeejeebhoy, Kt., *Bombay, to* James Farish, Esq —

The object on behalf of which you write to my father seems to be deserving of support, and we wish every success to an institution designed to promote the comfort and well-being of the Lascars, and the poor natives of the East who may chance to visit England, and as a donation to the Strangers' Home from my good father, I have the pleasure to enclose a bill in your favour for twenty-five pounds

Extract of a Letter, dated Bombay, March 19th, 1865, *from the Hon.* Jugonauth Sunkersett, Esq , *to* Lieut.-Colonel Hughes . —

It affords me pleasure to find both Mr Farish and yourself take so great an interest in alleviating the evils which have become so apparent, and we are sensible of the unspeakable advantages it would be to those who visit Europe, to be provided with a home and lodging, and thus evade the claws of those, who, no sooner the Lascars land pounce on them and lead them to dens of infamy I have not failed to speak to such of my native friends as I happen to see, and press upon them the benefits which would arise from the undertaking, I will still urge them on, and shall be happy to forward to you such contributions as I receive. In the meanwhile, I beg to give cover to an order for ten pounds in your favour as my contribution, and in doing so, allow me to wish the originators of the Home every success in their laudable and praiseworthy efforts. The premises set forth in the circular shows a good beginning, which I earnestly trust will continue progressing.

When the lamentable condition of the Lascar and

other Asiatics in England in 1857, 1858, and 1859, is contrasted with their present state in 1872, during which year upwards of fourteen hundred [illegible] and natives of the East arrived and resided several weeks in the port of London, without a complaint against any man being brought before a metropolitan police-court, without one desertion from any ship, without one man being found in a workhouse, with very little sickness, only one death, and not a single inquest,—the reader of these *Sketches of Sixteen Years' work among Asiatics in England* will feel that there is good reason to exclaim "WHAT HATH GOD WROUGHT!" But how much more so, that the cause of the evil in past years, the opium-smoking rooms and dens of vice, have been rooted out, and those who kept them dispersed, and, above all, that the truths of the Gospel have been set before all who have come to our shores, without let or hindrance In 1872, [illegible] portions of Scripture and 2000 tracts in various Eastern languages were presented to applicants and others, who received them thankfully, and many were grateful for instruction in the Divine Word The natives of far-distant lands cannot now say, on their return home from England, that they have heard nothing of Christianity whilst residing on our shores, for its doctrines have been set before high and low, and the bread of life has been liberally distributed in faith and with prayer, that a blessing might rest on these efforts for the extension of the Redeemer's kingdom.

It must, however, be borne in mind that the endeavours of the Missionary—the "Sketches"